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—GEORGE ELIOT

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A HISTORY

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THE FRENCH

REVOLUTION

A HISTORY

by

THOMAS CARLYLE

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

fly to the assistance of Alsace, was arrested at Metz by a malady which threatened to cut short his days. At the news of this, Paris, all in terror, seemed a city taken by storm: the churches A HISTORY

resounded with supplications and groans; the prayers of priests and people were every moment interrupted by their sobs: and it was from an interest so dear and tender that this Surname by

of Bien-aime fashioned itself, a title higher still than all the rest which this great Prince has earned.' (*Abrege Chronologique* **THOMAS CARLYLE**

de l'Histoire de France (Paris, 1775), p. 701.) So stands it written; in lasting memorial of that year 1744.

Thirty other years have come and gone; and 'this great Prince'

VOLUME I.—THE BASTILLE

again lies sick; but in how altered circumstances now! Churches resound not with excessive groanings; Paris is stoically calm: **BOOK 1.I.**

sobs interrupt no prayers, for indeed none are offered; except Priests' Litanies, read or chanted at fixed money-rate per hour, **DEATH OF LOUIS XV.**

which are not liable to interruption. The shepherd of the people has been carried home from Little Trianon, heavy of heart, and **Chapter 1.1.I.**

been put to bed in his own Chateau of Versailles: the flock knows it, and heeds it not. At most, in the immeasurable tide **Louis the Well-Beloved.**

of French Speech (which ceases not day after day, and only ebbs towards the short hours of night), may this of the royal President Henault, remarking on royal Surnames of Honour sickness emerge from time to time as an article of news. Bets how difficult it often is to ascertain not only why, but even are doubtless depending; nay, some people ‘express themselves when, they were conferred, takes occasion in his sleek official loudly in the streets.’ (*Memoires* de M. le Baron Besenval (Paris, way, to make a philosophical reflection. ‘The Surname of Bien-1805), ii. 59-90.) But for the rest, on green field and steepled aime (Well-beloved),’ says he, ‘which Louis XV. bears, will not city, the May sun shines out, the May evening fades; and men leave posterity in the same doubt. This Prince, in the year ply their useful or useless business as if no Louis lay in danger.

1744, while hastening from one end of his kingdom to the Dame Dubarry, indeed, might pray, if she had a talent for it; other, and suspending his conquests in Flanders that he might Duke d’Aiguillon too, Maupeou and the Parlement Maupeou: 12

these, as they sit in their high places, with France harnessed his way as if she were not. Intolerable: the source of sighs, under their feet, know well on what basis they continue there.

tears, of pettings and pouting; which would not end till ‘France’

Look to it, D’Aiguillon; sharply as thou didst, from the Mill of (La France, as she named her royal valet) finally mustered heart St. Cast, on Quiberon and the invading English; thou, ‘covered to see Choiseul; and with that ‘quivering in the chin if not with glory yet with meal!’ Fortune was ever

accounted (tremblement du menton natural in such cases) (Besenval, inconstant: and each dog has but his day.

Memoires, ii. 21.) faltered out a dismissal: dismissal of his last Forlorn enough languished Duke d'Aiguillon, some years ago; substantial man, but pacification of his scarlet-woman. Thus covered, as we said, with meal; nay with worse. For La Chalotais, D'Aiguillon rose again, and culminated. And with him there the Breton Parlementeer, accused him not only of poltroonery rose Maupeou, the banisher of Parlements; who plants you a and tyranny, but even of concussion (official plunder of money); refractory President 'at Croe in Combrailles on the top of steep which accusations it was easier to get 'quashed' by backstairs rocks, inaccessible except by litters,' there to consider himself.

Influences than to get answered: neither could the thoughts, Likewise there rose Abbe Terray, dissolute Financier, paying or even the tongues, of men be tied. Thus, under disastrous eightpence in the shilling,—so that wits exclaim in some press eclipse, had this grand-nephew of the great Richelieu to glide at the playhouse, "Where is Abbe Terray, that he might reduce about; unworshipped by the world; resolute Choiseul, the us to two-thirds!" And so have these individuals (verily by abrupt proud man, disdaining him, or even forgetting him.

black-art) built them a Domdaniel, or enchanted Dubarrydom; Little prospect but to glide into Gascony, to rebuild Chateaus call it an Armida-Palace, where they dwell pleasantly; Chancel-there, (Arthur Young, Travels during the years 1787-88-89

lor Maupeou 'playing blind-man's-buff' with the scarlet En-

(Bury St. Edmunds, 1792), i. 44.) and die inglorious killing chantress; or gallantly presenting her with dwarf Negroes;—

game! However, in the year 1770, a certain young soldier, and a Most Christian King has unspeakable peace within doors, Dumouriez by name, returning from Corsica, could see 'with whatever he may have without. "My Chancellor is a scoundrel; sorrow, at Compiegne, the old King of

France, on foot, with but I cannot do without him." (Dulaure, Histoire de Paris (Paris, doffed hat, in sight of his army, at the side of a magnificent 1824), vii. 328.)

phaeton, doing homage the— Dubarry.' (*La Vie et les Memoires* Beautiful Armida-Palace, where the inmates live enchanted *du General Dumouriez* (Paris, 1822), i. 141.) lives; lapped in soft music of adulation; waited on by the Much lay therein! Thereby, for one thing, could D'Aiguillon splendours of the world;—which nevertheless hangs won-postpone the rebuilding of his Chateau, and rebuild his for-drously as by a single hair. Should the Most Christian King die; tunes first. For stout Choiseul would discern in the Dubarry or even get seriously afraid of dying! For, alas, had not the fair nothing but a wonderfully dizened Scarlet-woman; and go on haughty Chateauroux to fly, with wet cheeks and flaming heart, 13

from that Fever-scene at Metz; driven forth by sour shave-ger-stricken through all highways and byways of French Ex-lings? She hardly returned, when fever and shavelings were istence, will they pray? The dull millions that, in the workshop both swept into the background. Pompadour too, when or furrowfield, grind fore-done at the wheel of Labour, like Damiens wounded Royalty 'slightly, under the fifth rib,' and haltered gin-horses, if blind so much the quieter? Or they that our drive to Trianon went off futile, in shrieks and madly shaken in the Bicetre Hospital, 'eight to a bed,' lie waiting their manu-torches,—had to pack, and be in readiness: yet did not go, the mission? Dim are those heads of theirs, dull stagnant those wound not proving poisoned. For his Majesty has religious hearts: to them the great Sovereign is known mainly as the faith; believes, at least in a Devil. And now a third peril; and great Regrater of Bread. If they hear of his sickness, they will who knows what may be in it! For the Doctors look grave; ask answer with a dull *Tant pis pour lui*; or with the question, Will privily, If his Majesty had not the small-pox long ago?—and he die?

doubt it may have been a false kind. Yes, Maupeou, pucker Yes, will he die? that is now, for all France, the grand ques-those sinister brows of thine, and

peer out on it with thy tion, and hope; whereby alone the King's sickness has still malign rat-eyes: it is a questionable case. Sure only that man some interest.

is mortal; that with the life of one mortal snaps irrevocably the wonderfulest talisman, and all Dubarrydom rushes off, with **Chapter 1.1.II.**

tumult, into infinite Space; and ye, as subterranean Apparitions are wont, vanish utterly,—leaving only a smell of sul-Realised Ideals.

phur!

These, and what holds of these may pray,—to Beelzebub, or Such a changed France have we; and a changed Louis. Changed, whoever will hear them. But from the rest of France there comes, truly; and further than thou yet seest!—To the eye of History as was said, no prayer; or one of an opposite character, 'ex-many things, in that sick-room of Louis, are now visible, which pressed openly in the streets.' Chateau or Hotel, were an en- to the Courtiers there present were invisible. For indeed it is lightened Philosophism scrutinises many things, is not given well said, 'in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; the to prayer: neither are Rossbach victories, Terray Finances, nor, eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing.' To Newton say only 'sixty thousand Lettres de Cachet' (which is Maupeou's and to Newton's Dog Diamond, what a different pair of Uni- share), persuasives towards that. O Henault! Prayers? From a verses; while the painting on the optical retina of both was, France smitten (by black-art) with plague after plague, and most likely, the same! Let the Reader here, in this sick-room of lying now in shame and pain, with a Harlot's foot on its neck, Louis, endeavour to look with the mind too.

what prayer can come? Those lank scarecrows, that prowl hun-Time was when men could (so to speak) of a given man, by 14

nourishing and decorating him with fit appliances, to the due thorities, Holies, Unholies! Which inward sense, moreover is pitch, make themselves

a King, almost as the Bees do; and not permanent like the outward ones, but forever growing what was still more to the purpose, loyally obey him when and changing. Does not the Black African take of Sticks and made. The man so nourished and decorated, thenceforth named Old Clothes (say, exported Monmouth-Street cast-clothes) what royal, does verily bear rule; and is said, and even thought, to will suffice, and of these, cunningly combining them, fabricate be, for example, ‘prosecuting conquests in Flanders,’ when he for himself an Eidolon (Idol, or Thing Seen), and name it lets himself like luggage be carried thither: and no light lug-Mumbo-Jumbo; which he can thenceforth pray to, with up-gage; covering miles of road. For he has his unblushing turned awestruck eye, not without hope? The white European Chateauroux, with her bandboxes and rouge-pots, at his side; mocks; but ought rather to consider; and see whether he, at so that, at every new station, a wooden gallery must be run home, could not do the like a little more wisely.

up between their lodgings. He has not only his Maison-Bouche, So it was, we say, in those conquests of Flanders, thirty years and Valetaille without end, but his very Troop of Players, with ago: but so it no longer is. Alas, much more lies sick than poor their pasteboard coulisses, thunder-barrels, their kettles, Louis: not the French King only, but the French Kingship; this fiddles, stage-wardrobes, portable larders (and chaffering and too, after long rough tear and wear, is breaking down. The quarrelling enough); all mounted in wagons, tumbrils, second-world is all so changed; so much that seemed vigorous has hand chaises,—sufficient not to conquer Flanders, but the sunk decrepit, so much that was not is beginning to be!—

patience of the world. With such a flood of loud jingling ap-Borne over the Atlantic, to the closing ear of Louis, King by purtenances does he lumber along, prosecuting his conquests the Grace of God, what sounds are these; muffled ominous, in Flanders; wonderful to behold. So nevertheless it was and new in our centuries? Boston Harbour is black with unexpected had been: to some solitary thinker it might seem strange; but Tea: behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather; and ere long, on even to him inevitable, not unnatural.

Bunker Hill, *Democracy* announcing, in rifle-volleys death-For ours is a most fictile world; and man is the most fingent winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-plastic of creatures. A world not fixable; not fathomable! An doo, that she is born, and, whirlwind-like, will envelope the unfathomable Somewhat, which is Not we; which we can work whole world!

with, and live amidst,—and model, miraculously in our mi-Sovereigns die and Sovereignties: how all dies, and is for a raculous Being, and name World.—But if the very Rocks and Time only; is a 'Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real!' The Rivers (as Metaphysic teaches) are, in strict language, made by Merovingian Kings, slowly wending on their bullock-carts those outward Senses of ours, how much more, by the Inward through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have Sense, are all Phenomena of the spiritual kind: Dignities, Au-all wended slowly on,—into Eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at 15

The French Revolution

Salzburg, with truncheon grounded; only Fable expecting that in all crafts, with their cunning head and right-hand, tamed he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where the Four Elements to be their ministers; yoking the winds to now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and their Sea-chariot, making the very Stars their Nautical Time-his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships; but have piece;—and written and collected a Bibliotheque du Roi; among sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Towhead (Tete whose Books is the Hebrew Book! A wondrous race of crea-d'etoupes) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (Taillefer) can-tures: these have been realised, and what of Skill is in these: not cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda have had call not the Past Time, with all its confused wretchednesses, a out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy lost one.

cooled. Neither from that black Tower de Nesle descends now Observe, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions darkling the doomed gallant, in his sack, to the Seine waters; and attainments, unspeakably the

noblest are his Symbols, plunging into Night: for Dame de Nesle how cares not for this divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights, world's gallantry, heeds not this world's scandal; Dame de Nesle with victorious assurance, in this life-battle: what we can call is herself gone into Night. They are all gone; sunk,—down, his Realised Ideals. Of which realised ideals, omitting the rest, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the consider only these two: his Church, or spiritual Guidance; his trampling of ever new generations passes over them, and they Kingship, or temporal one. The Church: what a word was there; hear it not any more forever.

richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the And yet withal has there not been realised somewhat? Con-heart of the remotest mountains rises the little Kirk; the Dead sider (to go no further) these strong Stone-edifices, and what all slumbering round it, under their white memorial-stones, 'in they hold! Mud-Town of the Borderers (Lutetia Parisiorum or hope of a happy resurrection:'—dull wert thou, O Reader, if Barisiorum) has paved itself, has spread over all the Seine Is-never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such Kirk lands, and far and wide on each bank, and become City of hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up of Paris, sometimes boasting to be 'Athens of Europe,' and even Darkness) it spoke to thee—things unspeakable, that went

'Capital of the Universe.' Stone towers frown aloft; long-last-into thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we ing, grim with a thousand years. Cathedrals are there, and a can call a Church: he stood thereby, though 'in the centre of Creed (or memory of a Creed) in them; Palaces, and a State and Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities,' yet manlike towards Law. Thou seest the Smoke-vapour; unextinguished Breath as God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become for of a thing living. Labour's thousand hammers ring on her an-him a firm city, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in vils: also a more miraculous Labour works noiselessly, not with Belief; in these words, well spoken: I believe. Well might men the Hand but with the Thought. How have cunning workmen prize their Credo, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and rever-16

end Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was and on the whole, the fertility of this most fertile Existence worth living for and dying for.

(named of Good and Evil),—brought it, in the matter of the Neither was that an inconsiderable moment when wild armed Kingship. Wondrous! Concerning which may we not again say, men first raised their Strongest aloft on the buckler-throne, that in the huge mass of Evil, as it rolls and swells, there is ever and with clanging armour and hearts, said solemnly: Be thou some Good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance our Acknowledged Strongest! In such Acknowledged Stron-and triumph?

gest (well named King, Kon-ning, Canning, or Man that was How such Ideals do realise themselves; and grow, wondrously, Able) what a Symbol shone now for them,—significant with from amid the incongruous ever-fluctuating chaos of the Ac-the destinies of the world! A Symbol of true Guidance in retual: this is what World-History, if it teach any thing, has to turn for loving Obedience; properly, if he knew it, the prime teach us, How they grow; and, after long stormy growth, bloom want of man. A Symbol which might be called sacred; for is out mature, supreme; then quickly (for the blossom is brief) there not, in reverence for what is better than we, an inde-fall into decay; sorrowfully dwindle; and crumble down, or rush structible sacredness? On which ground, too, it was well said down, noisily or noiselessly disappearing. The blossom is so there lay in the Acknowledged Strongest a divine right; as brief; as of some centennial Cactus-flower, which after a censurely there might in the Strongest, whether Acknowledged tury of waiting shines out for hours! Thus from the day when or not,—considering who made him strong. And so, in the rough Clovis, in the Champ de Mars, in sight of his whole army, midst of confusions and unutterable incongruities (as all had to cleave retributively the head of that rough Frank, with growth is confused), did this of Royalty, with Loyalty sudden battleaxe, and the fierce words, “It was thus thou environing it, spring up; and grow mysteriously, subduing and clavest the vase” (St. Remi’s and mine) “at Soissons,” forward assimilating (for a

principle of Life was in it); till it also had to Louis the Grand and his L'Etat c'est moi, we count some grown world-great, and was among the main Facts of our mod-twelve hundred years: and now this the very next Louis is ern existence. Such a Fact, that Louis XIV., for example, could dying, and so much dying with him!—Nay, thus too, if Ca-answer the expostulatory Magistrate with his "L'Etat c'est moi tholicism, with and against Feudalism (but not against Nature (The State? I am the State);" and be replied to by silence and and her bounty), gave us English a Shakspeare and Era of abashed looks. So far had accident and forethought; had your Shakspeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism—it was Louis Elevenths, with the leaden Virgin in their hatband, and not till Catholicism itself, so far as Law could abolish it, had torture-wheels and conical oubliettes (man-eating!) under their been abolished here.

feet; your Henri Fourths, with their prophesied social millen-But of those decadent ages in which no Ideal either grows or nium, 'when every peasant should have his fowl in the pot;'

blossoms? When Belief and Loyalty have passed away, and only 17

the cant and false echo of them remains; and all Solemnity has henceforth stand and fall together. Alas, the Sorbonne still become Pageantry; and the Creed of persons in authority has sits there, in its old mansion; but mumbles only jargon of dot-become one of two things: an Imbecility or a Macchiavelism?

age, and no longer leads the consciences of men: not the Alas, of these ages World-History can take no notice; they Sorbonne; it is Encyclopedies, Philosophie, and who knows what have to become compressed more and more, and finally sup-nameless innumerable multitude of ready Writers, profane Sing-pressed in the Annals of Mankind; blotted out as spurious,—

ers, Romancers, Players, Disputators, and Pamphleteers, that which indeed they are. Hapless ages: wherein, if ever in any, it now form the Spiritual Guidance of the world. The world's Prac-is an unhappiness to be born. To

be born, and to learn only, by tical Guidance too is lost, or has glided into the same miscella-every tradition and example, that God's Universe is Belial's and neous hands. Who is it that the King (Ableman, named also a Lie; and 'the Supreme Quack' the hierarch of men! In which Roi, Rex, or Director) now guides? His own huntsmen and prick-mournfulest faith, nevertheless, do we not see whole genera-ers: when there is to be no hunt, it is well said, 'Le Roi ne fera tions (two, and sometimes even three successively) live, what rien (To-day his Majesty will do nothing). (Memoires sur la Vie they call living; and vanish,—without chance of reappearance?

privee de Marie Antoinette, par Madame Campan (Paris, 1826), In such a decadent age, or one fast verging that way, had i. 12). He lives and lingers there, because he is living there, and our poor Louis been born. Grant also that if the French King-none has yet laid hands on him.

ship had not, by course of Nature, long to live, he of all men The nobles, in like manner, have nearly ceased either to guide was the man to accelerate Nature. The Blossom of French Roy-or misguide; and are now, as their master is, little more than alty, cactus-like, has accordingly made an astonishing progress.

ornamental figures. It is long since they have done with butch-In those Metz days, it was still standing with all its petals, ering one another or their king: the Workers, protected, en-though bedimmed by Orleans Regents and Roue Ministers and couraged by Majesty, have ages ago built walled towns, and Cardinals; but now, in 1774, we behold it bald, and the virtue there ply their crafts; will permit no Robber Baron to 'live by nigh gone out of it.

the saddle,' but maintain a gallows to prevent it. Ever since Disastrous indeed does it look with those same 'realised ide-that period of the Fronde, the Noble has changed his fighting als,' one and all! The Church, which in its palmy season, seven sword into a court rapier, and now loyally attends his king as hundred years ago, could make an Emperor wait barefoot, in ministering satellite; divides the spoil, not now by violence penance-shift; three days, in the snow, has for centuries seen and murder, but by soliciting

and finesse. These men call them-itself decaying; reduced even to forget old purposes and en-selves supports of the throne, singular gilt-pasteboard cary-mities, and join interest with the Kingship: on this younger atides in that singular edifice! For the rest, their privileges strength it would fain stay its decrepitude; and these two will every way are now much curtailed. That law authorizing a 18

Thomas Carlyle

Seigneur, as he returned from hunting, to kill not more than in thick obscuration, in squalid destitution and obstruction: two Serfs, and refresh his feet in their warm blood and bowels, this is the lot of the millions; peuple taillable et corveable a has fallen into perfect desuetude,—and even into incredibil-merci et misericorde. In Brittany they once rose in revolt at ity; for if Deputy Lapoule can believe in it, and call for the the first introduction of Pendulum Clocks; thinking it had some-abrogation of it, so cannot we. (*Histoire de la Revolution* thing to do with the Gabelle. Paris requires to be cleared out *Francaise, par Deux Amis de la Liberte* (Paris, 1793), ii. 212.) periodically by the Police; and the horde of hunger-stricken No Charolois, for these last fifty years, though never so fond vagabonds to be sent wandering again over space—for a time.

of shooting, has been in use to bring down slaters and plumb-

‘During one such periodical clearance,’ says Lacretelle, ‘in May, ers, and see them roll from their roofs; (Lacretelle, Histoire de 1750, the Police had presumed withal to carry off some repu-France pendant le 18me Siecle (Paris, 1819) i. 271.) but contable people’s children, in the hope of extorting ransoms for tents himself with partridges and grouse. Close-viewed, their them. The mothers fill the public places with cries of despair; industry and function is that of dressing gracefully and eating crowds gather, get excited: so many women in destraction run sumptuously. As for their debauchery and depravity, it is per-about exaggerating the alarm: an absurd and horrid fable arises haps unexampled since the era of Tiberius and Commodus. Nev-among the people; it is said that the doctors have ordered a ertheless,

one has still partly a feeling with the lady Marechale: Great Person to take baths of young human blood for the

“Depend upon it, Sir, God thinks twice before damning a man restoration of his own, all spoiled by debaucheries. Some of of that quality.” (Dulaure, vii. 261.) These people, of old, surely the rioters,’ adds Lacretelle, quite coolly, ‘were hanged on the had virtues, uses; or they could not have been there. Nay, one following days:’ the Police went on. (Lacretelle, iii. 175.) O ye virtue they are still required to have (for mortal man cannot poor naked wretches! and this, then, is your inarticulate cry live without a conscience): the virtue of perfect readiness to to Heaven, as of a dumb tortured animal, crying from utter-fight duels.

most depths of pain and debasement? Do these azure skies, Such are the shepherds of the people: and now how fares it like a dead crystalline vault, only reverberate the echo of it on with the flock? With the flock, as is inevitable, it fares ill, and you? Respond to it only by ‘hanging on the following days?’—

ever worse. They are not tended, they are only regularly shorn.

Not so: not forever! Ye are heard in Heaven. And the answer They are sent for, to do statute-labour, to pay statute-taxes; too will come,—in a horror of great darkness, and shakings of to fatten battle-fields (named ‘Bed of honour’) with their bod-the world, and a cup of trembling which all the nations shall ies, in quarrels which are not theirs; their hand and toil is in drink.

every possession of man; but for themselves they have little Remark, meanwhile, how from amid the wrecks and dust of or no possession. Untaught, uncomforted, unfed; to pine dully this universal Decay new Powers are fashioning themselves, 19

adapted to the new time and its destinies. Besides the old Dubarryism, his Fleur-de-lis has been shamefully struck down Noblesse, originally of

Fighters, there is a new recognised No-in all lands and on all seas; Poverty invades even the Royal blesse of Lawyers; whose gala-day and proud battle-day even Exchequer, and Tax-farming can squeeze out no more; there is now is. An unrecognised Noblesse of Commerce; powerful a quarrel of twenty-five years' standing with the Parlement; enough, with money in its pocket. Lastly, powerfulest of all, everywhere Want, Dishonesty, Unbelief, and hotbrained Sciolists least recognised of all, a Noblesse of Literature; without steel for state-physicians: it is a portentous hour.

on their thigh, without gold in their purse, but with the 'grand Such things can the eye of History see in this sick-room of thaumaturgic faculty of Thought' in their head. French King Louis, which were invisible to the Courtiers there. It is Philosophism has arisen; in which little word how much do we twenty years, gone Christmas-day, since Lord Chesterfield, include! Here, indeed, lies properly the cardinal symptom of summing up what he had noted of this same France, wrote, the whole widespread malady. Faith is gone out; Scepticism is and sent off by post, the following words, that have become come in. Evil abounds and accumulates: no man has Faith to memorable: 'In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met withstand it, to amend it, to begin by amending himself; it with in History, previous to great Changes and Revolutions in must even go on accumulating. While hollow langour and va-government, now exist and daily increase in France.'

cuity is the lot of the Upper, and want and stagnation of the (Chesterfield's Letters: December 25th, 1753.) Lower, and universal misery is very certain, what other thing is certain? That a Lie cannot be believed! Philosophism knows **Chapter 1.1.III.**

only this: her other belief is mainly that, in spiritual supersensual matters no Belief is possible. Unhappy! Nay, as **Viaticum.**

yet the Contradiction of a Lie is some kind of Belief; but the Lie with its Contradiction once swept away, what will remain?

For the present, however, the grand question with the Gover-The five unsatiated Senses will remain, the sixth insatiable nors of France is: Shall extreme unction, or other ghostly vi-Sense (of vanity); the whole daemonic nature of man will re-aticum (to Louis, not to France), be administered?

main,—hurled forth to rage blindly without rule or rein; sav-It is a deep question. For, if administered, if so much as spo-age itself, yet with all the tools and weapons of civilisation; a ken of, must not, on the very threshold of the business, Witch spectacle new in History.

Dubarry vanish; hardly to return should Louis even recover?

In such a France, as in a Powder-tower, where fire unquenched With her vanishes Duke d'Aiguillon and Company, and all their and now unquenchable is smoking and smouldering all round, Armida-Palace, as was said; Chaos swallows the whole again, has Louis XV. lain down to die. With Pompadourism and and there is left nothing but a smell of brimstone. But then, 20

on the other hand, what will the Dauphinists and Choiseulists for from time and chance.

say? Nay what may the royal martyr himself say, should he The doors are well watched, no improper figure can enter.

happen to get deadly worse, without getting delirious? For Indeed, few wish to enter; for the putrid infection reaches the present, he still kisses the Dubarry hand; so we, from the even to the Oeil-de-Boeuf; so that 'more than fifty fall sick, anteroom, can note: but afterwards? Doctors' bulletins may and ten die.' Mesdames the Princesses alone wait at the loath-run as they are ordered, but it is 'confluent small-pox,'—of some sick-bed; impelled by filial piety. The three Princesses, which, as is whispered too, the Gatekeepers's once so buxom Graille, Chiffe, Coche (Rag, Snip, Pig, as he was wont to name Daughter lies ill: and Louis XV. is not a man to be trifled with them), are assiduous there; when all have fled. The fourth Prin-

in his viaticum. Was he not wont to catechise his very girls in cess Loque (Dud), as we guess, is already in the Nunnery, and the Parc-aux-cerfs, and pray with and for them, that they might can only give her orisons. Poor Graille and Sisterhood, they preserve their—orthodoxy? (Dulaure, viii. (217), Besenval, &c.) have never known a Father: such is the hard bargain Grandeur A strange fact, not an unexampled one; for there is no animal must make. Scarcely at the Debotter (when Royalty took off so strange as man.

its boots) could they snatch up their ‘enormous hoops, gird For the moment, indeed, it were all well, could Archbishop the long train round their waists, huddle on their black cloaks Beaumont but be prevailed upon—to wink with one eye! Alas, of taffeta up to the very chin;’ and so, in fit appearance of full Beaumont would himself so fain do it: for, singular to tell, the dress, ‘every evening at six,’ walk majestically in; receive their Church too, and whole posthumous hope of Jesuitism, now royal kiss on the brow; and then walk majestically out again, hangs by the apron of this same unmentionable woman. But to embroidery, small-scandal, prayers, and vacancy. If Majesty then ‘the force of public opinion’? Rigorous Christophe de Beau-came some morning, with coffee of its own making, and swal-mont, who has spent his life in persecuting hysterical Jansenists lowed it with them hastily while the dogs were uncoupling for and incredulous Non-confessors; or even their dead bodies, if the hunt, it was received as a grace of Heaven. (Campan, i. 11-no better might be,—how shall he now open Heaven’s gate, 36.) Poor withered ancient women! in the wild tossings that and give Absolution with the corpus delicti still under his nose?

yet await your fragile existence, before it be crushed and bro-Our Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon, for his part, will not higgle ken; as ye fly through hostile countries, over tempestuous with a royal sinner about turning of the key: but there are seas, are almost taken by the Turks; and wholly, in the other Churchmen; there is a King’s Confessor, foolish Abbe Sansculottic Earthquake, know not your right hand from your Moudon; and Fanaticism and Decency are not yet extinct. On left, be this always an assured place in your remembrance: for the whole, what is to be done? The doors can be well watched; the act was good and loving! To us also it is a little sunny the

Medical Bulletin adjusted; and much, as usual, be hoped spot, in that dismal howling waste, where we hardly find an-21

other.

teriously gliding, with smiles for this constellation, sighs for Meanwhile, what shall an impartial prudent Courtier do? In that: there is tremor, of hope or desperation, in several hearts.

these delicate circumstances, while not only death or life, but There is the pale grinning Shadow of Death, ceremoniously even sacrament or no sacrament, is a question, the skilfulest ushered along by another grinning Shadow, of Etiquette: at may falter. Few are so happy as the Duke d'Orleans and the intervals the growl of Chapel Organs, like prayer by machinery; Prince de Conde; who can themselves, with volatile salts, at-proclaiming, as in a kind of horrid diabolic horse-laughter, Van-tend the King's antechamber; and, at the same time, send ity of vanities, all is Vanity!

their brave sons (Duke de Chartres, Egalite that is to be; Duke de Bourbon, one day Conde too, and famous among Dotards) **Chapter 1.1.IV.**

to wait upon the Dauphin. With another few, it is a resolution taken; jacta est alea. Old Richelieu,—when Beaumont, driven **Louis the Unforgotten.**

by public opinion, is at last for entering the sick-room,—will twitch him by the rochet, into a recess; and there, with his old Poor Louis! With these it is a hollow phantasmagory, where dissipated mastiff-face, and the oiliest vehemence, be seen like mimes they mope and mowl, and utter false sounds for pleading (and even, as we judge by Beaumont's change of hire; but with thee it is frightful earnest.

colour, prevailing) 'that the King be not killed by a proposi-Frightful to all men is Death; from of old named King of tion in Divinity.' Duke de Fronsac, son of Richelieu, can follow Terrors. Our little compact home of

an Existence, where we his father: when the Cure of Versailles whimpers something dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark ago- about sacraments, he will threaten to ‘throw him out of the nies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, uncondi-window if he mention such a thing.’

tioned Possibility. The Heathen Emperor asks of his soul: Into Happy these, we may say; but to the rest that hover be-what places art thou now departing? The Catholic King must tween two opinions, is it not trying? He who would under-answer: To the Judgment-bar of the Most High God! Yes, it is a stand to what a pass Catholicism, and much else, had now got; summing-up of Life; a final settling, and giving-in the ‘account and how the symbols of the Holiest have become gambling-of the deeds done in the body:’ they are done now; and lie dice of the Basest,—must read the narrative of those things there unalterable, and do bear their fruits, long as Eternity by Besenval, and Soulavie, and the other Court Newsmen of shall last.

the time. He will see the Versailles Galaxy all scattered asun-Louis XV. had always the kingliest abhorrence of Death. Under, grouped into new ever-shifting Constellations. There are like that praying Duke of Orleans, Egalite’s grandfather,—for nods and sagacious glances; go-betweens, silk dowagers mys-indeed several of them had a touch of madness,—who hon-

esty believed that there was no Death! He, if the Court News-extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a men can be believed, started up once on a time, glowing with chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality: sump-sulphurous contempt and indignation on his poor Secretary, tuous Versailles bursts asunder, like a dream, into void Immen-who had stumbled on the words, feu roi d’Espagne (the late sity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked King of Spain): “Feu roi, Monsieur?”—”Monseigneur,” hastily with hideous clangour round thy soul: the pale Kingdoms yawn answered the trembling but adroit man of

business, “c’est une open; there must thou enter, naked, all unking’d, and await titre qu’ils prennent (’tis a title they take).” (Besenval, i. 199.) what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there as thou turnest, Louis, we say, was not so happy; but he did what he could. He in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine!

would not suffer Death to be spoken of; avoided the sight of Purgatory and Hellfire, now all-too possible, in the prospect; churchyards, funereal monuments, and whatsoever could bring in the retrospect,—alas, what thing didst thou do that were it to mind. It is the resource of the Ostrich; who, hard hunted, not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; sticks his foolish head in the ground, and would fain forget what sorrow hadst thou mercy on? Do the ‘five hundred thou-that his foolish unseeing body is not unseen too. Or some-sand’ ghosts, who sank shamefully on so many battle-fields times, with a spasmodic antagonism, significant of the same from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy Harlot might take revenge thing, and of more, he would go; or stopping his court car-for an epigram,—crowd round thee in this hour? Thy foul riages, would send into churchyards, and ask ‘how many new Harem; the curses of mothers, the tears and infamy of daugh-graves there were today,’ though it gave his poor Pompadour ters? Miserable man! thou ‘hast done evil as thou couldst:’ thy the disagreeablest qualms. We can figure the thought of Louis whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of that day, when, all royally caparisoned for hunting, he met, at Nature; the use and meaning of thee not yet known. Wert some sudden turning in the Wood of Senart, a ragged Peasant thou a fabulous Griffin, devouring the works of men; daily with a coffin: “For whom?”—It was for a poor brother slave, dragging virgins to thy cave;—clad also in scales that no spear whom Majesty had sometimes noticed slaving in those quar-would pierce: no spear but Death’s? A Griffin not fabulous but ters. “What did he die of?”—”Of hunger:”—the King gave his real! Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee.—We steed the spur. (Campan, iii. 39.)

will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner’s death-bed.

But figure his thought, when Death is now clutching at his And yet let no meanest man lay flattering unction to his own heartstrings, unlooked for, inexorable! Yes, poor Louis, soul. Louis was a Ruler; but art not thou also one? His wide Death has found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous France, look at it from the Fixed Stars (themselves not yet tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep Infinitude), is no wider than thy narrow brickfield, where thou him out; but he is here, here at thy very life-breath, and will too didst faithfully, or didst unfaithfully. Man, 'Symbol of Eter-23

nity imprisoned into 'Time!' it is not thy works, which are all other; promised the beautifulest things in the world; not a mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the thing of which will come: he does not know this region; he will least, but only the Spirit thou workest in, that can have worth see." Or again: "'Tis the twentieth time I hear all that; France or continuance.

will never get a Navy, I believe." How touching also was this: But reflect, in any case, what a life-problem this of poor

"If I were Lieutenant of Police, I would prohibit those Paris Louis, when he rose as Bien-Aime from that Metz sick-bed, cabriolets." (Journal de Madame de Hausset, p. 293, &c.) really was! What son of Adam could have swayed such inco-Doomed mortal;—for is it not a doom to be Solecism incar-herences into coherence? Could he? Blindest Fortune alone has nate! A new Roi Faineant, King Donothing; but with the strang-cast him on the top of it: he swims there; can as little sway it est new Mayor of the Palace: no bow-legged Pepin now, but as the drift-log sways the wind-tossed moon-stirred Atlantic.

that same cloud-capt, fire-breathing Spectre of *Democracy*;

"What have I done to be so loved?" he said then. He may say incalculable, which is enveloping the world!—Was Louis no now: What have I done to be so hated? Thou hast done noth-wickeder than this or the other private

Donothing and Eatall; ing, poor Louis! Thy fault is properly even this, that thou didst such as we often enough see, under the name of Man, and nothing. What could poor Louis do? Abdicate, and wash his even Man of Pleasure, cumbering God's diligent Creation, for a hands of it,—in favour of the first that would accept! Other time? Say, wretcheder! His Life-solecism was seen and felt of a clear wisdom there was none for him. As it was, he stood gaz-whole scandalised world; him endless Oblivion cannot engulf, ing dubiously, the absurdest mortal extant (a very Solecism and swallow to endless depths,—not yet for a generation or Incarnate), into the absurdest confused world;—wherein at two.

lost nothing seemed so certain as that he, the incarnate Sole-However, be this as it will, we remark, not without interest, cism, had five senses; that were Flying Tables (Tables Volantes, that 'on the evening of the 4th,' Dame Dubarry issues from the which vanish through the floor, to come back reloaded). and a sick-room, with perceptible 'trouble in her visage.' It is the Parc-aux-cerfs.

fourth evening of May, year of Grace 1774. Such a whispering Whereby at least we have again this historical curiosity: a in the Oeil-de-Boeuf! Is he dying then? What can be said is, human being in an original position; swimming passively, as that Dubarry seems making up her packages; she sails weep-on some boundless 'Mother of Dead Dogs,' towards issues which ing through her gilt boudoirs, as if taking leave. D'Aiguilon he partly saw. For Louis had withal a kind of insight in him. So, and Company are near their last card; nevertheless they will when a new Minister of Marine, or what else it might be, came not yet throw up the game. But as for the sacramental contro-announcing his new era, the Scarlet-woman would hear from versy, it is as good as settled without being mentioned; Louis the lips of Majesty at supper: "He laid out his ware like an-can send for his Abbe Moudon in the course of next night, be 24

confessed by him, some say for the space of 'seventeen min-honorable to God;' so does your Jesuit construe it.—"Wa, Wa,"

utes,' and demand the sacraments of his own accord.

as the wild Clotaire groaned out, when life was departing, "what Nay, already, in the afternoon, behold is not this your Sor-great God is this that pulls down the strength of the stron-ceress Dubarry with the handkerchief at her eyes, mounting gest kings!" (Gregorius Turonensis, Histor. lib. iv. cap. 21.) D'Aiguillon's chariot; rolling off in his Duchess's consolatory The amende honorable, what 'legal apology' you will, to arms? She is gone; and her place knows her no more. Vanish, God:—but not, if D'Aiguillon can help it, to man. Dubarry still false Sorceress; into Space! Needless to hover at neighbouring hovers in his mansion at Ruel; and while there is life, there is Ruel; for thy day is done. Shut are the royal palace-gates for hope. Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon, accordingly (for he seems evermore; hardly in coming years shalt thou, under cloud of to be in the secret), has no sooner seen his pyxes and gear night, descend once, in black domino, like a black nightbird, repacked, then he is stepping majestically forth again, as if and disturb the fair Antoinette's music-party in the Park: all the work were done! But King's Confessor Abbe Moudon starts Birds of Paradise flying from thee, and musical windpipes grow-forward; with anxious acidulent face, twitches him by the sleeve; ing mute. (Campan, i. 197.) Thou unclean, yet unmalignant, whispers in his ear. Whereupon the poor Cardinal must turn not unpitiable thing! What a course was thine: from that first round; and declare audibly; "That his Majesty repents of any trucklebed (in Joan of Arc's country) where thy mother bore subjects of scandal he may have given (a pu donner); and pur-thee, with tears, to an unnamed father: forward, through low-poses, by the strength of Heaven assisting him, to avoid the est subterranean depths, and over highest sunlit heights, of like—for the future!" Words listened to by Richelieu with Harlotdom and Rascaldom—to the guillotine-axe, which shears mastiff-face, growing blacker; answered to, aloud, 'with an epi-away thy vainly whimpering head! Rest there uncursed; only thet,'—which Besenval will not repeat. Old Richelieu, conqueror buried and abolished: what else befitted thee?

of Minorca, companion of Flying-Table orgies, perforator of Louis, meanwhile, is in considerable impatience for his sacra-bedroom walls,

(Besenval, i. 159-172. Genlis; Duc de Levis, &c.) ments; sends more than once to the window, to see whether is thy day also done?

they are not coming. Be of comfort, Louis, what comfort thou Alas, the Chapel organs may keep going; the Shrine of Sainte canst: they are under way, those sacraments. Towards six in Genevieve be let down, and pulled up again,—without effect.

the morning, they arrive. Cardinal Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon In the evening the whole Court, with Dauphin and Dauphiness, is here, in pontificals, with his pyxes and his tools; he ap-assist at the Chapel: priests are hoarse with chanting their proaches the royal pillow; elevates his wafer; mutters or seems

'Prayers of Forty Hours;' and the heaving bellows blow. Almost to mutter somewhat;—and so (as the Abbe Georgel, in words frightful! For the very heaven blackens; battering rain-torrents that stick to one, expresses it) has Louis 'made the amende dash, with thunder; almost drowning the organ's voice: and 25

electric fire-flashes make the very flambeaux on the altar pale.

wager, to salute the new Sovereigns: Hail to your Majesties!

So that the most, as we are told, retired, when it was over, The Dauphin and Dauphiness are King and Queen! Over-pow-with hurried steps, 'in a state of meditation (recueillement),'

ered with many emotions, they two fall on their knees to-and said little or nothing. (Weber, Memoires concernant Marie-gether, and, with streaming tears, exclaim, "O God, guide us, Antoinette (London, 1809), i. 22.)

protect us; we are too young to reign!"—Too young indeed.

So it has lasted for the better half of a fortnight; the Dubarry Thus, in any case, ‘with a sound absolutely like thunder,’ has gone almost a week. Besenval says, all the world was getting the Horologe of Time struck, and an old Era passed away. The impatient que cela finit; that poor Louis would have done with Louis that was, lies forsaken, a mass of abhorred clay; aban- it. It is now the 10th of May 1774. He will soon have done doned ‘to some poor persons, and priests of the Chapelle now.

Ardente,’—who make haste to put him ‘in two lead coffins, This tenth May day falls into the loathsome sick-bed; but pouring in abundant spirits of wine.’ The new Louis with his dull, unnoticed there: for they that look out of the windows Court is rolling towards Choisy, through the summer afternoon: are quite darkened; the cistern-wheel moves discordant on its the royal tears still flow; but a word mispronounced by axis; Life, like a spent steed, is panting towards the goal. In Monseigneur d’Artois sets them all laughing, and they weep their remote apartments, Dauphin and Dauphiness stand road-no more. Light mortals, how ye walk your light life-minuet, ready; all grooms and equerries booted and spurred: waiting over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film!

for some signal to escape the house of pestilence. (One grudges For the rest, the proper authorities felt that no Funeral could to interfere with the beautiful theatrical ‘candle,’ which Ma-be too unceremonious. Besenval himself thinks it was uncer-dame Campan (i. 79) has lit on this occasion, and blown out at emonious enough. Two carriages containing two noblemen of the moment of death. What candles might be lit or blown out, the usher species, and a Versailles clerical person; some score in so large an Establishment as that of Versailles, no man at of mounted pages, some fifty palfreniers; these, with torches, such distance would like to affirm: at the same time, as it was but not so much as in black, start from Versailles on the sec-two o’clock in a May Afternoon, and these royal Stables must ond evening with their leaden bier. At a high trot they start; have been some five or six hundred yards from the royal sick-and keep up that pace. For the jibes (brocards) of those Pari-room, the ‘candle’ does threaten to go out in spite of us. It sians, who stand planted in two rows, all the way to St. Denis, remains burning indeed—in her fantasy; throwing light on and ‘give vent to

their pleasantry, the characteristic of the much in those Memoires of hers.) And, hark! across the Oeil-nation,' do not tempt one to slacken. Towards midnight the de-Boeuf, what sound is that; sound 'terrible and absolutely vaults of St. Denis receive their own; unwept by any eye of all like thunder'? It is the rush of the whole Court, rushing as in these; if not by poor Loque his neglected Daughter's, whose 26

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Nunnery is hard by.

in the thousandth year, when the woodman arrives with his Him they crush down, and huddle underground, in this im-axe, is there heard an echoing through the solitudes; and the patient way; him and his era of sin and tyranny and shame; for oak announces itself when, with a far-sounding crash, it falls.

behold a New Era is come; the future all the brighter that the How silent too was the planting of the acorn; scattered from past was base.

the lap of some wandering wind! Nay, when our oak flowered, or put on its leaves (its glad Events), what shout of proclama-BOOK 1.II.

tion could there be? Hardly from the most observant a word of recognition. These things befell not, they were slowly done; **THE PAPER AGE**

not in an hour, but through the flight of days: what was to be said of it? This hour seemed altogether as the last was, as the **Chapter 1.2.I.**

next would be.

It is thus everywhere that foolish Rumour babbles not of **Astraea Redux.**

what was done, but of what was misdone or undone; and foolish History (ever, more or less, the written epitomised synop-A paradoxical philosopher, carrying to the uttermost length sis of Rumour) knows so little that were not as well unknown.

that aphorism of Montesquieu's, 'Happy the people whose Attila Invasions, Walter-the-Penniless Crusades, Sicilian Ves-annals are tiresome,' has said, 'Happy the people whose annals pers, Thirty-Years Wars: mere sin and misery; not work, but are vacant.' In which saying, mad as it looks, may there not hindrance of work! For the Earth, all this while, was yearly still be found some grain of reason? For truly, as it has been green and yellow with her kind harvests; the hand of the crafts-written, 'Silence is divine,' and of Heaven; so in all earthly things man, the mind of the thinker rested not: and so, after all, and too there is a silence which is better than any speech. Consider in spite of all, we have this so glorious high-domed blossom-it well, the Event, the thing which can be spoken of and reing World; concerning which, poor History may well ask, with corded, is it not, in all cases, some disruption, some solution wonder, Whence it came? She knows so little of it, knows so of continuity? Were it even a glad Event, it involves change, much of what obstructed it, what would have rendered it im- involves loss (of active Force); and so far, either in the past or possible. Such, nevertheless, by necessity or foolish choice, is in the present, is an irregularity, a disease. Stillest persever-her rule and practice; whereby that paradox, 'Happy the people ance were our blessedness; not dislocation and alteration,—

whose annals are vacant,' is not without its true side.

could they be avoided.

And yet, what seems more pertinent to note here, there is a The oak grows silently, in the forest, a thousand years; only stillness, not of unobstructed growth, but of passive inert-27

ness, and symptom of imminent downfall. As victory is silent, Thought, but also of so beautifully hiding from us the want of so is defeat. Of the opposing forces the weaker has resigned Thought! Paper is made from the rags of things that did once itself; the stronger marches on, noiseless now, but rapid, in-exist; there are endless excellences in Paper.—What wisest

evitable: the fall and overturn will not be noiseless. How all Philosophe, in this halcyon uneventful period, could prophesy grows, and has its period, even as the herbs of the fields, be it that there was approaching, big with darkness and confusion, annual, centennial, millennial! All grows and dies, each by its the event of events? Hope ushers in a Revolution,—as earth-own wondrous laws, in wondrous fashion of its own; spiritual quakes are preceded by bright weather. On the Fifth of May, things most wondrously of all. Inscrutable, to the wisest, are fifteen years hence, old Louis will not be sending for the Sac-these latter; not to be prophesied of, or understood. If when raments; but a new Louis, his grandson, with the whole pomp the oak stands proudliest flourishing to the eye, you know of astonished intoxicated France, will be opening the States-that its heart is sound, it is not so with the man; how much General.

less with the Society, with the Nation of men! Of such it may Dubarrydom and its D'Aiguillons are gone forever. There is a be affirmed even that the superficial aspect, that the inward young, still docile, well-intentioned King; a young, beautiful feeling of full health, is generally ominous. For indeed it is of and bountiful, well-intentioned Queen; and with them all apoplexy, so to speak, and a plethoric lazy habit of body, that France, as it were, become young. Maupeou and his Parlement Churches, Kingships, Social Institutions, oftenest die. Sad, when have to vanish into thick night; respectable Magistrates, not such Institution plethorically says to itself, Take thy ease, thou indifferent to the Nation, were it only for having been oppo-hast goods laid up;—like the fool of the Gospel, to whom it nents of the Court, can descend unchained from their 'steep was answered, Fool, this night thy life shall be required of rocks at Croe in Combrailles' and elsewhere, and return singing thee!

praises: the old Parlement of Paris resumes its functions. In-Is it the healthy peace, or the ominous unhealthy, that rests stead of a profligate bankrupt Abbe Terray, we have now, for on France, for these next Ten Years? Over which the Historian Controller-General, a virtuous philosophic Turgot, with a whole can pass lightly, without call to linger: for as yet events are Reformed France in his head. By whom whatsoever is wrong, in not, much less performances. Time of sunniest stillness;—shall Finance or otherwise,

will be righted,—as far as possible. Is it we call it, what all men thought it, the new Age of God? Call it not as if Wisdom herself were henceforth to have seat and at least, of Paper; which in many ways is the succedaneum of voice in the Council of Kings? Turgot has taken office with the Gold. Bank-paper, wherewith you can still buy when there is noblest plainness of speech to that effect; been listened to no gold left; Book-paper, splendent with Theories, Philoso-with the noblest royal trustfulness. (Turgot's Letter: Condorcet, phies, Sensibilities,—beautiful art, not only of revealing Vie de Turgot (Oeuvres de Condorcet, t. v.), p. 67. The date is 28

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24th August, 1774.) It is true, as King Louis objects, "They sis, and Progress of the Species, happiness enough now awaits say he never goes to mass;" but liberal France likes him little him. Kings can become philosophers; or else philosophers Kings.

worse for that; liberal France answers, "The Abbe Terray alLet but Society be once rightly constituted,—by victorious ways went." Philosophism sees, for the first time, a Philosophe Analysis. The stomach that is empty shall be filled; the throat (or even a Philosopher) in office: she in all things will that is dry shall be wetted with wine. Labour itself shall be all applausively second him; neither will light old Maurepas ob-one as rest; not grievous, but joyous. Wheatfields, one would struct, if he can easily help it.

think, cannot come to grow untilled; no man made clayey, or Then how 'sweet' are the manners; vice 'losing all its defor-made weary thereby;—unless indeed machinery will do it? Gramity;' becoming decent (as established things, making regu-tuitous Tailors and Restaurateurs may start up, at fit interlations for themselves, do); becoming almost a kind of 'sweet'

vals, one as yet sees not how. But if each will, according to rule virtue! Intelligence so abounds; irradiated by wit and the art of Benevolence, have a care for all, then surely—no one will be of conversation. Philosophism sits joyful in her glittering sa-uncared for. Nay, who knows but, by sufficiently victorious loons, the dinner-guest of Opulence grown

ingenuous, the very Analysis, ‘human life may be indefinitely lengthened,’ and men nobles proud to sit by her; and preaches, lifted up over all get rid of Death, as they have already done of the Devil? We Bastilles, a coming millennium. From far Ferney, Patriarch shall then be happy in spite of Death and the Devil.—So Voltaire gives sign: veterans Diderot, D’Alembert have lived to preaches magniloquent Philosophism her Redeunt Saturnia see this day; these with their younger Marmontels, Morellets, regna.

Chamforts, Raynals, make glad the spicy board of rich minis-The prophetic song of Paris and its Philosophes is audible tering Dowager, of philosophic Farmer-General. O nights and enough in the Versailles Oeil-de-Boeuf; and the Oeil-de-Boeuf, suppers of the gods! Of a truth, the long-demonstrated will intent chiefly on nearer blessedness, can answer, at worst, with now be done: ‘the Age of Revolutions approaches’ (as Jean a polite “Why not?” Good old cheery Maurepas is too joyful a Jacques wrote), but then of happy blessed ones. Man awak-Prime Minister to dash the world’s joy. Sufficient for the day ens from his long somnambulism; chases the Phantasms that be its own evil. Cheery old man, he cuts his jokes, and hovers beleagured and bewitched him. Behold the new morning glit-careless along; his cloak well adjusted to the wind, if so be he tering down the eastern steeps; fly, false Phantasms, from its may please all persons. The simple young King, whom a shafts of light; let the Absurd fly utterly forsaking this lower Maurepas cannot think of troubling with business, has retired Earth for ever. It is Truth and Astraea Redux that (in the shape into the interior apartments; taciturn, irresolute; though with of Philosophism) henceforth reign. For what imaginable pura sharpness of temper at times: he, at length, determines on a pose was man made, if not to be ‘happy’? By victorious Analy-little smithwork; and so, in apprenticeship with a Sieur Gamain 29

(whom one day he shall have little cause to bless), is learning by the poor in hard winter to a Queen who has given them to make locks. (Campan, i. 125.) It appears further, he under-fuel. There are masquerades, theatricals; beautifyings of little stood Geography; and could read English. Unhappy young King, Trianon, purchase and repair of St. Cloud; journeyings from

his childlike trust in that foolish old Maurepas deserved anthe summer Court-Elysium to the winter one. There are poutings other return. But friend and foe, destiny and himself have com-and grudgings from the Sardinian Sisters-in-law (for the Princes bined to do him hurt.

too are wedded); little jealousies, which Court-Etiquette can Meanwhile the fair young Queen, in her halls of state, walks moderate. Wholly the lightest-hearted frivolous foam of Ex-like a goddess of Beauty, the cynosure of all eyes; as yet mingles istence; yet an artfully refined foam; pleasant were it not so not with affairs; heeds not the future; least of all, dreads it.

costly, like that which mantles on the wine of Champagne!

Weber and Campan (Ib. i. 100-151. Weber, i. 11-50.) have pic-Monsieur, the King's elder Brother, has set up for a kind of tured her, there within the royal tapestries, in bright bou-wit; and leans towards the Philosophe side. Monseigneur doirs, baths, peignoirs, and the Grand and Little Toilette; with d'Artois pulls the mask from a fair impertinent; fights a duel in a whole brilliant world waiting obsequious on her glance: fair consequence,—almost drawing blood. (Besenval, ii. 282-330.) young daughter of Time, what things has Time in store for He has breeches of a kind new in this world;—a fabulous kind; thee! Like Earth's brightest Appearance, she moves gracefully,

'four tall lackeys,' says Mercier, as if he had seen it, 'hold him environed with the grandeur of Earth: a reality, and yet a magic up in the air, that he may fall into the garment without ves-vision; for, behold, shall not utter Darkness swallow it! The tige of wrinkle; from which rigorous encasement the same four, soft young heart adopts orphans, portions meritorious maids, in the same way, and with more effort, must deliver him at delights to succour the poor,—such poor as come picturesquely night.' (Mercier, Nouveau Paris, iii. 147.) This last is he who in her way; and sets the fashion of doing it; for as was said, now, as a gray time-worn man, sits desolate at Gratz; (A.D.

Benevolence has now begun reigning. In her Duchess de 1834.) having winded up his destiny with the Three Days. In Polignac, in Princess de Lamballe, she enjoys something al-such sort are poor mortals swept and shovelled to and fro.

most like friendship; now too, after seven long years, she has a child, and soon even a Dauphin, of her own; can reckon her-Chapter 1.2.II.

self, as Queens go, happy in a husband.

Events? The Grand events are but charitable Feasts of Morals **Petition in Hieroglyphs.**

(Fetes des moeurs), with their Prizes and Speeches; Poissarde Processions to the Dauphin's cradle; above all, Flirtations, their With the working people, again it is not so well. Unlucky! For rise, progress, decline and fall. There are Snow-statues raised there are twenty to twenty-five millions of them. Whom, how-30

ever, we lump together into a kind of dim compendious unity, Versailles. Turgot is altering the Corn-trade, abrogating the monstrous but dim, far off, as the canaille; or, more humanely, absurdest Cornlaws; there is dearth, real, or were it even 'fac-as 'the masses.' Masses, indeed: and yet, singular to say, if, titious;' an indubitable scarcity of bread. And so, on the sec-with an effort of imagination, thou follow them, over broad ond day of May 1775, these waste multitudes do here, at France, into their clay hovels, into their garrets and hutches, Versailles Chateau, in widespread wretchedness, in sallow faces, the masses consist all of units. Every unit of whom has his squalor, winged raggedness, present, as in legible hieroglyphic own heart and sorrows; stands covered there with his own writing, their Petition of Grievances. The Chateau gates have skin, and if you prick him he will bleed. O purple Sovereignty, to be shut; but the King will appear on the balcony, and speak Holiness, Reverence; thou, for example, Cardinal Grand-Almoner, to them. They have seen the King's face; their Petition of Griev-with thy plush covering of honour, who hast thy hands ances has

been, if not read, looked at. For answer, two of them strengthened with dignities and moneys, and art set on thy are hanged, ‘on a new gallows forty feet high;’ and the rest world watch-tower solemnly, in sight of God, for such ends,—

driven back to their dens,—for a time.

what a thought: that every unit of these masses is a miracu-Clearly a difficult ‘point’ for Government, that of dealing lous Man, even as thyself art; struggling, with vision, or with with these masses;—if indeed it be not rather the sole point blindness, for his infinite Kingdom (this life which he has got, and problem of Government, and all other points mere acci-once only, in the middle of Eternities); with a spark of the dental crotchets, superficialities, and beatings of the wind!

Divinity, what thou callest an immortal soul, in him!

For let Charter-Chests, Use and Wont, Law common and special Dreary, languid do these struggle in their obscure remote-say what they will, the masses count to so many millions of ness; their hearth cheerless, their diet thin. For them, in this units; made, to all appearance, by God,—whose Earth this is world, rises no Era of Hope; hardly now in the other,—if it be declared to be. Besides, the people are not without ferocity; not hope in the gloomy rest of Death, for their faith too is they have sinews and indignation. Do but look what holiday failing. Untaught, uncomforted, unfed! A dumb generation; old Marquis Mirabeau, the crabbed old friend of Men, looked their voice only an inarticulate cry: spokesman, in the King’s on, in these same years, from his lodging, at the Baths of Mont Council, in the world’s forum, they have none that finds cred’Or: ‘The savages descending in torrents from the mountains; dence. At rare intervals (as now, in 1775), they will fling down our people ordered not to go out. The Curate in surplice and their hoes and hammers; and, to the astonishment of thinking stole; Justice in its peruke; Marechausee sabre in hand, guard-mankind, (Lacretelle, France pendant le 18me Siecle, ii. 455.

ing the place, till the bagpipes can begin. The dance inter-Biographie Universelle, para Turgot (by Durozoir).) flock hither rupted, in a quarter of an hour, by battle; the cries, the and thither, dangerous, aimless; get the length even of squealings of children, of infirm persons, and other assistants, 31

The French Revolution

tarring them on, as the rabble does when dogs fight: frightful **Chapter 1.2.III.**

men, or rather frightful wild animals, clad in jupes of coarse woollen, with large girdles of leather studded with copper nails; **Questionable.**

of gigantic stature, heightened by high wooden-clogs (sabots); rising on tiptoe to see the fight; tramping time to it; Or is this same Age of Hope itself but a simulacrum; as Hope rubbing their sides with their elbows: their faces haggard (fig-too often is? Cloud-vapour with rainbows painted on it, beau-ures haves), and covered with their long greasy hair; the up-tiful to see, to sail towards,—which hovers over Niagara Falls?

per part of the visage waxing pale, the lower distorting itself In that case, victorious Analysis will have enough to do.

into the attempt at a cruel laugh and a sort of ferocious impa-Alas, yes! a whole world to remake, if she could see it; work tience. And these people pay the taille! And you want further for another than she! For all is wrong, and gone out of joint; to take their salt from them! And you know not what it is you the inward spiritual, and the outward economical; head or heart, are stripping barer, or as you call it, governing; what by the there is no soundness in it. As indeed, evils of all sorts are spurt of your pen, in its cold dastard indifference, you will more or less of kin, and do usually go together: especially it is fancy you can starve always with impunity; always till the an old truth, that wherever huge physical evil is, there, as the catastrophe come!—Ah Madame, such Government by parent and origin of it, has moral evil to a proportionate ex-Blindman's-buff, stumbling along too far, will end in the Gentent been. Before those five-and-twenty

labouring Millions, eral Overturn (culbute generale). (Memoires de Mirabeau, ecrits for instance, could get that haggardness of face, which old par Lui-meme, par son Pere, son Oncle et son Fils Adoptif (Paris, Mirabeau now looks on, in a Nation calling itself Christian, 34-5), ii.186.)

and calling man the brother of man,—what unspeakable, nigh Undoubtedly a dark feature this in an Age of Gold,—Age, at infinite Dishonesty (of seeming and not being) in all manner least, of Paper and Hope! Meanwhile, trouble us not with thy of Rulers, and appointed Watchers, spiritual and temporal, must prophecies, O croaking Friend of Men: 'tis long that we have there not, through long ages, have gone on accumulating! It heard such; and still the old world keeps wagging, in its old will accumulate: moreover, it will reach a head; for the first of way.

all Gospels is this, that a Lie cannot endure for ever.

In fact, if we pierce through that rosepink vapour of Sentimentalism, Philanthropy, and Feasts of Morals, there lies behind it one of the sorriest spectacles. You might ask, What bonds that ever held a human society happily together, or held it together at all, are in force here? It is an unbelieving 32

people; which has suppositions, hypotheses, and froth-sys-Corruption, thou with the corruption art doomed!

tems of victorious Analysis; and for belief this mainly, that Meanwhile it is singular how long the rotten will hold to-Pleasure is pleasant. Hunger they have for all sweet things; gether, provided you do not handle it roughly. For whole gen-and the law of Hunger; but what other law? Within them, or erations it continues standing, 'with a ghastly affectation of over them, properly none!

life,' after all life and truth has fled out of it; so loth are men to Their King has become a King Popinjay; with his Maurepas quit their old ways; and, conquering indolence and inertia, Government, gyrating as the weather-

cock does, blown about venture on new. Great truly is the Actual; is the Thing that has by every wind. Above them they see no God; or they even do rescued itself from bottomless deeps of theory and possibil-not look above, except with astronomical glasses. The Church ity, and stands there as a definite indisputable Fact, whereby indeed still is; but in the most submissive state; quite tamed men do work and live, or once did so. Widely shall men cleave by Philosophism; in a singularly short time; for the hour was to that, while it will endure; and quit it with regret, when it come. Some twenty years ago, your Archbishop Beaumont gives way under them. Rash enthusiast of Change, beware!

would not even let the poor Jansenists get buried: your Hast thou well considered all that Habit does in this life of Lomenie Brienne (a rising man, whom we shall meet with yet) ours; how all Knowledge and all Practice hang wondrous over could, in the name of the Clergy, insist on having the Anti-infinite abysses of the Unknown, Impracticable; and our whole protestant laws, which condemn to death for preaching, 'put being is an infinite abyss, over-arched by Habit, as by a thin in execution.' (Boissy d'Anglas, Vie de Malesherbes, i. 15-22.) Earth-rind, laboriously built together?

And, alas, now not so much as Baron Holbach's Atheism can be But if 'every man,' as it has been written, 'holds confined burnt,—except as pipe-matches by the private speculative within him a mad-man,' what must every Society do;—Soci-individual. Our Church stands haltered, dumb, like a dumb ox; ety, which in its commonest state is called 'the standing miracle lowing only for provender (of tithes); content if it can have of this world'! 'Without such Earth-rind of Habit,' continues that; or, dumbly, dully expecting its further doom. And the our author, 'call it System of Habits, in a word, fixed ways of Twenty Millions of 'haggard faces;' and, as finger-post and acting and of believing,—Society would not exist at all. With guidance to them in their dark struggle, 'a gallows forty feet such it exists, better or worse. Herein too, in this its System of high'! Certainly a singular Golden Age; with its Feasts of Mor-Habits, acquired, retained how you will, lies the true Law-Code als, its 'sweet manners,' its sweet institutions

(institutions and Constitution of a Society; the only Code, though an un-douces); betokening nothing but peace among men!—Peace?

written one which it can in nowise disobey. The thing we call O Philosophe-Sentimentalism, what hast thou to do with peace, written Code, Constitution, Form of Government, and the like, when thy mother's name is Jezebel? Foul Product of still fouler what is it but some miniature image, and solemnly expressed 33

summary of this unwritten Code? Is,—or rather alas, is not; spasmodic? For Conservation, strengthened by that mightiest but only should be, and always tends to be! In which latter quality in us, our indolence, sits for long ages, not victorious discrepancy lies struggle without end.' And now, we add in the only, which she should be; but tyrannical, incommunicative.

same dialect, let but, by ill chance, in such ever-enduring She holds her adversary as if annihilated; such adversary ly-struggle,—your 'thin Earth-rind' be once broken! The foun-ing, all the while, like some buried Enceladus; who, to gain the tains of the great deep boil forth; fire-fountains, enveloping, smallest freedom, must stir a whole Trinacria with it Aetnas.

engulfing. Your 'Earth-rind' is shattered, swallowed up; instead Wherefore, on the whole, we will honour a Paper Age too; an of a green flowery world, there is a waste wild-weltering Era of hope! For in this same frightful process of Enceladus chaos:—which has again, with tumult and struggle, to make Revolt; when the task, on which no mortal would willingly itself into a world.

enter, has become imperative, inevitable,—is it not even a kind-On the other hand, be this conceded: Where thou findest a ness of Nature that she lures us forward by cheerful promises, Lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist there only fallacious or not; and a whole generation plunges into the to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinc-Erebus Blackness, lighted on by an Era of Hope? It has been tion. Think well, meanwhile, in what spirit thou wilt do it: not well said: 'Man is based

on Hope; he has properly no other with hatred, with headlong selfish violence; but in clearness possession but Hope; this habitation of his is named the Place of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst of Hope.'

not replace such extinct Lie by a new Lie, which a new Injustice of thy own were; the parent of still other Lies? Whereby **Chapter 1.2.IV.**

the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning.

Maurepas.

So, however, in this world of ours, which has both an indestructible hope in the Future, and an indestructible tendency But now, among French hopes, is not that of old M. de Maurepas to persevere as in the Past, must Innovation and Conservation one of the best-grounded; who hopes that he, by dexterity, wage their perpetual conflict, as they may and can. Wherein shall contrive to continue Minister? Nimble old man, who for the 'daemonic element,' that lurks in all human things, may all emergencies has his light jest; and ever in the worst confu-doubtless, some once in the thousand years—get vent! But sion will emerge, cork-like, unsunk! Small care to him is Per- indeed may we not regret that such conflict,—which, after all, fectibility, Progress of the Species, and Astraea Redux: good is but like that classical one of 'hate-filled Amazons with heonly, that a man of light wit, verging towards fourscore, can in roic Youths,' and will end in embraces,—should usually be so the seat of authority feel himself important among men. Shall

we call him, as haughty Chateauroux was wont of old, 'M.

able things. And claims it in no faint voice; for France at large, Faquinet (Diminutive of Scoundrel)'? In courtier dialect, he is hitherto mute, is now beginning to speak also; and speaks in now named 'the Nestor of France;' such governing Nestor as that same sense. A huge, many-toned sound; distant, yet not France has.

unimpressive. On the other hand, the Oeil-de-Boeuf, which, as At bottom, nevertheless, it might puzzle one to say where nearest, one can hear best, claims with shrill vehemence that the Government of France, in these days, specially is. In that the Monarchy be as heretofore a Horn of Plenty; wherefrom Chateau of Versailles, we have Nestor, King, Queen, ministers loyal courtiers may draw,—to the just support of the throne.

and clerks, with paper-bundles tied in tape: but the Govern-Let Liberalism and a New Era, if such is the wish, be intro-ment? For Government is a thing that governs, that guides; duced; only no curtailment of the royal moneys? Which latter and if need be, compels. Visible in France there is not such a condition, alas, is precisely the impossible one.

thing. Invisible, inorganic, on the other hand, there is: in Philosophism, as we saw, has got her Turgot made Control-Philosophe saloons, in Oeil-de-Boeuf galleries; in the tongue ler-General; and there shall be endless reformation. Unhappily of the babbler, in the pen of the pamphleteer. Her Majesty this Turgot could continue only twenty months. With a mi- appearing at the Opera is applauded; she returns all radiant raculous Fortunatus' Purse in his Treasury, it might have lasted with joy. Anon the applauses wax fainter, or threaten to cease; longer; with such Purse indeed, every French Controller-Gen-she is heavy of heart, the light of her face has fled. Is Sover-eral, that would prosper in these days, ought first to provide eignty some poor Montgolfier; which, blown into by the popu-himself. But here again may we not remark the bounty of Na-lar wind, grows great and mounts; or sinks flaccid, if the wind ture in regard to Hope? Man after man advances confident to be withdrawn? France was long a 'Despotism tempered by Epithe Augean Stable, as if he could clean it; expends his little grams;' and now, it would seem, the Epigrams have get the fraction of an ability on it, with such cheerfulness; does, in so upper hand.

far as he was honest, accomplish something. Turgot has facul-Happy were a young 'Louis the Desired' to make France ties; honesty, insight, heroic volition; but the Fortunatus' Purse happy; if it did not prove too troublesome, and he only knew he has not. Sanguine Controller-General! a whole pacific French the way. But there is endless discrepancy round him;

so many Revolution may stand schemed in the head of the thinker; but claims and clamours; a mere confusion of tongues. Not recon-who shall pay the unspeakable ‘indemnities’ that will be cilable by man; not manageable, suppressible, save by some needed? Alas, far from that: on the very threshold of the busi-strongest and wisest men;—which only a lightly-jesting ness, he proposes that the Clergy, the Noblesse, the very lightly-gyrating M. de Maurepas can so much as subsist amidst.

Parlements be subjected to taxes! One shriek of indignation Philosophism claims her new Era, meaning thereby innumer-and astonishment reverberates through all the Chateau galler-35

ies; M. de Maurepas has to gyrate: the poor King, who had mans call ‘Of good Hope’): we shall wish her a happy birth-written few weeks ago, ‘Il n’y a que vous et moi qui aimions le hour, and blessed fruit.

peuple (There is none but you and I that has the people’s Beaumarchais too has now winded-up his Law-Pleadings interest at heart),’ must write now a dismissal; (In May, 1776.) (Memoires); (1773-6. See Oeuvres de Beaumarchais; where they, and let the French Revolution accomplish itself, pacifically or and the history of them, are given.) not without result, to not, as it can.

himself and to the world. Caron Beaumarchais (or de Hope, then, is deferred? Deferred; not destroyed, or abated.

Beaumarchais, for he got ennobled) had been born poor, but Is not this, for example, our Patriarch Voltaire, after long years aspiring, esurient; with talents, audacity, adroitness; above of absence, revisiting Paris? With face shrivelled to nothing; all, with the talent for intrigue: a lean, but also a tough, in-with ‘huge peruke a la Louis Quatorze, which leaves only two domitable man. Fortune and dexterity brought him to the eyes “visible” glittering like carbuncles,’ the old man is here.

harpsichord of Mesdames, our good Princesses Loque, Graille (February, 1778.) What an outburst! Sneering Paris has sud-and Sisterhood. Still better, Paris Duvernier, the Court-Banker, denly grown reverent; devotional with Hero-worship. Nobles honoured him with some confidence; to the length even of have disguised themselves as tavern-waiters to obtain sight transactions in cash. Which confidence, however, Duvernier's of him: the loveliest of France would lay their hair beneath his Heir, a person of quality, would not continue. Quite otherwise; feet. 'His chariot is the nucleus of a comet; whose train fills there springs a Lawsuit from it: wherein tough Beaumarchais, whole streets:' they crown him in the theatre, with immortal losing both money and repute, is, in the opinion of Judge-vivats; 'finally stifle him under roses,'—for old Richelieu rec-Reporter Goezman, of the Parlement Maupeou, of a whole in-ommended opium in such state of the nerves, and the exces-different acquiescing world, miserably beaten. In all men's sive Patriarch took too much. Her Majesty herself had some opinions, only not in his own! Inspired by the indignation, thought of sending for him; but was dissuaded. Let Majesty which makes, if not verses, satirical law-papers, the withered consider it, nevertheless. The purport of this man's existence Music-master, with a desperate heroism, takes up his lost cause has been to wither up and annihilate all whereon Majesty and in spite of the world; fights for it, against Reporters, Parlements Worship for the present rests: and is it so that the world and Principalities, with light banter, with clear logic; adroitly, recognises him? With Apotheosis; as its Prophet and Speaker, with an inexhaustible toughness and resource, like the who has spoken wisely the thing it longed to say? Add only, skilfullest fencer; on whom, so skilful is he, the whole world that the body of this same rose-stifled, beatified-Patriarch now looks. Three long years it lasts; with wavering fortune. In cannot get buried except by stealth. It is wholly a notable fine, after labours comparable to the Twelve of Hercules, our business; and France, without doubt, is big (what the Ger-unconquerable Caron triumphs; regains his Lawsuit and Law-36

suits; strips Reporter Goezman of the judicial ermine; covering So thinks light Maurepas too; but the wind of Philosophism him with a perpetual

garment of obloquy instead:—and in and force of public opinion will blow him round. Best wishes, regard to the Parlement Maupeou (which he has helped to meanwhile, are sent; clandestine privateers armed. Paul Jones extinguish), to Parlements of all kinds, and to French Justice shall equip his Bon Homme Richard: weapons, military stores generally, gives rise to endless reflections in the minds of men.

can be smuggled over (if the English do not seize them); Thus has Beaumarchais, like a lean French Hercules, ventured wherein, once more Beaumarchais, dimly as the Giant Smug-down, driven by destiny, into the Nether Kingdoms; and vic-gler becomes visible,—filling his own lank pocket withal. But toriously tamed helldogs there. He also is henceforth among surely, in any case, France should have a Navy. For which great the notabilities of his generation.

object were not now the time: now when that proud Terma-gant of the Seas has her hands full? It is true, an impoverished **Chapter 1.2.V.**

Treasury cannot build ships; but the hint once given (which Beaumarchais says he gave), this and the other loyal Seaport, **Astraea Redux without Cash.**

Chamber of Commerce, will build and offer them. Goodly vessels bound into the waters; a Ville de Paris, Leviathan of ships.

Observe, however, beyond the Atlantic, has not the new day And now when gratuitous three-deckers dance there at an-verily dawned! Democracy, as we said, is born; storm-girt, is chor, with streamers flying; and eleutheromaniac struggling for life and victory. A sympathetic France rejoices Philosophedom grows ever more clamorous, what can a over the Rights of Man; in all saloons, it is said, What a spec-Maurepas do—but gyrate? Squadrons cross the ocean: Gages, tacle! Now too behold our Deane, our Franklin, American Pleni-Lees, rough Yankee Generals, ‘with woollen nightcaps under potentiaries, here in position soliciting; (1777; Deane some-their hats,’ present arms to the far-glancing Chivalry of France; what earlier: Franklin remained till 1785.) the sons of the Saxon and newborn

Democracy sees, not without amazement, ‘Des-Puritans, with their Old-Saxon temper, Old-Hebrew culture, potism tempered by Epigrams fight at her side. So, however, it sleek Silas, sleek Benjamin, here on such errand, among the is. King’s forces and heroic volunteers; Rochambeaus, Bouilles, light children of Heathenism, Monarchy, Sentimentalism, and Lameths, Lafayettes, have drawn their swords in this sacred the Scarlet-woman. A spectacle indeed; over which saloons may quarrel of mankind;—shall draw them again elsewhere, in the cackle joyous; though Kaiser Joseph, questioned on it, gave strangest way.

this answer, most unexpected from a Philosophe: “Madame, Off Ushant some naval thunder is heard. In the course of the trade I live by is that of royalist (Mon metier a moi c’est which did our young Prince, Duke de Chartres, ‘hide in the d’etre royaliste).”

hold;’ or did he materially, by active heroism, contribute to 37

the victory? Alas, by a second edition, we learn that there was mons: to which, nevertheless, Gibraltar answers Plutonically, no victory; or that English Keppel had it. (27th July, 1778.) with mere torrents of redhot iron, —as if stone Calpe had be-Our poor young Prince gets his Opera plaudits changed into come a throat of the Pit; and utters such a Doom’s-blast of a mocking tehees; and cannot become Grand-Admiral,—the No, as all men must credit. (Annual Register (Dodsley’s), xxv.

source to him of woes which one may call endless.

258-267. September, October, 1782.)

Woe also for Ville de Paris, the Leviathan of ships! English And so, with this loud explosion, the noise of War has ceased; Rodney has clutched it, and led it home, with the rest; so suc-an Age of Benevolence may hope, for ever. Our noble volun-cessful was his new ‘manoeuvre of breaking the enemy’s line.’

teers of Freedom have returned, to be her missionaries.

(9th and 12th April, 1782.) It seems as if, according to Louis Lafayette, as the matchless of his time, glitters in the Versailles XV., ‘France were never to have a Navy.’ Brave Suffren must Oeil-de-Beouf; has his Bust set up in the Paris Hotel-de-Ville.

return from Hyder Ally and the Indian Waters; with small re-Democracy stands inexpugnable, immeasurable, in her New sult; yet with great glory for ‘six non-defeats;—which indeed, World; has even a foot lifted towards the Old;—and our French with such seconding as he had, one may reckon heroic. Let the Finances, little strengthened by such work, are in no healthy old sea-hero rest now, honoured of France, in his native way.

Cevennes mountains; send smoke, not of gunpowder, but mere What to do with the Finance? This indeed is the great ques-culinary smoke, through the old chimneys of the Castle of tion: a small but most black weather-symptom, which no radi-Jales,—which one day, in other hands, shall have other fame.

ance of universal hope can cover. We saw Turgot cast forth Brave Laperouse shall by and by lift anchor, on philanthropic from the Controllership, with shrieks,—for want of a Voyage of Discovery; for the King knows Geography. (August Fortunatus’ Purse. As little could M. de Clugny manage the 1st, 1785.) But, alas, this also will not prosper: the brave Navi-duty; or indeed do anything, but consume his wages; attain ‘a gator goes, and returns not; the Seekers search far seas for place in History,’ where as an ineffectual shadow thou beholdest him in vain. He has vanished trackless into blue Immensity; him still lingering;—and let the duty manage itself. Did and only some mournful mysterious shadow of him hovers long Genevese Necker possess such a Purse, then? He possessed in all heads and hearts.

banker’s skill, banker’s honesty; credit of all kinds, for he had Neither, while the War yet lasts, will Gibraltar surrender. Not written Academic Prize Essays, struggled for India Companies, though Crillon, Nassau-

Siegen, with the ablest projectors ex-given dinners to Philosophes, and ‘realised a fortune in twenty tant, are there; and Prince Conde and Prince d’Artois have has-years.’ He possessed, further, a taciturnity and solemnity; of tened to help. Wondrous leather-roofed Floating-batteries, set depth, or else of dulness. How singular for Celadon Gibbon, afloat by French-Spanish Pacte de Famille, give gallant sum-false swain as he had proved; whose father, keeping most prob-38

ably his own gig, ‘would not hear of such a union,’—to find Book, which he calls Administration des Finances, will be sold now his forsaken Demoiselle Curchod sitting in the high places in few days. He is gone; but shall return, and that more than of the world, as Minister’s Madame, and ‘Necker not jealous!’

once, borne by a whole shouting Nation. Singular Controller-

(Gibbon’s Letters: date, 16th June, 1777, &c.) General of the Finances; once Clerk in Thelusson’s Bank!

A new young Demoiselle, one day to be famed as a Madame and De Stael, was romping about the knees of the Decline and **Chapter 1.2.VI.**

Fall: the lady Necker founds Hospitals; gives solemn Philosophe dinner-parties, to cheer her exhausted Controller-General.

Windbags.

Strange things have happened: by clamour of Philosophism, management of Marquis de Pezay, and Poverty constraining So marches the world, in this its Paper Age, or Era of Hope. Not even Kings. And so Necker, Atlas-like, sustains the burden of without obstructions, war-explosions; which, however, heard the Finances, for five years long? (Till May, 1781.) Without from such distance, are little other than a cheerful marching-wages, for he refused such; cheered only by Public Opinion, music. If indeed that dark living chaos of Ignorance and Hun-and the ministering of his noble Wife.

With many thoughts in ger, five-and-twenty million strong, under your feet, —were him, it is hoped;—which, however, he is shy of uttering. His to begin playing!

Compte Rendu, published by the royal permission, fresh sign For the present, however, consider Longchamp; now when of a New Era, shows wonders;—which what but the genius of Lent is ending, and the glory of Paris and France has gone some Atlas-Necker can prevent from becoming portents? In forth, as in annual wont. Not to assist at Tenebris Masses, but Necker's head too there is a whole pacific French Revolution, to sun itself and show itself, and salute the Young Spring.

of its kind; and in that taciturn dull depth, or deep dulness, (Mercier, Tableau de Paris, ii. 51. Louvet, Roman de Faublas, ambition enough.

&c.) Manifold, bright-tinted, glittering with gold; all through Meanwhile, alas, his Fotunatus' Purse turns out to be little the Bois de Boulogne, in longdrawn variegated rows;—like other than the old 'vectigal of Parsimony.' Nay, he too has to longdrawn living flower-borders, tulips, dahlias, lilies of the produce his scheme of taxing: Clergy, Noblesse to be taxed; valley; all in their moving flower-pots (of new-gilt carriages): Provincial Assemblies, and the rest,—like a mere Turgot! The pleasure of the eye, and pride of life! So rolls and dances the expiring M. de Maurepas must gyrate one other time. Let Necker Procession: steady, of firm assurance, as if it rolled on ada-also depart; not unlamented.

mant and the foundations of the world; not on mere heraldic Great in a private station, Necker looks on from the dis-parchment,—under which smoulders a lake of fire. Dance on, tance; abiding his time. 'Eighty thousand copies' of his new ye foolish ones; ye sought not wisdom, neither have ye found 39

it. Ye and your fathers have sown the wind, ye shall reap the and what they ride on, and train: English racers for French whirlwind. Was it not, from of

old, written: The wages of sin is Races. These likewise we owe first (under the Providence of death?

the Devil) to Monseigneur. Prince d'Artois also has his stud of But at Longchamp, as elsewhere, we remark for one thing, racers. Prince d'Artois has withal the strangest horseleech: a that dame and cavalier are waited on each by a kind of human moonstruck, much-enduring individual, of Neuchatel in Swit-familiar, named jokei. Little elf, or imp; though young, already zerland,—named Jean Paul Marat. A problematic Chevalier withered; with its withered air of premature vice, of d'Eon, now in petticoats, now in breeches, is no less problem-knowingness, of completed elf-hood: useful in various emer-atic in London than in Paris; and causes bets and lawsuits.

gencies. The name jokei (jockey) comes from the English; as Beautiful days of international communion! Swindlery and the thing also fancies that it does. Our Anglomania, in fact , is Blackguardism have stretched hands across the Channel, and grown considerable; prophetic of much. If France is to be free, saluted mutually: on the racecourse of Vincennes or Sablons, why shall she not, now when mad war is hushed, love behold in English curricle-and-four, wafted glorious among the neighbouring Freedom? Cultivated men, your Dukes de principalities and rascalities, an English Dr. Dodd, (Adelung, Liancourt, de la Rochefoucault admire the English Constitu-Geschichte der Menschlichen Narrheit, para Dodd.)—for whom tion, the English National Character; would import what of it also the too early gallows gapes.

they can.

Duke de Chartres was a young Prince of great promise, as Of what is lighter, especially if it be light as wind, how much young Princes often are; which promise unfortunately has easier the freightage! Non-Admiral Duke de Chartres (not yet belied itself. With the huge Orleans Property, with Duke de d'Orleans or Egalite) flies to and fro across the Strait; import-Penthievre for Father-in-law (and now the young Brother-ining English Fashions; this he, as hand-and-glove with an En-law Lamballe killed by

excesses),—he will one day be the rich-glish Prince of Wales, is surely qualified to do. Carriages and est man in France. Meanwhile, ‘his hair is all falling out, his saddles; top-boots and redingotes, as we call riding-coats. Nay blood is quite spoiled,’—by early transcendentalism of debauch-the very mode of riding: for now no man on a level with his age ery. Carbuncles stud his face; dark studs on a ground of bur-but will trot a l’Anglaise, rising in the stirrups; scornful of the nished copper. A most signal failure, this young Prince! The old sitfast method, in which, according to Shakspeare, ‘butter stuff prematurely burnt out of him: little left but foul smoke and eggs’ go to market. Also, he can urge the fervid wheels, and ashes of expiring sensualities: what might have been this brave Chartres of ours; no whip in Paris is rasher and surer Thought, Insight, and even Conduct, gone now, or fast go-than the unprofessional one of Monseigneur.

ing,—to confused darkness, broken by bewildering Elf jokeis, we have seen; but see now real Yorkshire jockeys, dazzlements; to obstreperous crotchets; to activities which you 40

may call semi-delirious, or even semi-galvanic! Paris affects to noted Warehouse),—the new Montgolfier air-ship launches laugh at his charioteering; but he heeds not such laughter.

itself. Ducks and poultry are borne skyward: but now shall On the other hand, what a day, not of laughter, was that, men be borne. (October and November, 1783.) Nay, Chemist when he threatened, for lucre’s sake, to lay sacrilegious hand Charles thinks of hydrogen and glazed silk. Chemist Charles on the Palais-Royal Garden! (1781-82. (Dulaure, viii. 423.)) will himself ascend, from the Tuileries Garden; Montgolfier sol-The flower-parterres shall be riven up; the Chestnut Avenues emnly cutting the cord. By Heaven, he also mounts, he and shall fall: time-honoured boscages, under which the Opera another? Ten times ten thousand hearts go palpitating; all Hamadryads were wont to wander, not inexorable to men. Paris tongues are mute with wonder and fear; till a shout, like the moans aloud. Philidor, from

his Cafe de la Regence, shall no voice of seas, rolls after him, on his wild way. He soars, he longer look on greenness; the loungers and losels of the world, dwindles upwards; has become a mere gleaming circlet,—like where now shall they haunt? In vain is moaning. The axe glit-some Turgotine snuff-box, what we call ‘Turgotine Platitude;’

ters; the sacred groves fall crashing,—for indeed Monseigneur like some new daylight Moon! Finally he descends; welcomed was short of money: the Opera Hamadryads fly with shrieks.

by the universe. Duchess Polignac, with a party, is in the Bois Shriek not, ye Opera Hamadryads; or not as those that have de Boulogne, waiting; though it is drizzly winter; the 1st of no comfort. He will surround your Garden with new edifices December 1783. The whole chivalry of France, Duke de Chartres and piazzas: though narrowed, it shall be replanted; dizened foremost, gallops to receive him. (Lacretelle, 18me Siecle, iii.

with hydraulic jets, cannon which the sun fires at noon; things 258.)

bodily, things spiritual, such as man has not imagined;—and Beautiful invention; mounting heavenward, so beautifully,—

in the Palais-Royal shall again, and more than ever, be the so unguidably! Emblem of much, and of our Age of Hope it-Sorcerer’s Sabbath and Satan-at-Home of our Planet.

self; which shall mount, specifically-light, majestically in this What will not mortals attempt? From remote Annonay in same manner; and hover,—tumbling whither Fate will. Well if the Vivarais, the Brothers Montgolfier send up their paper-it do not, Pilatre-like, explode; and demount all the more tragi-dome, filled with the smoke of burnt wool. (5th June, 1783.) cally!—So, riding on windbags, will men scale the Empyrean.

The Vivarais provincial assembly is to be prorogued this same Or observe Herr Doctor Mesmer, in his spacious Magnetic Halls.

day: Vivarais Assembly-members applaud, and the shouts of Long-stoled he walks; reverend, glancing upwards, as in rapt congregated men. Will victorious Analysis scale the very Heav-commerce; an Antique Egyptian Hierophant in this new age.

ens, then?

Soft music flits; breaking fitfully the sacred stillness. Round Paris hears with eager wonder; Paris shall ere long see. From their Magnetic Mystery, which to the eye is mere tubs with Reveilion's Paper-warehouse there, in the Rue St. Antoine (a water,—sit breathless, rod in hand, the circles of Beauty and 41

The French Revolution

Fashion, each circle a living circular Passion-Flower: expecting that Ecce-signum of theirs 'forty feet high,'—how could it but the magnetic afflatus, and new-manufactured Heaven-on-Earth.

be questionable?

O women, O men, great is your infidel-faith! A Parlementary Through all time, if we read aright, sin was, is, will be, the Duport, a Bergasse, D'Espremenil we notice there; Chemist parent of misery. This land calls itself most Christian, and has Berthollet too,—on the part of Monseigneur de Chartres.

crosses and cathedrals; but its Highpriest is some Roche-Had not the Academy of Sciences, with its Baillys, Franklins, Aymon, some Necklace-Cardinal Louis de Rohan. The voice of Lavoisiers, interfered! But it did interfere. (Lacretelle, 18me the poor, through long years, ascends inarticulate, in Siecle, iii.258.) Mesmer may pocket his hard money, and with-Jacqueries, meal-mobs; low-whimpering of infinite moan: un-draw. Let him walk silent by the shore of the Bodensee, by the heeded of the Earth; not unheeded of Heaven. Always more-ancient town of Constance; meditating on much. For so, under over where the Millions are wretched, there are the Thousands the strangest new vesture, the old great truth (since

no ves-straitened, unhappy; only the Units can flourish; or say rather, ture can hide it) begins again to be revealed: That man is what be ruined the last. Industry, all noosed and haltered, as if it we call a miraculous creature, with miraculous power over men; too were some beast of chase for the mighty hunters of this and, on the whole, with such a Life in him, and such a World world to bait, and cut slices from,—cries passionately to these round him, as victorious Analysis, with her Physiologies, Ner-its well-paid guides and watchers, not, Guide me; but, Laissez vous-systems, Physic and Metaphysic, will never completely faire, Leave me alone of your guidance! What market has In-name, to say nothing of explaining. Wherein also the Quack dustry in this France? For two things there may be market and shall, in all ages, come in for his share. (August, 1784.) demand: for the coarser kind of field-fruits, since the Millions will live: for the fine kinds of luxury and spicery,—of multi-Chapter 1.2.VII.

form taste, from opera-melodies down to racers and courte-sans; since the Units will be amused. It is at bottom but a mad **Contrat Social.**

state of things.

To mend and remake all which we have, indeed, victorious In such succession of singular prismatic tints, flush after flush Analysis. Honour to victorious Analysis; nevertheless, out of suffusing our horizon, does the Era of Hope dawn on towards the Workshop and Laboratory, what thing was victorious Analy-fulfilment. Questionable! As indeed, with an Era of Hope that sis yet known to make? Detection of incoherences, mainly; rests on mere universal Benevolence, victorious Analysis, Vice destruction of the incoherent. From of old, Doubt was but half cured of its deformity; and, in the long run, on Twenty-five a magician; she evokes the spectres which she cannot quell.

dark savage Millions, looking up, in hunger and weariness, to We shall have ‘endless vortices of froth-logic;’ whereon first 42

words, and then things, are whirled and swallowed. Remark, trust not, my friends! Man is not what one calls a happy ani-accordingly, as acknowledged grounds of Hope, at bottom mere mal; his appetite for sweet victual is so enormous. How, in this precursors of Despair, this perpetual theorising about Man, wild Universe, which storms in on him, infinite, vague-menac-the Mind of Man, Philosophy of Government, Progress of the ing, shall poor man find, say not happiness, but existence, Species and suchlike; the main thinking furniture of every and footing to stand on, if it be not by girding himself to-head. Time, and so many Montesquieus, Mablys, spokesmen of gether for continual endeavour and endurance? Woe, if in his Time, have discovered innumerable things: and now has not heart there dwelt no devout Faith; if the word Duty had lost Jean Jacques promulgated his new Evangel of a Contrat Social; its meaning for him! For as to this of Sentimentalism, so use-explaining the whole mystery of Government, and how it is ful for weeping with over romances and on pathetic occasions, contracted and bargained for,—to universal satisfaction? Theo-it otherwise verily will avail nothing; nay less. The healthy ries of Government! Such have been, and will be; in ages of heart that said to itself, ‘How healthy am I!’ was already fallen decadence. Acknowledge them in their degree; as processes of into the fatalest sort of disease. Is not Sentimentalism twin-Nature, who does nothing in vain; as steps in her great pro-sister to Cant, if not one and the same with it? Is not Cant the cess. Meanwhile, what theory is so certain as this, That all materia prima of the Devil; from which all falsehoods, imbecili-theories, were they never so earnest, painfully elaborated, are, ties, abominations body themselves; from which no true thing and, by the very conditions of them, must be incomplete, ques-can come? For Cant is itself properly a double-distilled Lie; the tionable, and even false? Thou shalt know that this Universe second-power of a Lie.

is, what it professes to be, an infinite one. Attempt not to And now if a whole Nation fall into that? In such case, I swallow it, for thy logical digestion; be thankful, if skilfully answer, infallibly they will return out of it! For life is no cun-planting down this and the other fixed pillar in the chaos, ningly-devised deception or self-deception: it is a great truth thou prevent its swallowing thee. That a new young genera-that thou art alive,

that thou hast desires, necessities; neither tion has exchanged the Sceptic Creed, What shall I believe? for can these subsist and satisfy themselves on delusions, but on passionate Faith in this Gospel according to Jean Jacques is a fact. To fact, depend on it, we shall come back: to such fact, further step in the business; and betokens much.

blessed or cursed, as we have wisdom for. The lowest, least Blessed also is Hope; and always from the beginning there blessed fact one knows of, on which necessitous mortals have was some Millennium prophesied; Millennium of Holiness; but ever based themselves, seems to be the primitive one of Canni-

(what is notable) never till this new Era, any Millennium of balism: That I can devour Thee. What if such Primitive Fact mere Ease and plentiful Supply. In such prophesied Lubberland, were precisely the one we had (with our improved methods) of Happiness, Benevolence, and Vice cured of its deformity, to revert to, and begin anew from!

Chapter 1.2.VIII.

last notable book that had such fire-beatitude,—the hangman discovering now that it did not serve.

Printed Paper.

Again, in Courts of Law, with their money-quarrels, divorce-cases, wheresoever a glimpse into the household existence can In such a practical France, let the theory of Perfectibility say be had, what indications! The Parlements of Besancon and Aix what it will, discontents cannot be wanting: your promised ring, audible to all France, with the amours and destinies of a Reformation is so indispensable; yet it comes not; who will young Mirabeau. He, under the nurture of a ‘Friend of Men,’

begin it—with himself? Discontent with what is around us, has, in State Prisons, in marching Regiments, Dutch Authors'

still more with what is above us, goes on increasing; seeking garrets, and quite other scenes, 'been for twenty years learn-ever new vents.

ing to resist 'despotism:' despotism of men, and alas also of Of Street Ballads, of Epigrams that from of old tempered gods. How, beneath this rose-coloured veil of Universal Be-Despotism, we need not speak. Nor of Manuscript Newspapers nevolence and Astraea Redux, is the sanctuary of Home so (Nouvelles a la main) do we speak. Bachaumont and his jour- often a dreary void, or a dark contentious Hell-on-Earth! The neymen and followers may close those 'thirty volumes of scur-old Friend of Men has his own divorce case too; and at times, rilous eaves-dropping,' and quit that trade; for at length if not

'his whole family but one' under lock and key: he writes much liberty of the Press, there is license. Pamphlets can be about reforming and enfranchising the world; and for his own surreptititiously vended and read in Paris, did they even bear private behoof he has needed sixty Lettres-de-Cachet. A man to be 'Printed at Pekin.' We have a Courrier de l'Europe in those of insight too, with resolution, even with manful principle: years, regularly published at London; by a De Morande, whom but in such an element, inward and outward; which he could the guillotine has not yet devoured. There too an unruly not rule, but only madden. Edacity, rapacity;—quite contrary Linguet, still unguillotined, when his own country has become to the finer sensibilities of the heart! Fools, that expect your too hot for him, and his brother Advocates have cast him out, verdant Millennium, and nothing but Love and Abundance, can emit his hoarse wailings, and Bastille Devoilee (Bastille brooks running wine, winds whispering music,—with the whole unveiled). Loquacious Abbe Raynal, at length, has his wish; ground and basis of your existence champed into a mud of sees the Histoire Philosophique, with its 'lubricity,' unveracity, Sensuality; which, daily growing deeper, will soon have no loose loud eleutheromaniac rant (contributed, they say, by bottom but the Abyss!

Philosophedom at large, though in the Abbe's name, and to Or consider that unutterable business of the Diamond Neck-his glory), burnt by the common hangman;—and sets out on lace. Red-hatted Cardinal Louis de Rohan; Sicilian jail-bird his travels as a martyr. It was the edition of 1781; perhaps the Balsamo Cagliostro; milliner Dame de Lamotte, 'with a face of 44

some piquancy:' the highest Church Dignitaries waltzing, in Covenant, the grim Patibulary Fork 'forty feet high;' which Walpurgis Dance, with quack-prophets, pickpurses and public also is now nigh rotted. Add only that the French Nation dis-women;—a whole Satan's Invisible World displayed; working tinguishes itself among Nations by the characteristic of Excit-there continually under the daylight visible one; the smoke of ability; with the good, but also with the perilous evil, which its torment going up for ever! The Throne has been brought belongs to that. Rebellion, explosion, of unknown extent is into scandalous collision with the Treadmill. Astonished Eu-to be calculated on. There are, as Chesterfield wrote, 'all the rope rings with the mystery for ten months; sees only lie un-symptoms I have ever met with in History!'

fold itself from lie; corruption among the lofty and the low, Shall we say, then: Wo to Philosophism, that it destroyed gulosity, credulity, imbecility, strength nowhere but in the Religion, what it called 'extinguishing the abomination (ecraser hunger. Weep, fair Queen, thy first tears of unmixed wretched-

'l'infame)'? Wo rather to those that made the Holy an abomi-ness! Thy fair name has been tarnished by foul breath; irreme-nation, and extinguishable; wo at all men that live in such a diably while life lasts. No more shalt thou be loved and pitied time of world-abomination and world-destruction! Nay, an-by living hearts, till a new generation has been born, and thy swer the Courtiers, it was Turgot, it was Necker, with their mad own heart lies cold, cured of all its sorrows.—The Epigrams innovating; it was the Queen's want of etiquette; it was he, it henceforth become, not sharp and bitter; but cruel, atrocious, was she, it was that. Friends! it was every scoundrel that

had unmentionable. On that 31st of May, 1786, a miserable Cardi-lived, and quack-like pretended to be doing, and been only nal Grand-Almoner Rohan, on issuing from his Bastille, is es-eating and misdoing, in all provinces of life, as Shoeblack or as corted by hurrahing crowds: unloved he, and worthy of no Sovereign Lord, each in his degree, from the time of Charlemagne love; but important since the Court and Queen are his enemies.

and earlier. All this (for be sure no falsehood perishes, but is (Fils Adoptif, Memoires de Mirabeau, iv. 325.) as seed sown out to grow) has been storing itself for thou-How is our bright Era of Hope dimmed: and the whole sky sands of years; and now the account-day has come. And rude growing bleak with signs of hurricane and earthquake! It is a will the settlement be: of wrath laid up against the day of doomed world: gone all ‘obedience that made men free;’ fast wrath. O my Brother, be not thou a Quack! Die rather, if thou going the obedience that made men slaves,—at least to one wilt take counsel; ’tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it another. Slaves only of their own lusts they now are, and will for ever. Cursed is that trade; and bears curses, thou knowest be. Slaves of sin; inevitably also of sorrow. Behold the not how, long ages after thou art departed, and the wages mouldering mass of Sensuality and Falsehood; round which thou hadst are all consumed; nay, as the ancient wise have plays foolishly, itself a corrupt phosphorescence, some glim-written,—through Eternity itself, and is verily marked in the mer of Sentimentalism; —and over all, rising, as Ark of their Doom-Book of a God!

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. And yet, as we said, nights, and all France runs with it; laughing applause. If the Hope is but deferred; not abolished, not abolishable. It is very soliloquising Barber ask: “What has your Lordship done to earn notable, and touching, how this same Hope does still light all this?” and can only answer: “You took the trouble to be onwards the French Nation through all its wild destinies. For born (Vous vous etes donne la peine de naitre),” all men must we shall still find Hope

shining, be it for fond invitation, be it laugh: and a gay horse-racing Anglomaniac Noblesse loudest for anger and menace; as a mild heavenly light it shone; as a of all. For how can small books have a great danger in them?

red conflagration it shines: burning sulphurous blue, through asks the Sieur Caron; and fancies his thin epigram may be a darkest regions of Terror, it still shines; and goes sent out at kind of reason. Conqueror of a golden fleece, by giant smug-all, since Desperation itself is a kind of Hope. Thus is our Era gling; tamer of helldogs, in the Parlement Maupeou; and fi-still to be named of Hope, though in the saddest sense,—

nally crowned Orpheus in the Theatre Francais, Beaumarchais when there is nothing left but Hope.

has now culminated, and unites the attributes of several demi-But if any one would know summarily what a Pandora's Box gods. We shall meet him once again, in the course of his delies there for the opening, he may see it in what by its nature cline.

is the symptom of all symptoms, the surviving Literature of Still more significant are two Books produced on the eve of the Period. Abbe Raynal, with his lubricity and loud loose rant, the ever-memorable Explosion itself, and read eagerly by all has spoken his word; and already the fast-hastening genera-the world: Saint-Pierre's Paul et Virginie, and Louvet's Cheva-tion responds to another. Glance at Beaumarchais' Mariage de lier de Faublas. Noteworthy Books; which may be considered Figaro; which now (in 1784), after difficulty enough, has is-as the last speech of old Feudal France. In the first there rises sued on the stage; and 'runs its hundred nights,' to the admira-melodiously, as it were, the wail of a moribund world: every-tion of all men. By what virtue or internal vigour it so ran, the where wholesome Nature in unequal conflict with diseased reader of our day will rather wonder:—and indeed will know perfidious Art; cannot escape from it in the lowest hut, in the so much the better that it flattered some pruriency of the remotest island of the sea. Ruin and death must strike down time; that it spoke what all were feeling, and longing to speak.

the loved one; and, what is most significant of all, death even Small substance in that Figaro: thin wiredrawn intrigues, thin here not by necessity, but by etiquette. What a world of pru-wiredrawn sentiments and sarcasms; a thing lean, barren; yet rient corruption lies visible in that super-sublime of modesty!

which winds and whisks itself, as through a wholly mad uni-Yet, on the whole, our good Saint-Pierre is musical, poetical verse, adroitly, with a high-sniffing air: wherein each, as was though most morbid: we will call his Book the swan-song of hinted, which is the grand secret, may see some image of him-old dying France.

self, and of his own state and ways. So it runs its hundred Louvet's again, let no man account musical. Truly, if this 46

wretched Faublas is a death-speech, it is one under the gal-with the interior deep; they are national Institutions in virtue lows, and by a felon that does not repent. Wretched cloaca of of that. Had they even become personal Institutions, and what a Book; without depth even as a cloaca! What 'picture of French we can call choked up from their original uses, there neverthe-society' is here? Picture properly of nothing, if not of the mind less must the impediment be weaker than elsewhere. Through that gave it out as some sort of picture. Yet symptom of much; which of them then? An observer might have guessed: Through above all, of the world that could nourish itself thereon.

the Law Parlements; above all, through the Parlement of Paris.

BOOK 1.III.

Men, though never so thickly clad in dignities, sit not inaccessible to the influences of their time; especially men whose life **THE PARLEMENT OF PARIS**

is business; who at all turns, were it even from behind judgment-seats, have come in contact with the actual workings of **Chapter 1.3.I.**

the world. The Counsellor of Parlement, the President himself, who has bought his place with hard money that he might be **Dishonoured Bills.**

looked up to by his fellow-creatures, how shall he, in all Philosophe-soirees, and saloons of elegant culture, become While the unspeakable confusion is everywhere weltering notable as a Friend of Darkness? Among the Paris Long-robes within, and through so many cracks in the surface sulphur-there may be more than one patriotic Malesherbes, whose rule smoke is issuing, the question arises: Through what crevice is conscience and the public good; there are clearly more than will the main Explosion carry itself? Through which of the old one hotheaded D'Espremenil, to whose confused thought any craters or chimneys; or must it, at once, form a new crater for loud reputation of the Brutus sort may seem glorious. The itself? In every Society are such chimneys, are Institutions serv-Lepelletiers, Lamoignons have titles and wealth; yet, at Court, ing as such: even Constantinople is not without its safety-are only styled 'Noblesse of the Robe.' There are Duports of valves; there too Discontent can vent itself, —in material fire; deep scheme; Freteaus, Sabatiers, of incontinent tongue: all by the number of nocturnal conflagrations, or of hanged bak-nursed more or less on the milk of the Contrat Social. Nay, for ers, the Reigning Power can read the signs of the times, and the whole Body, is not this patriotic opposition also a fight-change course according to these.

ing for oneself? Awake, Parlement of Paris, renew thy long We may say that this French Explosion will doubtless first warfare! Was not the Parlement Maupeou abolished with igno-try all the old Institutions of escape; for by each of these miny? Not now hast thou to dread a Louis XIV., with the crack there is, or at least there used to be, some communication of his whip, and his Olympian looks; not now a Richelieu and 47

Bastilles: no, the whole Nation is behind thee. Thou too (O

sian notions, as if merit and not coat-of-arms should be the heavens!) mayest become a Political Power; and with the rule of promotion, has disaffected military men; the shakings of thy horse-hair wig shake principalities and dynas-Mousquetaires, with much else are suppressed: for he too was ties, like a very Jove with his ambrosial curls!

one of your suppressors; and unsettling and oversetting, did Light old M. de Maurepas, since the end of 1781, has been mere mischief—to the Oeil-de-Boeuf. Complaints abound; scar-fixed in the frost of death: "Never more," said the good Louis, city, anxiety: it is a changed Oeil-de-Boeuf. Besenval says, al-

"shall I hear his step overhead;" his light jestings and gyratings ready in these years (1781) there was such a melancholy (such are at an end. No more can the importunate reality be hidden a tristesse) about Court, compared with former days, as made by pleasant wit, and today's evil be deftly rolled over upon it quite dispiriting to look upon.

tomorrow. The morrow itself has arrived; and now nothing but No wonder that the Oeil-de-Boeuf feels melancholy, when a solid phlegmatic M. de Vergennes sits there, in dull matter of you are suppressing its places! Not a place can be suppressed, fact, like some dull punctual Clerk (which he originally was); but some purse is the lighter for it; and more than one heart admits what cannot be denied, let the remedy come whence it the heavier; for did it not employ the working-classes too,—

will. In him is no remedy; only clerklike 'despatch of business'

manufacturers, male and female, of laces, essences; of Pleasure according to routine. The poor King, grown older yet hardly generally, whosoever could manufacture Pleasure? Miserable more experienced, must himself, with such no-faculty as he economies; never felt over Twenty-five Millions! So, however, has, begin governing; wherein also his Queen will give help.

it goes on: and is not yet ended. Few years more and the Wolf-Bright Queen, with her quick clear glances and impulses; clear, hounds shall fall suppressed, the Bear-hounds, the Falconry; and even noble; but all too

superficial, vehement-shallow, for places shall fall, thick as autumnal leaves. Duke de Polignac that work! To govern France were such a problem; and now it demonstrates, to the complete silencing of ministerial logic, has grown wellnigh too hard to govern even the Oeil-de-Boeuf.

that his place cannot be abolished; then gallantly, turning to For if a distressed People has its cry, so likewise, and more the Queen, surrenders it, since her Majesty so wishes. Less chiv-audibly, has a bereaved Court. To the Oeil-de-Boeuf it remains alrous was Duke de Coigny, and yet not luckier: “We got into a inconceivable how, in a France of such resources, the Horn of real quarrel, Coigny and I,” said King Louis; “but if he had even Plenty should run dry: did it not use to flow? Nevertheless struck me, I could not have blamed him.” (Besenval, iii. 255-Necker, with his revenue of parsimony, has ‘suppressed above 58.) In regard to such matters there can be but one opinion.

six hundred places,’ before the Courtiers could oust him; parsi-Baron Besenval, with that frankness of speech which stamps monious finance-pedant as he was. Again, a military pedant, the independent man, plainly assures her Majesty that it is Saint-Germain, with his Prussian manoeuvres; with his Prus-frightful (affreux); “you go to bed, and are not sure but you 48

shall rise impoverished on the morrow: one might as well be in it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a Bill drawn Turkey.” It is indeed a dog’s life.

on Nature’s Reality, and be presented there for payment,—

How singular this perpetual distress of the royal treasury!

with the answer, No effects. Pity only that it often had so And yet it is a thing not more incredible than undeniable. A long a circulation: that the original forger were so seldom he thing mournfully true: the stumbling-block on which all Min-who bore the final smart of it! Lies, and the burden of evil isters successively stumble, and fall. Be it ‘want of fiscal ge-they

bring, are passed on; shifted from back to back, and from nius,' or some far other want, there is the palpablest discrep-rank to rank; and so land ultimately on the dumb lowest rank, ancy between Revenue and Expenditure; a Deficit of the Rev-who with spade and mattock, with sore heart and empty wal-enue: you must 'choke (combler) the Deficit,' or else it will let, daily come in contact with reality, and can pass the cheat swallow you! This is the stern problem; hopeless seemingly as no further.

squaring of the circle. Controller Joly de Fleury, who succeeded Observe nevertheless how, by a just compensating law, if the Necker, could do nothing with it; nothing but propose loans, lie with its burden (in this confused whirlpool of Society) sinks which were tardily filled up; impose new taxes, unproductive and is shifted ever downwards, then in return the distress of it of money, productive of clamour and discontent. As little could rises ever upwards and upwards. Whereby, after the long pin-Controller d'Ormesson do, or even less; for if Joly maintained ing and demi-starvation of those Twenty Millions, a Duke de himself beyond year and day, d'Ormesson reckons only by Coigny and his Majesty come also to have their 'real quarrel.'

months: till 'the King purchased Rambouillet without consult-Such is the law of just Nature; bringing, though at long intering him,' which he took as a hint to withdraw. And so, towards vals, and were it only by Bankruptcy, matters round again to the end of 1783, matters threaten to come to still-stand. Vain the mark.

seems human ingenuity. In vain has our newly-devised 'Coun-But with a Fortunatus' Purse in his pocket, through what cil of Finances' struggled, our Intendants of Finance, Control-length of time might not almost any Falsehood last! Your Soler-General of Finances: there are unhappily no Finances to ciety, your Household, practical or spiritual Arrangement, is control. Fatal paralysis invades the social movement; clouds, untrue, unjust, offensive to the eye of God and man. Never-of blindness or of blackness, envelop us: are we breaking down, theless its hearth is warm, its larder well replenished: the in-then, into the black horrors of *national bankruptcy?*

numerable Swiss of Heaven, with a kind of Natural loyalty, Great is Bankruptcy: the great bottomless gulf into which gather round it; will prove, by pamphleteering, musketeering, all Falsehoods, public and private, do sink, disappearing; that it is a truth; or if not an unmixed (unearthly, impossible) whither, from the first origin of them, they were all doomed.

Truth, then better, a wholesomely attempered one, (as wind is For Nature is true and not a lie. No lie you can speak or act but to the shorn lamb), and works well. Changed outlook, how-49

ever, when purse and larder grow empty! Was your Arrange-sured wealth; who, from Commissariat-clerk which he once was, ment so true, so accordant to Nature's ways, then how, in the may hope, some think, if the game go right, to be Minister name of wonder, has Nature, with her infinite bounty, come to himself one day.

leave it famishing there? To all men, to all women and all chil-Such propping and backing has M. de Calonne; and then in-dren, it is now indutiable that your Arrangement was false.

trinsically such qualities! Hope radiates from his face; persua-Honour to Bankruptcy; ever righteous on the great scale, sion hangs on his tongue. For all straits he has present rem-though in detail it is so cruel! Under all Falsehoods it works, edy, and will make the world roll on wheels before him. On the unweariedly mining. No Falsehood, did it rise heaven-high and 3d of November 1783, the Oeil-de-Boeuf rejoices in its new cover the world, but Bankruptcy, one day, will sweep it down, Controller-General. Calonne also shall have trial; Calonne also, and make us free of it.

in his way, as Turgot and Necker had done in theirs, shall forward the consummation; suffuse, with one other flush of bril-Chapter 1.3.II.

liancy, our now too leaden-coloured Era of Hope, and wind it up—into fulfilment.

Controller Calonne.

Great, in any case, is the felicity of the Oeil-de-Boeuf. Stingi-ness has fled from these royal abodes: suppression ceases; your Under such circumstances of tristesse, obstruction and sick Besenval may go peaceably to sleep, sure that he shall awake langour, when to an exasperated Court it seems as if fiscal unplundered. Smiling Plenty, as if conjured by some enchanter, genius had departed from among men, what apparition could has returned; scatters contentment from her new-flowing horn.

be welcomer than that of M. de Calonne? Calonne, a man of And mark what suavity of manners! A bland smile distinguishes indisputable genius; even fiscal genius, more or less; of experi-our Controller: to all men he listens with an air of interest, nay ence both in managing Finance and Parlements, for he has been of anticipation; makes their own wish clear to themselves, and Intendant at Metz, at Lille; King's Procureur at Douai. A man grants it; or at least, grants conditional promise of it. "I fear of weight, connected with the moneyed classes; of unstained this is a matter of difficulty," said her Majesty.—"Madame,"

name,—if it were not some peccadillo (of showing a Client's answered the Controller, "if it is but difficult, it is done, if it is Letter) in that old D'Aiguillon-Lachalotais business, as good impossible, it shall be done (se fera)." A man of such 'facility'

as forgotten now. He has kinsmen of heavy purse, felt on the withal. To observe him in the pleasure-vortex of society, which Stock Exchange. Our Foulons, Berthiers intrigue for him:—old none partakes of with more gusto, you might ask, When does Foulon, who has now nothing to do but intrigue; who is known he work? And yet his work, as we see, is never behindhand; and even seen to be what they call a scoundrel; but of unmea-above all, the fruit of his work: ready-money. Truly a man of 50

incredible facility; facile action, facile elocution, facile thought: tain at all times, that his trade is by nature temporary, grow-how, in mild suasion,

philosophic depth sparkles up from him, ing daily more difficult; that changes incalculable lie at no as mere wit and lambent sprightliness; and in her Majesty's great distance. Apart from financial Deficit, the world is wholly Soirees, with the weight of a world lying on him, he is the in such a newfangled humour; all things working loose from delight of men and women! By what magic does he accomplish their old fastenings, towards new issues and combinations.

miracles? By the only true magic, that of genius. Men name There is not a dwarf jokei, a cropt Brutus'-head, or Anglomaniac him 'the Minister;' as indeed, when was there another such?

horseman rising on his stirrups, that does not betoken change.

Crooked things are become straight by him, rough places plain; But what then? The day, in any case, passes pleasantly; for the and over the Oeil-de-Boeuf there rests an unspeakable sun-morrow, if the morrow come, there shall be counsel too. Once shine.

mounted (by munificence, suasion, magic of genius) high Nay, in seriousness, let no man say that Calonne had not enough in favour with the Oeil-de-Boeuf, with the King, Queen, genius: genius for Persuading; before all things, for Borrow-Stock-Exchange, and so far as possible with all men, a Nonpa-ing. With the skilfulest judicious appliances of underhand reil Controller may hope to go careering through the Inevi-money, he keeps the Stock-Exchanges flourishing; so that Loan table, in some unimagined way, as handsomely as another.

after Loan is filled up as soon as opened. 'Calculators likely to At all events, for these three miraculous years, it has been know' (Besenval, iii. 216.) have calculated that he spent, in expedient heaped on expedient; till now, with such cumula-extraordinaries, 'at the rate of one million daily;' which indeed tion and height, the pile topples perilous. And here has this is some fifty thousand pounds sterling: but did he not pro-world's-wonder of a Diamond Necklace brought it at last to cure something with it; namely peace and prosperity, for the the clear verge of tumbling. Genius in that

direction can no time being? Philosophedom grumbles and croaks; buys, as we more: mounted high enough, or not mounted, we must fare said, 80,000 copies of Necker's new Book: but Nonpareil forth. Hardly is poor Rohan, the Necklace-Cardinal, safely be-Calonne, in her Majesty's Apartment, with the glittering reti-stowed in the Auvergne Mountains, Dame de Lamotte nue of Dukes, Duchesses, and mere happy admiring faces, can (unsafely) in the Salpetriere, and that mournful business let Necker and Philosophedom croak.

hushed up, when our sanguine Controller once more aston-The misery is, such a time cannot last! Squandering, and ishes the world. An expedient, unheard of for these hundred Payment by Loan is no way to choke a Deficit. Neither is oil and sixty years, has been propounded; and, by dint of suasion the substance for quenching conflagrations;—but, only for (for his light audacity, his hope and eloquence are matchless) assuaging them, not permanently! To the Nonpareil himself, has been got adopted,— Convocation of the Notables.

who wanted not insight, it is clear at intervals, and dimly cer-Let notable persons, the actual or virtual rulers of their dis-51

tricts, be summoned from all sides of France: let a true tale, of dacity and hope alternate in him with misgivings; though the his Majesty's patriotic purposes and wretched pecuniary im-sanguine-valiant side carries it. Anon he writes to an intimate possibilities, be suasively told them; and then the question friend, "Here me fais pitie a moi-meme (I am an object of pity put: What are we to do? Surely to adopt healing measures; to myself);" anon, invites some dedicating Poet or Poetaster such as the magic of genius will unfold; such as, once sanc-to sing 'this Assembly of the Notables and the Revolution that tioned by Notables, all Parlements and all men must, with more is preparing.' (Biographie Universelle, para Calonne (by Guizot).) or less reluctance, submit to.

Preparing indeed; and a matter to be sung,—only not till we have seen it, and what the issue of it is. In deep obscure un-Chapter 1.3.III.

rest, all things have so long gone rocking and swaying: will M.

de Calonne, with this his alchemy of the Notables, fasten all **The Notables.**

together again, and get new revenues? Or wrench all asunder; so that it go no longer rocking and swaying, but clashing and Here, then is verily a sign and wonder; visible to the whole colliding?

world; bodeful of much. The Oeil-de-Boeuf dolorously grumbles; Be this as it may, in the bleak short days, we behold men of were we not well as we stood,—quenching conflagrations by weight and influence threading the great vortex of French Lo-oil? Constitutional Philosophedom starts with joyful surprise; comotion, each on his several line, from all sides of France to-stares eagerly what the result will be. The public creditor, the wards the Chateau of Versailles: summoned thither de par le public debtor, the whole thinking and thoughtless public have roi. There, on the 22d day of February 1787, they have met, their several surprises, joyful and sorrowful. Count Mirabeau, and got installed: Notables to the number of a Hundred and who has got his matrimonial and other Lawsuits huddled up, Thirty-seven, as we count them name by name: (Lacretelle, iii.

better or worse; and works now in the dimmest element at 286. Montgaillard, i. 347.) add Seven Princes of the Blood, it Berlin; compiling Prussian Monarchies, Pamphlets On Cagliostro; makes the round Gross of Notables. Men of the sword, men of writing, with pay, but not with honourable recognition, innu-the robe; Peers, dignified Clergy, Parlementary Presidents: di-merable Despatches for his Government,—scents or descries vided into Seven Boards (Bureaux); under our Seven Princes of richer quarry from afar. He, like an eagle or vulture, or mixture the Blood, Monsieur, D'Artois, Penthievre, and the rest; among of both, preens his wings for flight homewards. (Fils Adoptif, whom let not our new Duke d'Orleans (for, since 1785, he is Memoires de Mirabeau, t. iv. livv. 4 et 5.) Chartres no longer) be forgotten. Never yet made Admiral, and M. de

Calonne has stretched out an Aaron's Rod over France; now turning the corner of his fortieth year, with spoiled blood miraculous; and is summoning quite unexpected things. Au-and prospects; half-weary of a world which is more than half-52

Thomas Carlyle

weary of him, Monseigneur's future is most questionable. Not sit organised; ready to hear and consider. Controller Calonne is in illumination and insight, not even in conflagration; but, as dreadfully behindhand with his speeches, his preparatives; was said, 'in dull smoke and ashes of outburnt sensualities,'

however, the man's 'facility of work' is known to us. For fresh-does he live and digest. Sumptuosity and sordidness; revenge, ness of style, lucidity, ingenuity, largeness of view, that open-life-weariness, ambition, darkness, putrescence; and, say, in ing Harangue of his was unsurpassable:—had not the subject-sterling money, three hundred thousand a year,—were this matter been so appalling. A Deficit, concerning which accounts poor Prince once to burst loose from his Court-moorings, to vary, and the Controller's own account is not unquestioned; what regions, with what phenomena, might he not sail and but which all accounts agree in representing as 'enormous.'

drift! Happily as yet he 'affects to hunt daily;' sits there, since This is the epitome of our Controller's difficulties: and then his he must sit, presiding that Bureau of his, with dull moon-vis-means? Mere Turgotism; for thither, it seems, we must come at age, dull glassy eyes, as if it were a mere tedium to him.

last: Provincial Assemblies; new Taxation; nay, strangest of We observe finally, that Count Mirabeau has actually arrived.

all, new Land-tax, what he calls Subvention Territoriale, from He descends from Berlin, on the scene of action; glares into it which neither Privileged nor Unprivileged, Noblemen, Clergy, with flashing sun-glance; discerns that it will do nothing for nor Parlementeers, shall be exempt!

him. He had hoped these Notables might need a Secretary.

Foolish enough! These Privileged Classes have been used to They do need one; but have fixed on Dupont de Nemours; a tax; levying toll, tribute and custom, at all hands, while a penny man of smaller fame, but then of better; —who indeed, as his was left: but to be themselves taxed? Of such Privileged per-friends often hear, labours under this complaint, surely not a sons, meanwhile, do these Notables, all but the merest frac-universal one, of having ‘five kings to correspond with.’

tion, consist. Headlong Calonne had given no heed to the ‘com-

(Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau (Paris, 1832), p. 20.) The position,’ or judicious packing of them; but chosen such Nopen of a Mirabeau cannot become an official one; nevertheless tables as were really notable; trusting for the issue to off-it remains a pen. In defect of Secretaryship, he sets to de-hand ingenuity, good fortune, and eloquence that never yet nouncing Stock-brokerage (Denonciation de l’Agiotage); tes-failed. Headlong Controller-General! Eloquence can do much, tifying, as his wont is, by loud bruit, that he is present and but not all. Orpheus, with eloquence grown rhythmic, musical busy;—till, warned by friend Talleyrand, and even by Calonne (what we call Poetry), drew iron tears from the cheek of Pluto: himself underhand, that ‘a seventeenth Lettre-de-Cachet may but by what witchery of rhyme or prose wilt thou from the be launched against him,’ he timefully flits over the marches.

pocket of Plutus draw gold?

And now, in stately royal apartments, as Pictures of that Accordingly, the storm that now rose and began to whistle time still represent them, our hundred and forty-four Notables round Calonne, first in these Seven Bureaus, and then on the 53

outside of them, awakened by them, spreading wider and wider (Besenval, iii. 196.) Could blandest suasive eloquence have over all France, threatens

to become unappeasable. A Deficit saved France, she were saved.

so enormous! Mismanagement, profusion is too clear. Pecula-Heavy-laden Controller! In the Seven Bureaus seems noth-tion itself is hinted at; nay, Lafayette and others go so far as ing but hindrance: in Monsieur's Bureau, a Lomenie de Brienne, to speak it out, with attempts at proof. The blame of his Defi-Archbishop of Toulouse, with an eye himself to the Controller-cit our brave Calonne, as was natural, had endeavoured to shift ship, stirs up the Clergy; there are meetings, underground in-from himself on his predecessors; not excepting even Necker.

trigues. Neither from without anywhere comes sign of help or But now Necker vehemently denies; whereupon an 'angry Cor-hope. For the Nation (where Mirabeau is now, with stentor-respondence,' which also finds its way into print.

lungs, 'denouncing Agio') the Controller has hitherto done In the Oeil-de-Boeuf, and her Majesty's private Apartments, nothing, or less. For Philosophedom he has done as good as an eloquent Controller, with his "Madame, if it is but diffi-nothing,—sent out some scientific Laperouse, or the like: and cult," had been persuasive: but, alas, the cause is now carried is he not in 'angry correspondence' with its Necker? The very elsewhither. Behold him, one of these sad days, in Monsieur's Oeil-de-Boeuf looks questionable; a falling Controller has no Bureau; to which all the other Bureaus have sent deputies. He friends. Solid M. de Vergennes, who with his phlegmatic judi-is standing at bay: alone; exposed to an incessant fire of ques-cious punctuality might have kept down many things, died tions, interpellations, objurgations, from those 'hundred and the very week before these sorrowful Notables met. And now thirty-seven' pieces of logic-ordnance,—what we may well call a Seal-keeper, Gardedes-Sceaux Miromenil is thought to be bouches a feu, fire-mouths literally! Never, according to playing the traitor: spinning plots for Lomenie-Brienne!

Besenval, or hardly ever, had such display of intellect, dexter-Queen's-Reader Abbe de Vermond, unloved individual, was ity, coolness, suasive eloquence, been made by man. To the Brienne's creature, the work of his

hands from the first: it may raging play of so many fire-mouths he opposes nothing an-be feared the backstairs passage is open, ground getting mined grier than light-beams, self-possession and fatherly smiles. With under our feet. Treacherous Gardedes-Sceaux Miromenil, at the imperturbablest bland clearness, he, for five hours long, least, should be dismissed; Lamoignon, the eloquent Notable, keeps answering the incessant volley of fiery captious ques-a stanch man, with connections, and even ideas, Parlement-tions, reproachful interpellations; in words prompt as light-President yet intent on reforming Parlements, were not he the ning, quiet as light. Nay, the cross-fire too: such side ques-right Keeper? So, for one, thinks busy Besenval; and, at din-tions and incidental interpellations as, in the heat of the main-ner-table, rounds the same into the Controller's ear,—who al-battle, he (having only one tongue) could not get answered; ways, in the intervals of landlord-duties, listens to him as with these also he takes up at the first slake; answers even these.

charmed look, but answers nothing positive. (Besenval, iii.

203.)

It is true news. Treacherous Gardedes-Sceaux Miromenil is gone, Alas, what to answer? The force of private intrigue, and then and Lamoignon is appointed in his room: but appointed for also the force of public opinion, grows so dangerous, confused!

his own profit only, not for the Controller's: 'next day' the Philosophedom sneers aloud, as if its Necker already triumphed.

Controller also has had to move. A little longer he may linger The gaping populace gapes over Wood-cuts or Copper-cuts; near; be seen among the money changers, and even 'working where, for example, a Rustic is represented convoking the poul-in the Controller's office,' where much lies unfinished: but nei-try of his barnyard, with this opening address: "Dear

animals, ther will that hold. Too strong blows and beats this tempest I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress of public opinion, of private intrigue, as from the Cave of all you with;" to which a Cock responding, "We don't want to be the Winds; and blows him (higher Authority giving sign) out eaten," is checked by "You wander from the point (Vous vous of Paris and France,—over the horizon, into Invisibility, or uuter ecartez de la question)." (Republished in the Musee de la Cari-

(utter, outer?) Darkness.

cature (Paris, 1834).) Laughter and logic; balladsinger, pam-Such destiny the magic of genius could not forever avert.

phleteer; epigram and caricature: what wind of public opinion Ungrateful Oeil-de-Boeuf! did he not miraculously rain gold is this,—as if the Cave of the Winds were bursting loose! At manna on you; so that, as a Courtier said, "All the world held nightfall, President Lamoignon steals over to the Controller's; out its hand, and I held out my hat,"—for a time? Himself is finds him 'walking with large strides in his chamber, like one poor; penniless, had not a 'Financier's widow in Lorraine' of-out of himself.' (Besenval, iii. 209.) With rapid confused speech fered him, though he was turned of fifty, her hand and the rich the Controller begs M. de Lamoignon to give him 'an advice.'

purse it held. Dim henceforth shall be his activity, though un-Lamoignon candidly answers that, except in regard to his own wearied: Letters to the King, Appeals, Prognostications; Pam-anticipated Keepership, unless that would prove remedial, he phlets (from London), written with the old suasive facility; really cannot take upon him to advise.

which however do not persuade. Luckily his widow's purse fails

'On the Monday after Easter,' the 9th of April 1787, a date not. Once, in a year or two, some shadow of him shall be seen one rejoices to verify, for nothing can excel the indolent false-hovering on the Northern Border, seeking election as National hood of these Histoires and Memoires,—'On the Monday after Deputy; but be sternly beckoned away. Dimmer then, far-

borne Easter, as I, Besenval, was riding towards Romainville to the over utmost European lands, in uncertain twilight of diplo-Marechal de Segur's, I met a friend on the Boulevards, who macy, he shall hover, intriguing for 'Exiled Princes,' and have told me that M. de Calonne was out. A little further on came adventures; be overset into the Rhine stream and half-drowned, M. the Duke d'Orleans, dashing towards me, head to the wind'

nevertheless save his papers dry. Unwearied, but in vain! In (trotting a l'Anglaise), 'and confirmed the news.' (Ib. iii. 211.) France he works miracles no more; shall hardly return thither 55

to find a grave. Farewell, thou facile sanguine Controller-Gen-some kind of cloth apparatus necessary for that. (Ib. iii. 224.) eral, with thy light rash hand, thy suasive mouth of gold: worse Lomenie-Brienne, who had all his life 'felt a kind of predesti-men there have been, and better; but to thee also was allot-nation for the highest offices,' has now therefore obtained them.

ted a task,—of raising the wind, and the winds; and thou hast He presides over the Finances; he shall have the title of Prime done it.

Minister itself, and the effort of his long life be realised. UnBut now, while Ex-Controller Calonne flies storm-driven over happy only that it took such talent and industry to gain the the horizon, in this singular way, what has become of the Con-place; that to qualify for it hardly any talent or industry was trollership? It hangs vacant, one may say; extinct, like the left disposable! Looking now into his inner man, what qualifi-Moon in her vacant interlunar cave. Two preliminary shadows, cation he may have, Lomenie beholds, not without astonish-poor M. Fourqueux, poor M. Villedeuil, do hold in quick suc-ment, next to nothing but vacuity and possibility. Principles cession some simulacrum of it, (Besenval, iii. 225.)—as the or methods, acquirement outward or inward (for his very body new Moon will sometimes shine out with a dim preliminary is wasted, by hard tear and wear) he finds none; not so much old one in her arms. Be patient, ye Notables! An actual new as a plan, even an unwise one. Lucky, in these

circumstances, Controller is certain, and even ready; were the indispensable that Calonne has had a plan! Calonne's plan was gathered from manoeuvres but gone through. Long-headed Lamoignon, with Turgot's and Necker's by compilation; shall become Lomenie's Home Secretary Breteuil, and Foreign Secretary Montmorin have by adoption. Not in vain has Lomenie studied the working of exchanged looks; let these three once meet and speak. Who is the British Constitution; for he professes to have some Anglo-it that is strong in the Queen's favour, and the Abbe de mania, of a sort. Why, in that free country, does one Minister, Vermond's? That is a man of great capacity? Or at least that driven out by Parliament, vanish from his King's presence, and has struggled, these fifty years, to have it thought great; now, another enter, borne in by Parliament? (Montgaillard, Histoire in the Clergy's name, demanding to have Protestant death-de France, i. 410-17.) Surely not for mere change (which is penalties 'put in execution;' no flaunting it in the Oeil-de-ever wasteful); but that all men may have share of what is Boeuf, as the gayest man-pleaser and woman-pleaser; glean-going; and so the strife of Freedom indefinitely prolong itself, ing even a good word from Philosophedom and your Voltaires and no harm be done.

and D'Alemberts? With a party ready-made for him in the NoThe Notables, mollified by Easter festivities, by the sacrifice tables?—Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse! answer of Calonne, are not in the worst humour. Already his Majesty, all the three, with the clearest instantaneous concord; and rush while the 'interlunar shadows' were in office, had held session off to propose him to the King; 'in such haste,' says Besenval, of Notables; and from his throne delivered promissory concil-

'that M. de Lamoignon had to borrow a simarre,' seemingly iatory eloquence: 'The Queen stood waiting at a window, till 56

his carriage came back; and Monsieur from afar clapped hands we said, which should not be dwelt on with minute close scru-to her,' in sign that all was well. (Besenval, iii. 220.) It has had tiny: over hot coals you cannot glide too fast. In these Seven the best effect; if such do but last. Leading

Notables mean-Bureaus, where no work could be done, unless talk were work, while can be ‘caressed;’ Brienne’s new gloss, Lamoignon’s long the questionablest matters were coming up. Lafayette, for head will profit somewhat; conciliatory eloquence shall not be example, in Monseigneur d’Artois’ Bureau, took upon him to wanting. On the whole, however, is it not undeniable that this set forth more than one deprecatory oration about Lettres-of ousting Calonne and adopting the plans of Calonne, is a de-Cachet, Liberty of the Subject, Agio, and suchlike; which measure which, to produce its best effect, should be looked at Monseigneur endeavouring to repress, was answered that a from a certain distance, cursorily; not dwelt on with minute Notable being summoned to speak his opinion must speak it.

near scrutiny. In a word, that no service the Notables could (Montgaillard, i. 360.)

now do were so obliging as, in some handsome manner, to—

Thus too his Grace the Archbishop of Aix perorating once, take themselves away! Their ‘Six Propositions’ about Provi-with a plaintive pulpit tone, in these words? “Tithe, that free-sional Assemblies, suppression of Corvees and suchlike, can be will offering of the piety of Christians”—”Tithe,” interrupted accepted without criticism. The Subvention on Land-tax, and Duke la Rochefoucault, with the cold business-manner he has much else, one must glide hastily over; safe nowhere but in learned from the English, “that free-will offering of the piety flourishes of conciliatory eloquence. Till at length, on this 25th of Christians; on which there are now forty-thousand lawsuits of May, year 1787, in solemn final session, there bursts forth in this realm.” (Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, p. 21.) Nay, what we can call an explosion of eloquence; King, Lomenie, Lafayette, bound to speak his opinion, went the length, one Lamoignon and retinue taking up the successive strain; in day, of proposing to convoke a ‘National Assembly.’ “You de-harrangues to the number of ten, besides his Majesty’s, which mand States-General?” asked Monseigneur with an air of mi-last the livelong day;—whereby, as in a kind of choral an-natory surprise.—”Yes, Monseigneur; and even better than them, or bravura peal, of thanks, praises, promises, the No-that.”—Write it,” said Monseigneur to the Clerks.

(Toulongeon, tables are, so to speak, organed out, and dismissed to their Histoire de France depuis la Revolution de 1789 (Paris, 1803), respective places of abode. They had sat, and talked, some i. app. 4.)—Written accordingly it is; and what is more, will be nine weeks: they were the first Notables since Richelieu's, in acted by and by.

the year 1626.

By some Historians, sitting much at their ease, in the safe distance, Lomenie has been blamed for this dismissal of his Notables: nevertheless it was clearly time. There are things, as 57

Chapter 1.3.IV.

with great essential measures, Lomenie will see this singular

'swell of the public mind' abate somewhat.

Lomenie's Edicts.

Most proper, surely. But what if it were not a swell of the abating kind? There are swells that come of upper tempest Thus, then, have the Notables returned home; carrying to all and wind-gust. But again there are swells that come of subter-quarters of France, such notions of deficit, decrepitude, dis-ranean pent wind, some say; and even of inward decomposion, traction; and that States-General will cure it, or will not cure it of decay that has become self-combustion:—as when, accord-but kill it. Each Notable, we may fancy, is as a funeral torch; ing to Neptuno-Plutonic Geology, the World is all decayed down disclosing hideous abysses, better left hid! The unquietest into due attritus of this sort; and shall now be exploded, and humour possesses all men; ferments, seeks issue, in pamphle-new-made! These latter abate not by oil.—The fool says in his teering, caricaturing, projecting, declaiming; vain jangling of heart, How shall not tomorrow be as yesterday; as all days,—

thought, word and deed.

which were once tomorrows? The wise man, looking on this It is Spiritual Bankruptcy, long tolerated; verging now to-France, moral, intellectual, economical, sees, ‘in short, all the wards Economical Bankruptcy, and become intolerable. For from symptoms he has ever met with in history,’—unabatable by the lowest dumb rank, the inevitable misery, as was predicted, soothing Edicts.

has spread upwards. In every man is some obscure feeling that Meanwhile, abate or not, cash must be had; and for that his position, oppressive or else oppressed, is a false one: all quite another sort of Edicts, namely ‘bursal’ or fiscal ones. How men, in one or the other acrid dialect, as assaulters or as de-easy were fiscal Edicts, did you know for certain that the fenders, must give vent to the unrest that is in them. Of such Parlement of Paris would what they call ‘register’ them! Such stuff national well-being, and the glory of rulers, is not made.

right of registering, properly of mere writing down, the O Lomenie, what a wild-heaving, waste-looking, hungry and Parlement has got by old wont; and, though but a Law-Court, angry world hast thou, after lifelong effort, got promoted to can remonstrate, and higgle considerably about the same. Hence take charge of!

many quarrels; desperate Maupeou devices, and victory and Lomenie’s first Edicts are mere soothing ones: creation of defeat;—a quarrel now near forty years long. Hence fiscal Provincial Assemblies, ‘for apportioning the imposts,’ when we Edicts, which otherwise were easy enough, become such prob-get any; suppression of Corvees or statute-labour; alleviation lems. For example, is there not Calonne’s Subvention Territoriale, of Gabelle. Soothing measures, recommended by the Notables; universal, unexempting Land-tax; the sheet-anchor of Finance?

long clamoured for by all liberal men. Oil cast on the waters Or, to show, so far as possible, that one is not without original has been known to produce a

good effect. Before venturing finance talent, Lomenie himself can devise an Edit du Timbre 58

Thomas Carlyle

or Stamp-tax,—borrowed also, it is true; but then from Peers are summoned. Does the Nemean Lion begin to bristle?

America: may it prove luckier in France than there!

Here surely is a duel, which France and the Universe may look France has her resources: nevertheless, it cannot be denied, upon: with prayers; at lowest, with curiosity and bets. Paris the aspect of that Parlement is questionable. Already among stirs with new animation. The outer courts of the Palais de the Notables, in that final symphony of dismissal, the Paris Justice roll with unusual crowds, coming and going; their huge President had an ominous tone. Adrien Duport, quitting mag-outer hum mingles with the clang of patriotic eloquence within, netic sleep, in this agitation of the world, threatens to rouse and gives vigour to it. Poor Lomenie gazes from the distance, himself into preternatural wakefulness. Shallower but also little comforted; has his invisible emissaries flying to and fro, louder, there is magnetic D'Espremenil, with his tropical heat assiduous, without result.

(he was born at Madras); with his dusky confused violence; So pass the sultry dog-days, in the most electric manner; holding of Illumination, Animal Magnetism, Public Opinion, and the whole month of July. And still, in the Sanctuary of Adam Weisshaupt, Harmodius and Aristogiton, and all manner Justice, sounds nothing but Harmodius-Aristogiton eloquence, of confused violent things: of whom can come no good. The environed with the hum of crowding Paris; and no registering very Peerage is infected with the leaven. Our Peers have, in too accomplished, and no 'states' furnished. "States?" said a lively many cases, laid aside their frogs, laces, bagwigs; and go about Parlementeer: "Messieurs, the states that should be furnished in English costume, or ride rising in their stirrups,—in the most us, in my opinion are the *States-General*." On which timely headlong manner; nothing but insubordination, joke there follow cachinnatory buzzes of

approval. What a word eleutheromania, confused unlimited opposition in their heads.

to be spoken in the Palais de Justice! Old D'Ormesson (the Ex-Questionable: not to be ventured upon, if we had a Fortunatus'

Controller's uncle) shakes his judicious head; far enough from Purse! But Lomenie has waited all June, casting on the waters laughing. But the outer courts, and Paris and France, catch the what oil he had; and now, betide as it may, the two Finance glad sound, and repeat it; shall repeat it, and re-echo and re-Edicts must out. On the 6th of July, he forwards his proposed verberate it, till it grow a deafening peal. Clearly enough here Stamp-tax and Land-tax to the Parlement of Paris; and, as if is no registering to be thought of.

putting his own leg foremost, not his borrowed Calonne's-leg, The pious Proverb says, 'There are remedies for all things but places the Stamp-tax first in order.

death.' When a Parlement refuses registering, the remedy, by Alas, the Parlement will not register: the Parlement demands long practice, has become familiar to the simplest: a Bed of instead a 'state of the expenditure,' a 'state of the contem-Justice. One complete month this Parlement has spent in mere plated reductions;' 'states' enough; which his Majesty must idle jargoning, and sound and fury; the Timbre Edict not regis-decline to furnish! Discussions arise; patriotic eloquence: the tered, or like to be; the Subvention not yet so much as spoken 59

of. On the 6th of August let the whole refractory Body roll Basoche-Clerks, who are idle in these days: of Loungers, out, in wheeled vehicles, as far as the King's Chateau of Newsmongers and other nondescript classes,—rolls tumultu-Versailles; there shall the King, holding his Bed of Justice, orous there. 'From three to four thousand persons,' waiting eader them, by his own royal lips, to register. They may remongerly to hear the Arretes (Resolutions) you arrive at within; strate, in an under tone; but they must

obey, lest a worse applauding with bravos, with the clapping of from six to eight unknown thing befall them.

thousand hands! Sweet also is the meed of patriotic eloquence, It is done: the Parlement has rolled out, on royal summons; when your D'Espremenil, your Freteau, or Sabatier, issuing from has heard the express royal order to register. Whereupon it his Demosthenic Olympus, the thunder being hushed for the has rolled back again, amid the hushed expectancy of men.

day, is welcomed, in the outer courts, with a shout from four And now, behold, on the morrow, this Parlement, seated once thousand throats; is borne home shoulder-high 'with benedic-more in its own Palais, with 'crowds inundating the outer courts,'

tions,' and strikes the stars with his sublime head.

not only does not register, but (O portent!) declares all that was done on the prior day to be null, and the Bed of Justice as **Chapter 1.3.V.**

good as a futility! In the history of France here verily is a new feature. Nay better still, our heroic Parlement, getting sud-Lomenie's Thunderbolts.

denly enlightened on several things, declares that, for its part, it is incompetent to register Tax-edicts at all,—having done it Arise, Lomenie-Brienne: here is no case for 'Letters of Jussion;'

by mistake, during these late centuries; that for such act one for faltering or compromise. Thou seest the whole loose fluent authority only is competent: the assembled Three Estates of population of Paris (whatsoever is not solid, and fixed to work) the Realm!

inundating these outer courts, like a loud destructive deluge; To such length can the universal spirit of a Nation penetrate the very Basoche of Lawyers' Clerks talks sedition. The lower the most isolated Body-corporate: say rather, with such weap-classes, in this duel of Authority with Authority, Greek throt-ons, homicidal and suicidal, in exasperated political duel, will tling Greek, have ceased to respect the City-Watch: Police-sat-Bodies-

corporate fight! But, in any case, is not this the real ellites are marked on the back with chalk (the M signifies death-grapple of war and internecine duel, Greek meeting Greek; mouchard, spy); they are hustled, hunted like ferae naturae.

whereon men, had they even no interest in it, might look with Subordinate rural Tribunals send messengers of congratula-interest unspeakable? Crowds, as was said, inundate the outer tion, of adherence. Their Fountain of Justice is becoming a courts: inundation of young eleutheromaniac Noblemen in Fountain of Revolt. The Provincial Parlements look on, with English costume, uttering audacious speeches; of Procureurs, intent eye, with breathless wishes, while their elder sister of 60

Thomas Carlyle

Paris does battle: the whole Twelve are of one blood and tem-ous social Anomaly, deciding Lawsuits, sanctioning or reject-per; the victory of one is that of all.

ing Laws; and withal disposing of its places and offices by sale Ever worse it grows: on the 10th of August, there is ‘Plainte’

for ready money,—which method sleek President Henault, af-emitted touching the ‘prodigalities of Calonne,’ and permis-ter meditation, will demonstrate to be the indifferent-best.

sion to ‘proceed’ against him. No registering, but instead of it, (Abrege Chronologique, p. 975.)

denouncing: of dilapidation, peculation; and ever the burden In such a Body, existing by purchase for ready-money, there of the song, States-General! Have the royal armories no thun-could not be excess of public spirit; there might well be excess derbolt, that thou couldst, O Lomenie, with red right-hand, of eagerness to divide the public spoil. Men in helmets have launch it among these Demosthenic theatrical thunder-bar-divided that, with swords; men in wigs, with quill and inkhorn, rels, mere resin and noise for most part;—and shatter, and do divide it: and even more hatefully

these latter, if more peace-smite them silent? On the night of the 14th of August, Lomenie ably; for the wig-method is at once irresistibler and baser. By launches his thunderbolt, or handful of them. Letters named long experience, says Besenval, it has been found useless to of the Seal (de Cachet), as many as needful, some sixscore and sue a Parlementeer at law; no Officer of Justice will serve a writ odd, are delivered overnight. And so, next day betimes, the on one; his wig and gown are his Vulcan's-panoply, his en-whole Parlement, once more set on wheels, is rolling inces-chanted cloak-of-darkness.

santly towards Troyes in Champagne; 'escorted,' says History, The Parlement of Paris may count itself an unloved body;

'with the blessings of all people;' the very innkeepers and mean, not magnanimous, on the political side. Were the King postillions looking gratuitously reverent. (A. Lameth, Histoire weak, always (as now) has his Parlement barked, cur-like at de l'Assemblee Constituante (Int. 73).) This is the 15th of his heels; with what popular cry there might be. Were he strong, August 1787.

it barked before his face; hunting for him as his alert beagle.

What will not people bless; in their extreme need? Seldom An unjust Body; where foul influences have more than once had the Parlement of Paris deserved much blessing, or received worked shameful perversion of judgment. Does not, in these much. An isolated Body-corporate, which, out of old confu-very days, the blood of murdered Lally cry aloud for vengeance?

sions (while the Sceptre of the Sword was confusedly strug-Baited, circumvented, driven mad like the snared lion, Valour gling to become a Sceptre of the Pen), had got itself together, had to sink extinguished under vindictive Chicane. Behold him, better and worse, as Bodies-corporate do, to satisfy some dim that hapless Lally, his wild dark soul looking through his wild desire of the world, and many clear desires of individuals; and dark face; trailed on the ignominious death-hurdle; the voice so had grown, in

the course of centuries, on concession, on of his despair choked by a wooden gag! The wild fire-soul that acquirement and usurpation, to be what we see it: a prosper-has known only peril and toil; and, for threescore years, has 61

buffeted against Fate's obstruction and men's perfidy, like Monsieur and Monseigneur d'Artois, coming in state-carriages, genius and courage amid poltroonery, dishonesty and com-according to use and wont, to have these late obnoxious Arretes monplace; faithfully enduring and endeavouring,—O Parlement and protests 'expunged' from the Records, are received in the of Paris, dost thou reward it with a gibbet and a gag? (9th most marked manner. Monsieur, who is thought to be in op-May, 1766: Biographie Universelle, para Lally.) The dying Lally position, is met with vivats and strewed flowers; Monseigneur, bequeathed his memory to his boy; a young Lally has arisen, on the other hand, with silence; with murmurs, which rise to demanding redress in the name of God and man. The Parlement hisses and groans; nay, an irreverent Rascality presses towards of Paris does its utmost to defend the indefensible, abomi-him in floods, with such hissing vehemence, that the Captain nable; nay, what is singular, dusky-glowing Aristogiton of the Guards has to give order, "Haut les armes (Handle d'Espremenil is the man chosen to be its spokesman in that.

arms)!"—at which thunder-word, indeed, and the flash of the Such Social Anomaly is it that France now blesses. An un-clear iron, the Rascal-flood recoils, through all avenues, fast clean Social Anomaly; but in duel against another worse! The enough. (Montgaillard, i. 369. Besenval, &c.) New features exiled Parlement is felt to have 'covered itself with glory.' There these. Indeed, as good M. de Malesherbes pertinently remarks, are quarrels in which even Satan, bringing help, were not un-

"it is a quite new kind of contest this with the Parlement:" no welcome; even Satan, fighting stiffly, might cover himself with transitory sputter, as from collision of hard bodies; but more glory,—of a temporary sort.

like “the first sparks of what, if not quenched, may become a But what a stir in the outer courts of the Palais, when Paris great conflagration.” (Montgaillard, i. 373.) finds its Parlement trundled off to Troyes in Champagne; and This good Malesherbes sees himself now again in the King’s nothing left but a few mute Keepers of records; the Council, after an absence of ten years: Lomenie would profit if Demosthenic thunder become extinct, the martyrs of liberty not by the faculties of the man, yet by the name he has. As for clean gone! Confused wail and menace rises from the four thou-the man’s opinion, it is not listened to;—wherefore he will sand throats of Procureurs, Basoche-Clerks, Nondescripts, and soon withdraw, a second time; back to his books and his trees.

Anglomaniac Noblesse; ever new idlers crowd to see and hear; In such King’s Council what can a good man profit? Turgot Rascality, with increasing numbers and vigour, hunts tries it not a second time: Turgot has quitted France and this mouchards. Loud whirlpool rolls through these spaces; the rest Earth, some years ago; and now cares for none of these things.

of the City, fixed to its work, cannot yet go rolling. Audacious Singular enough: Turgot, this same Lomenie, and the Abbe placards are legible, in and about the Palais, the speeches are Morellet were once a trio of young friends; fellow-scholars in as good as seditious. Surely the temper of Paris is much the Sorbonne. Forty new years have carried them severally thus changed. On the third day of this business (18th of August), far.

Meanwhile the Parlement sits daily at Troyes, calling cases; **Chapter 1.3.VI.**

and daily adjourns, no Procureur making his appearance to plead. Troyes is as hospitable as could be looked for: never-Lomenie’s Plots.

theless one has comparatively a dull life. No crowds now to carry you, shoulder-high, to the immortal gods; scarcely a Pa-Was ever unfortunate Chief Minister so bested as Lomenie-triot or two will drive out so far, and bid you be of firm cour-Brienne? The reins of the State fairly in his hand these six age. You are in furnished lodgings, far from home and domes- months; and not the smallest motive-power (of Finance) to tic comfort: little to do, but wander over the unlovely Cham-stir from the spot with, this way or that! He flourishes his pagne fields; seeing the grapes ripen; taking counsel about whip, but advances not. Instead of ready-money, there is noth-the thousand-times consulted: a prey to tedium; in danger ing but rebellious debating and recalcitrating.

even that Paris may forget you. Messengers come and go: pa-Far is the public mind from having calmed; it goes chafing cific Lomenie is not slack in negotiating, promising; D'Ormesson and fuming ever worse: and in the royal coffers, with such yearly and the prudent elder Members see no good in strife.

Deficit running on, there is hardly the colour of coin. Ominous After a dull month, the Parlement, yielding and retaining, prognostics! Malesherbes, seeing an exhausted, exasperated makes truce, as all Parlements must. The Stamp-tax is with-France grow hotter and hotter, talks of 'conflagration:'

drawn: the Subvention Land-tax is also withdrawn; but, in its Mirabeau, without talk, has, as we perceive, descended on Paris stead, there is granted, what they call a 'Prorogation of the again, close on the rear of the Parlement, (Fils Adoptif, Second Twentieth,'—itself a kind of Land-tax, but not so op-Mirabeau, iv. l. 5.)—not to quit his native soil any more.

pressive to the Influential classes; which lies mainly on the Over the Frontiers, behold Holland invaded by Prussia; (Oc-Dumb class. Moreover, secret promises exist (on the part of tober, 1787. Montgaillard, i. 374. Besenval, iii. 283.) the French the Elders), that finances may be raised by Loan. Of the ugly party oppressed, England and the Stadtholder triumphing: to word States-General there shall be no mention.

the sorrow of War-Secretary Montmorin and all men. But with-And so, on the 20th of September, our exiled Parlement re-out money, sinews of war, as of work, and of existence itself, turns: D'Espremenil said, 'it went out covered with glory, but what can a Chief Minister do? Taxes profit little: this of the had come back covered with mud (de boue).' Not so, Second Twentieth falls not due till next year; and will then, Aristogiton; or if so, thou surely art the man to clean it.

with its 'strict valuation,' produce more controversy than cash.

Taxes on the Privileged Classes cannot be got registered; are intolerable to our supporters themselves: taxes on the Unprivileged yield nothing,—as from a thing drained dry more 63

cannot be drawn. Hope is nowhere, if not in the old refuge of ber next; and all whom it concerns are joyfully getting their Loans.

gear ready.

To Lomenie, aided by the long head of Lamoignon, deeply Royal Hunt indeed; but of two-legged unfeathered game!

pondering this sea of troubles, the thought suggested itself: At eleven in the morning of that Royal-Hunt day, 19th of No-Why not have a Successive Loan (Emprunt Successif), or Loan vember 1787, unexpected blare of trumpetting, tumult of that went on lending, year after year, as much as needful; say, charioteering and cavalcading disturbs the Seat of Justice: his till 1792? The trouble of registering such Loan were the same: Majesty is come, with Gardedes-Sceaux Lamoignon, and Peers we had then breathing time; money to work with, at least to and retinue, to hold Royal Session and have Edicts registered.

subsist on. Edict of a Successive Loan must be proposed. To What a change, since Louis XIV. entered here, in boots; and, conciliate the Philosophes, let a liberal Edict walk in front of whip in hand, ordered his

registering to be done,—with an it, for emancipation of Protestants; let a liberal Promise guard Olympian look which none durst gainsay; and did, without the rear of it, that when our Loan ends, in that final 1792, the stratagem, in such unceremonious fashion, hunt as well as reg-States-General shall be convoked.

ister! (Dulaure, vi. 306.) For Louis XVI., on this day, the Regis-Such liberal Edict of Protestant Emancipation, the time hav-tering will be enough; if indeed he and the day suffice for it.

ing come for it, shall cost a Lomenie as little as the ‘Death-Meanwhile, with fit ceremonial words, the purpose of the penalties to be put in execution’ did. As for the liberal Prom-royal breast is signified:—Two Edicts, for Protestant Emanci-ise, of States-General, it can be fulfilled or not: the fulfilment pation, for Successive Loan: of both which Edicts our trusty is five good years off; in five years much intervenes. But the Gardedes-Sceaux Lamoignon will explain the purport; on both registering? Ah, truly, there is the difficulty!—However, we which a trusty Parlement is requested to deliver its opinion, have that promise of the Elders, given secretly at Troyes. Judi-each member having free privilege of speech. And so, Lamoignon cious gratuities, cajoleries, underground intrigues, with old too having perorated not amiss, and wound up with that Prom-Foulon, named ‘Ame damnee, Familiar-demon, of the Parlement,’

ise of States-General,—the Sphere-music of Parlementary elo-may perhaps do the rest. At worst and lowest, the Royal Au-quence begins. Explosive, responsive, sphere answering sphere, thority has resources,—which ought it not to put forth? If it it waxes louder and louder. The Peers sit attentive; of diverse cannot realise money, the Royal Authority is as good as dead; sentiment: unfriendly to States-General; unfriendly to Despo-dead of that surest and miserablest death, inanition. Risk and tism, which cannot reward merit, and is suppressing places.

win; without risk all is already lost! For the rest, as in enter-But what agitates his Highness d’Orleans? The rubicund moon-prises of pith, a touch of stratagem often proves furthersome, head goes wagging; darker beams

the copper visage, like his Majesty announces a Royal Hunt, for the 19th of Novem-unscoured copper; in the glazed eye is disquietude; he rolls 64

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uneasy in his seat, as if he meant something. Amid unutter-leave to remark that Edicts cannot be registered by order in a able satiety, has sudden new appetite, for new forbidden fruit, Session; and indeed to enter, against such registry, his indi-been vouchsafed him? Disgust and edacity; laziness that can-vidual humble Protest. “Vous etes bien le maitre (You will do not rest; futile ambition, revenge, non-admiralship:—O, within your pleasure)”, answers the King; and thereupon, in high state, that carbuncled skin what a confusion of confusions sits marches out, escorted by his Court-retinue; D’Orleans himself, bottled!

as in duty bound, escorting him, but only to the gate. Which

‘Eight Couriers,’ in course of the day, gallop from Versailles, duty done, D’Orleans returns in from the gate; redacts his Pro-where Lomenie waits palpitating; and gallop back again, not test, in the face of an applauding Parlement, an applauding with the best news. In the outer Courts of the Palais, huge France; and so—has cut his Court-moorings, shall we say? And buzz of expectation reigns; it is whispered the Chief Minister will now sail and drift, fast enough, towards Chaos?

has lost six votes overnight. And from within, resounds noth-Thou foolish D’Orleans; Equality that art to be! Is Royalty ing but forensic eloquence, pathetic and even indignant; grown a mere wooden Scarecrow; whereon thou, pert scald-heartrending appeals to the royal clemency, that his Majesty headed crow, mayest alight at pleasure, and peck? Not yet would please to summon States-General forthwith, and be the wholly.

Saviour of France:—wherein dusky-glowing D’Espremenil, but Next day, a Lettre-de-Cachet sends D’Orleans to bethink him-still more Sabatier de Cabre, and Freteau, since named Commere self in his Chateau of Villers-Cotterets, where, alas, is no Paris Freteau (Goody Freteau), are among the loudest. For six mor-with its joyous necessaries of life; no fascinating

indispens-tal hours it lasts, in this manner; the infinite hubbub able Madame de Buffon,—light wife of a great Naturalist much unslackened.

too old for her. Monseigneur, it is said, does nothing but walk And so now, when brown dusk is falling through the win-distractedly, at Villers-Cotterets; cursing his stars. Versailles dows, and no end visible, his Majesty, on hint of Gardedes-itself shall hear penitent wail from him, so hard is his doom.

Sceaux, Lamoignon, opens his royal lips once more to say, in By a second, simultaneous Lettre-de-Cachet, Goody Freteau is brief That he must have his Loan-Edict registered.—Momen-hurled into the Stronghold of Ham, amid the Norman marshes; tary deep pause!—See! Monseigneur d'Orleans rises; with by a third, Sabatier de Cabre into Mont St. Michel, amid the moon-visage turned towards the royal platform, he asks, with Norman quicksands. As for the Parlement, it must, on suma delicate graciosity of manner covering unutterable things: mons, travel out to Versailles, with its Register-Book under its

"Whether it is a Bed of Justice, then; or a Royal Session?" Fire arm, to have the Protest biffe (expunged); not without admo-flashes on him from the throne and neighbourhood: surly annition, and even rebuke. A stroke of authority which, one might swer that "it is a Session." In that case, Monseigneur will crave have hoped, would quiet matters.

Unhappily, no; it is a mere taste of the whip to rearing cours-Majesty, one evening, takes Besenval's arm; asks his candid ers, which makes them rear worse! When a team of Twenty-five opinion. The intrepid Besenval,—having, as he hopes, noth-Millions begins rearing, what is Lomenie's whip? The Parlement ing of the sycophant in him,—plainly signifies that, with a will nowise acquiesce meekly; and set to register the Protes-Parlement in rebellion, and an Oeil-de-Boeuf in suppression, tant Edict, and do its other work, in salutary fear of these the King's Crown is in danger;—whereupon,

singular to say, three Lettres-de-Cachet. Far from that, it begins questioning her Majesty, as if hurt, changed the subject, et ne me parla Lettres-de-Cachet generally, their legality, endurability; emits plus de rien! (Besenval, iii. 264.)

dolorous objurgation, petition on petition to have its three To whom, indeed, can this poor Queen speak? In need of Martyrs delivered; cannot, till that be complied with, so much wise counsel, if ever mortal was; yet beset here only by the as think of examining the Protestant Edict, but puts it off hubbub of chaos! Her dwellingplace is so bright to the eye, always 'till this day week.' (Besenval, iii. 309.) and confusion and black care darkens it all. Sorrows of the In which objurgatory strain Paris and France joins it, or rather Sovereign, sorrows of the woman, think-coming sorrows environ has preceded it; making fearful chorus. And now also the other her more and more. Lamotte, the Necklace-Countess, has in Parlements, at length opening their mouths, begin to join; these late months escaped, perhaps been suffered to escape, some of them, as at Grenoble and at Rennes, with portentous from the Salpetriere. Vain was the hope that Paris might thereby emphasis,—threatening, by way of reprisal, to interdict the forget her; and this ever-widening-lie, and heap of lies, sub-very Tax-gatherer. (Weber, i. 266.) "In all former contests," as side. The Lamotte, with a V (for Voleuse, Thief) branded on Malesherbes remarks, "it was the Parlement that excited the both shoulders, has got to England; and will therefrom emit Public; but here it is the Public that excites the Parlement."

lie on lie; defiling the highest queenly name: mere distracted lies; (Memoires justificatifs de la Comtesse de Lamotte (Lon-Chapter 1.3.VII.

don, 1788). Vie de Jeanne de St. Remi, Comtesse de Lamotte,

&c. &c. See Diamond Necklace (ut supra).) which, in its present
Internecine.

humour, France will greedily believe.

For the rest, it is too clear our Successive Loan is not filling.

What a France, through these winter months of the year 1787!

As indeed, in such circumstances, a Loan registered by expung-The very Oeil-de-Boeuf is doleful, uncertain; with a general ing of Protests was not the likeliest to fill. Denunciation of feeling among the Suppressed, that it were better to be in Lettres-de-Cachet, of Despotism generally, abates not: the Turkey. The Wolf-hounds are suppressed, the Bear-hounds, Duke Twelve Parlements are busy; the Twelve hundred Placarders, de Coigny, Duke de Polignac: in the Trianon little-heaven, her Balladsingers, Pamphleteers. Paris is what, in figurative speech, 66

they call ‘flooded with pamphlets (regorge de brochures);’

rates, let the latter subside a little! “D’Orleans gets back to flooded and eddying again. Hot deluge,—from so many Pa-Raincy, which is nearer Paris and the fair frail Buffon; finally to triot ready-writers, all at the fervid or boiling point; each ready-Paris itself: neither are Freteau and Sabatier banished forever.

writer, now in the hour of eruption, going like an Iceland Gey-The Protestant Edict is registered; to the joy of Boissy d’Anglas ser! Against which what can a judicious friend Morellet do; a and good Malesherbes: Successive Loan, all protests expunged Rivarol, an unruly Linguet (well paid for it),—spouting cold!

or else withdrawn, remains open,—the rather as few or none Now also, at length, does come discussion of the Protestant come to fill it. States-General, for which the Parlement has Edict: but only for new embroilment; in pamphlet and counter-clamoured, and now the whole Nation clamours, will follow ‘in pamphlet, increasing the madness of men. Not even Ortho-five years,’—if indeed not sooner. O Parlement of Paris, what a doxy, bedrid as she seemed, but will have a hand in this confu-clamour was that! “Messieurs,” said old d’Ormesson, “you will sion. She, once again in the shape of Abbe Lenfant, ‘whom get States-General, and you will repent it.” Like the Horse in Prelates drive to visit and congratulate,’—raises audible

sound the Fable, who, to be avenged of his enemy, applied to the from her pulpit-drum. (Lacretelle, iii. 343. Montgaillard, &c.) Man. The Man mounted; did swift execution on the enemy; Or mark how D'Espremenil, who has his own confused way in but, unhappily, would not dismount! Instead of five years, let all things, produces at the right moment in Parlementary ha-three years pass, and this clamorous Parlement shall have both rangue, a pocket Crucifix, with the apostrophe: "Will ye cru-seen its enemy hurled prostrate, and been itself ridden to foun-cify him afresh?" Him, O D'Espremenil, without scruple;—con-dering (say rather, jugulated for hide and shoes), and lie dead sidering what poor stuff, of ivory and filigree, he is made of!

in the ditch.

To all which add only that poor Brienne has fallen sick; so Under such omens, however, we have reached the spring of hard was the tear and wear of his sinful youth, so violent, 1788. By no path can the King's Government find passage for incessant is this agitation of his foolish old age. Baited, bayed itself, but is everywhere shamefully flung back. Beleaguered at through so many throats, his Grace, growing consumptive, by Twelve rebellious Parlements, which are grown to be the inflammatory (with humeur de dartre), lies reduced to milk organs of an angry Nation, it can advance nowhither; can ac-diet; in exasperation, almost in desperation; with 'repose,' pre-complish nothing, obtain nothing, not so much as money to cisely the impossible recipe, prescribed as the indispensable.

subsist on; but must sit there, seemingly, to be eaten up of (Besenval, iii. 317.)

Deficit.

On the whole, what can a poor Government do, but once The measure of the Iniquity, then, of the Falsehood which more recoil ineffectual? The King's Treasury is running towards has been gathering through long centuries, is nearly full? At the lees; and Paris 'eddies with a flood of

pamphlets.’ At all least, that of the misery is! For the hovels of the Twenty-five 67

Millions, the misery, permeating upwards and forwards, as its Lomenie, but two things are clear: that such Parlementary duel law is, has got so far,—to the very Oeil-de-Boeuf of Versailles.

with Royalty is growing perilous, nay internecine; above all, Man’s hand, in this blind pain, is set against man: not only the that money must be had. Take thought, brave Lomenie; thou low against the higher, but the higher against each other; Pro-Garde-des-Sceaux Lamoignon, who hast ideas! So often de-vincial Noblesse is bitter against Court Noblesse; Robe against feated, balked cruelly when the golden fruit seemed within Sword; Rochet against Pen. But against the King’s Government clutch, rally for one other struggle. To tame the Parlement, to who is not bitter? Not even Besenval, in these days. To it all fill the King’s coffers: these are now life-and-death questions.

men and bodies of men are become as enemies; it is the centre Parlements have been tamed, more than once. Set to perch whereon infinite contentions unite and clash. What new uni-

‘on the peaks of rocks in accessible except by litters,’ a Parlement versal vertiginous movement is this; of Institution, social Ar-grows reasonable. O Maupeou, thou bold man, had we left thy rangements, individual Minds, which once worked cooperative; work where it was!—But apart from exile, or other violent now rolling and grinding in distracted collision? Inevitable: it methods, is there not one method, whereby all things are is the breaking-up of a World-Solecism, worn out at last, down tamed, even lions? The method of hunger! What if the even to bankruptcy of money! And so this poor Versailles Court, Parlement’s supplies were cut off; namely its Lawsuits!

as the chief or central Solecism, finds all the other Solecisms Minor Courts, for the trying of innumerable minor causes, arrayed against it. Most natural!

For your human Solecism, be might be instituted: these we could call Grand Bailliages.

it Person or Combination of Persons, is ever, by law of Nature, Whereon the Parlement, shortened of its prey, would look with uneasy; if verging towards bankruptcy, it is even miserable:—

yellow despair; but the Public, fond of cheap justice, with favour and when would the meanest Solecism consent to blame or and hope. Then for Finance, for registering of Edicts, why not, amend itself, while there remained another to amend?

from our own Oeil-de-Boeuf Dignitaries, our Princes, Dukes, These threatening signs do not terrify Lomenie, much less Marshals, make a thing we could call Plenary Court; and there, teach him. Lomenie, though of light nature, is not without so to speak, do our registering ourselves? St. Louis had his courage, of a sort. Nay, have we not read of lightest creatures, Plenary Court, of Great Barons; (Montgaillard, i. 405.) most trained Canary-birds, that could fly cheerfully with lighted useful to him: our Great Barons are still here (at least the Name matches, and fire cannon; fire whole powder-magazines? To sit of them is still here); our necessity is greater than his.

and die of deficit is no part of Lomenie's plan. The evil is con-Such is the Lomenie-Lamoignon device; welcome to the King's siderable; but can he not remove it, can he not attack it? At Council, as a light-beam in great darkness. The device seems lowest, he can attack the symptom of it: these rebellious feasible, it is eminently needful: be it once well executed, great Parlements he can attack, and perhaps remove. Much is dim to deliverance is wrought. Silent, then, and steady; now or 68

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never!—the World shall see one other Historical Scene; and so hundred louis d'or:' the Danae's Husband smuggles a ball of singular a man as Lomenie de Brienne still the Stage-manager clay to her; which she delivers to the golden Counsellor of there.

Parlement. Kneaded within it, their stick printed proof-Behold, accordingly, a Home-Secretary Breteuil ‘beautifying sheets;—by Heaven! the royal Edict of that same self-regis-Paris,’ in the peaceablest manner, in this hopeful spring weather tering Plenary Court; of those Grand Bailliages that shall cut of 1788; the old hovels and hutches disappearing from our short our Lawsuits! It is to be promulgated over all France on Bridges: as if for the State too there were halcyon weather, one and the same day.

and nothing to do but beautify. Parlement seems to sit ac-This, then, is what the Intendants were bid wait for at their knowledged victor. Brienne says nothing of Finance; or even posts: this is what the Court sat hatching, as its accursed cocka-says, and prints, that it is all well. How is this; such halcyon trice-egg; and would not stir, though provoked, till the brood quiet; though the Successive Loan did not fill? In a victorious were out! Hie with it, D’Espremenil, home to Paris; convoke Parlement, Counsellor Goeslard de Monsabert even denounces instantaneous Sessions; let the Parlement, and the Earth, and that ‘levying of the Second Twentieth on strict valuation;’ and the Heavens know it.

gets decree that the valuation shall not be strict,—not on the privileged classes. Nevertheless Brienne endures it, launches **Chapter 1.3.VIII.**

no Lettre-de-Cachet against it. How is this?

Smiling is such vernal weather; but treacherous, sudden! For **Lomenie’s Death-throes.**

one thing, we hear it whispered, ‘the Intendants of Provinces

‘have all got order to be at their posts on a certain day.’ Still On the morrow, which is the 3rd of May, 1788, an astonished more singular, what incessant Printing is this that goes on at Parlement sits convoked; listens speechless to the speech of the King’s Chateau, under lock and key? Sentries occupy all D’Espremenil, unfolding the infinite misdeed. Deed of treach-gates and windows; the Printers come not out; they sleep in ery; of unhallowed darkness, such as Despotism loves! De-their workrooms; their very food is

handed in to them! (We-nounce it, O Parlement of Paris; awaken France and the Uni-ber, i. 276.) A victorious Parlement smells new danger.

verse; roll what thunder-barrels of forensic eloquence thou hast: D'Espremenil has ordered horses to Versailles; prowls round that with thee too it is verily Now or never!

guarded Printing-Office; prying, snuffing, if so be the sagacity The Parlement is not wanting, at such juncture. In the hour and ingenuity of man may penetrate it.

of his extreme jeopardy, the lion first incites himself by roar-To a shower of gold most things are penetrable. D'Espremenil ing, by lashing his sides. So here the Parlement of Paris. On the descends on the lap of a Printer's Danae, in the shape of 'five motion of D'Espremenil, a most patriotic Oath, of the One-69

and-all sort, is sworn, with united throat;—an excellent new-its Counsellors, Presidents, even Peers, sits anew assembled.

idea, which, in these coming years, shall not remain unimitated.

The assembled Parlement declares that these its two martyrs Next comes indomitable Declaration, almost of the rights of cannot be given up, to any sublunary authority; moreover that man, at least of the rights of Parlement; Invocation to the the 'session is permanent,' admitting of no adjournment, till friends of French Freedom, in this and in subsequent time. All pursuit of them has been relinquished.

which, or the essence of all which, is brought to paper; in a And so, with forensic eloquence, denunciation and protest, tone wherein something of plaintiveness blends with, and tem-with couriers going and returning, the Parlement, in this state pers, heroic valour. And thus, having sounded the stormbell,—

of continual explosion that shall cease neither night nor day, which Paris hears, which all France will hear; and hurled such waits the issue. Awakened Paris once more inundates those defiance in the teeth of Lomenie and Despotism, the Parlement outer courts; boils, in floods wilder than ever, through all av-retires as from a tolerable first day's work.

enues. Dissonant hubbub there is; jargon as of Babel, in the But how Lomenie felt to see his cockatrice-egg (so essential hour when they were first smitten (as here) with mutual to the salvation of France) broken in this premature manner, unintelligibilty, and the people had not yet dispersed!

let readers fancy! Indignant he clutches at his thunderbolts Paris City goes through its diurnal epochs, of working and (de Cachet, of the Seal); and launches two of them: a bolt for slumbering; and now, for the second time, most European and D'Espremenil; a bolt for that busy Goeslard, whose service in African mortals are asleep. But here, in this Whirlpool of Words, the Second Twentieth and 'strict valuation' is not forgotten.

sleep falls not; the Night spreads her coverlid of Darkness over Such bolts clutched promptly overnight, and launched with it in vain. Within is the sound of mere martyr invincibility; the early new morning, shall strike agitated Paris if not into tempered with the due tone of plaintiveness. Without is the requiescence, yet into wholesome astonishment.

infinite expectant hum,—growing drowsier a little. So has it Ministerial thunderbolts may be launched; but if they do lasted for six-and-thirty hours.

not hit? D'Espremenil and Goeslard, warned, both of them, as But hark, through the dead of midnight, what tramp is this?

is thought, by the singing of some friendly bird, elude the Tramp as of armed men, foot and horse; Gardes Francaises, Lomenie Tipstaves; escape disguised through skywindows, over Gardes Suisses: marching hither; in silent regularity; in the flare roofs, to their own Palais de Justice: the thunderbolts have of torchlight! There are Sappers, too, with axes and crowbars: missed. Paris (for the buzz flies abroad) is struck into aston- apparently, if the doors open not, they will be forced!—It is ishment not

wholesome. The two martyrs of Liberty doff their Captain D'Agoust, missioned from Versailles. D'Agoust, a man disguises; don their long gowns; behold, in the space of an of known firmness;—who once forced Prince Conde himself, hour, by aid of ushers and swift runners, the Parlement, with by mere incessant looking at him, to give satisfaction and fight; 70

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(Weber, i. 283.) he now, with axes and torches is advancing on fixed bayonets. Your Courier gallops to Versailles, through the the very sanctuary of Justice. Sacrilegious; yet what help? The dewy Night; but also gallops back again, with tidings that the man is a soldier; looks merely at his orders; impassive, moves order is authentic, that it is irrevocable. The outer courts sim-forward like an inanimate engine.

mer with idle population; but D'Agoust's grenadier-ranks stand The doors open on summons, there need no axes; door after there as immovable floodgates: there will be no revolting to door. And now the innermost door opens; discloses the long-deliver you. "Messieurs!" thus spoke D'Espremenil, "when the gowned Senators of France: a hundred and sixty-seven by tale, victorious Gauls entered Rome, which they had carried by as-seventeen of them Peers; sitting there, majestic, 'in perma-sault, the Roman Senators, clothed in their purple, sat there, nent session.' Were not the men military, and of cast-iron, this in their curule chairs, with a proud and tranquil countenance, sight, this silence reechoing the clank of his own boots, might awaiting slavery or death. Such too is the lofty spectacle, which stagger him! For the hundred and sixty-seven receive him in you, in this hour, offer to the universe (a l'univers), after hav-perfect silence; which some liken to that of the Roman Senate ing generously"—with much more of the like, as can still be overfallen by Brennus; some to that of a nest of coiners sur-read. (Toulongeon, i. App. 20.)

prised by officers of the Police. (Besenval, iii. 355.) Messieurs, In vain, O D'Espremenil! Here is this cast-iron Captain said D'Agoust, De par le Roi! Express order has charged D'Agoust D'Agoust, with his cast-iron military

air, come back. Despo-with the sad duty of arresting two individuals: M. Duval tism, constraint, destruction sit waving in his plumes.

d'Espremenil and M. Goeslard de Monsabert. Which respect-D'Espremenil must fall silent; heroically give himself up, lest able individuals, as he has not the honour of knowing them, worst befall. Him Goeslard heroically imitates. With spoken are hereby invited, in the King's name, to surrender them-and speechless emotion, they fling themselves into the arms selves.—Profound silence! Buzz, which grows a murmur: "We of their Parlementary brethren, for a last embrace: and so amid are all D'Espremenils!" ventures a voice; which other voices plaudits and plaints, from a hundred and sixty-five throats; repeat. The President inquires, Whether he will employ vio-amid wavings, sobbings, a whole forest-sigh of Parlementary lence? Captain D'Agoust, honoured with his Majesty's commis-pathos,—they are led through winding passages, to the rear-sion, has to execute his Majesty's order; would so gladly do it gate; where, in the gray of the morning, two Coaches with without violence, will in any case do it; grants an august Sen-Exempts stand waiting. There must the victims mount; bayo-ate space to deliberate which method they prefer. And there-nets menacing behind. D'Espremenil's stern question to the upon D'Agoust, with grave military courtesy, has withdrawn populace, 'Whether they have courage?' is answered by silence.

for the moment.

They mount, and roll; and neither the rising of the May sun (it What boots it, august Senators? All avenues are closed with is the 6th morning), nor its setting shall lighten their heart: 71

but they fare forward continually; D'Espremenil towards the do nothing; all this, natural now, as the burying of the dead utmost Isles of Sainte Marguerite, or Hieres (supposed by some, after battle, shall not concern us. The Parlement of Paris has as if that is any comfort, to be Calypso's Island); Goeslard to-good as performed its part; doing and misdoing, so far, but

wards the land-fortress of Pierre-en-Cize, extant then, near hardly further, could it stir the world.

the City of Lyons.

Lomenie has removed the evil then? Not at all: not so much Captain D'Agoust may now therefore look forward to as the symptom of the evil; scarcely the twelfth part of the Majorship, to Commandantship of the Tuilleries; (Montgaillard, symptom, and exasperated the other eleven! The Intendants i. 404.)—and withal vanish from History; where nevertheless of Provinces, the Military Commandants are at their posts, on he has been fated to do a notable thing. For not only are the appointed 8th of May: but in no Parlement, if not in the D'Espremenil and Goeslard safe whirling southward, but the single one of Douai, can these new Edicts get registered. Not Parlement itself has straightway to march out: to that also his peaceable signing with ink; but browbeating, bloodshedding, inexorable order reaches. Gathering up their long skirts, they appeal to primary club-law! Against these Bailliages, against file out, the whole Hundred and Sixty-five of them, through this Plenary Court, exasperated Themis everywhere shows face two rows of unsympathetic grenadiers: a spectacle to gods of battle; the Provincial Noblesse are of her party, and who-and men. The people revolt not; they only wonder and grumble: ever hates Lomenie and the evil time; with her attorneys and also, we remark, these unsympathetic grenadiers are Gardes Tipstaves, she enlists and operates down even to the popu-Francaises,—who, one day, will sympathise! In a word, the lace. At Rennes in Brittany, where the historical Bertrand de Palais de Justice is swept clear, the doors of it are locked; and Moleville is Intendant, it has passed from fatal continual duel-D'Agoust returns to Versailles with the key in his pocket,—

ling, between the military and gentry, to street-fighting; to having, as was said, merited preferment.

stone-volleys and musket-shot: and still the Edicts remained As for this Parlement of Paris, now turned out to the street, unregistered. The afflicted Bretons send remonstrance to we will without reluctance leave it there. The

Beds of Justice it Lomenie, by a Deputation of Twelve; whom, however, Lomenie, had to undergo, in the coming fortnight, at Versailles, in reg- having heard them, shuts up in the Bastille. A second larger istering, or rather refusing to register, those new-hatched deputation he meets, by his scouts, on the road, and persuades Edicts; and how it assembled in taverns and tap-rooms there, or frightens back. But now a third largest Deputation is indig-for the purpose of Protesting, (Weber, i. 299-303.) or hovered nantly sent by many roads: refused audience on arriving, it disconsolate, with outspread skirts, not knowing where to meets to take council; invites Lafayette and all Patriot Bretons assemble; and was reduced to lodge Protest 'with a Notary;'

in Paris to assist; agitates itself; becomes the Breton Club, and in the end, to sit still (in a state of forced 'vacation'), and first germ of—the Jacobins' Society. (A. F. de Bertrand-72

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Moleville, Memoires Particuliers (Paris, 1816), I. ch. i.

heroi-tragi-comedie en trois actes et en prose; jouee le 14 Juillet Marmontel, Memoires, iv. 27.)

1788, par une societe d'amateurs dans un Chateau aux envi-So many as eight Parlements get exiled: (Montgaillard, i.

rons de Versailles; par M. l'Abbe de Vermond, Lecteur de la Reine: 308.) others might need that remedy, but it is one not always A Baville (Lamoignon's Country-house), et se trouve a Paris, easy of appliance. At Grenoble, for instance, where a Mounier, chez la Veuve Liberte, a l'enseigne de la Revolution, 1788.—La a Barnave have not been idle, the Parlement had due order (by Passion, la Mort et la Resurrection du Peuple: Imprime a Jerusa-Lettres-de-Cachet) to depart, and exile itself: but on the mor-lem, &c. &c.—See Montgaillard, i. 407.) this poor Plenary Court row, instead of coaches getting yoked, the alarm-bell bursts met once, and never any second time. Distracted country! Con-forth, ominous; and peals and booms all day: crowds of moun-tention hisses up, with forked hydra-

tongues, wheresoever poor taineers rush down, with axes, even with firelocks,—whom Lomenie sets his foot. ‘Let a Commandant, a Commissioner of (most ominous of all!) the soldiery shows no eagerness to the King,’ says Weber, ‘enter one of these Parlements to have deal with. ‘Axe over head,’ the poor General has to sign capitu-an Edict registered, the whole Tribunal will disappear, and leave lation; to engage that the Lettres-de-Cachet shall remain un-the Commandant alone with the Clerk and First President. The executed, and a beloved Parlement stay where it is. Besancon, Edict registered and the Commandant gone, the whole Tribu-Dijon, Rouen, Bourdeaux, are not what they should be! At Pau nal hastens back, to declare such registration null. The high-in Bearn, where the old Commandant had failed, the new one ways are covered with Grand Deputations of Parlements, pro-

(a Grammont, native to them) is met by a Procession of towns-ceeding to Versailles, to have their registers expunged by the men with the Cradle of Henri Quatre, the Palladium of their King’s hand; or returning home, to cover a new page with a Town; is conjured as he venerates this old Tortoise-shell, in new resolution still more audacious.’ (Weber, i. 275.) which the great Henri was rocked, not to trample on Bearnese Such is the France of this year 1788. Not now a Golden or liberty; is informed, withal, that his Majesty’s cannon are all Paper Age of Hope; with its horse-racings, balloon-flyings, and safe—in the keeping of his Majesty’s faithful Burghers of Pau, finer sensibilities of the heart: ah, gone is that; its golden and do now lie pointed on the walls there; ready for action!

effulgence paled, bedarkened in this singular manner,—brew-

(Besenval, iii. 348.)

ing towards preternatural weather! For, as in that wreck-storm At this rate, your Grand Bailliages are like to have a stormy of Paul et Virginie and Saint-Pierre,—’One huge motionless infancy. As for the Plenary Court, it has literally expired in the cloud’ (say, of Sorrow and Indignation) ‘girdles our whole ho-birth. The very Courtiers looked shy at it; old Marshal Broglie rizon; streams up, hairy, copper-edged, over a sky of the colour declined the

honour of sitting therein. Assaulted by a univer-of lead.' Motionless itself; but 'small clouds' (as exiled sal storm of mingled ridicule and execration, (La Cour Pleniere, Parlements and suchlike), 'parting from it, fly over the zenith, 73

with the velocity of birds:'—till at last, with one loud howl, *leon Bonaparte!* —With fifty years of effort, and one final dead-the whole Four Winds be dashed together, and all the world lift struggle, thou hast made an exchange! Thou hast got thy exclaim, There is the tornado! Tout le monde s'ecria, Voila robe of office,—as Hercules had his Nessus'-shirt.

l'ouragan!

On the 13th of July of this 1788, there fell, on the very edge For the rest, in such circumstances, the Successive Loan, very of harvest, the most frightful hailstorm; scattering into wild naturally, remains unfilled; neither, indeed, can that impost of waste the Fruits of the Year; which had otherwise suffered the Second Twentieth, at least not on 'strict valuation,' be grievously by drought. For sixty leagues round Paris espe-levied to good purpose: 'Lenders,' says Weber, in his hysterical cially, the ruin was almost total. (Marmontel, iv. 30.) To so vehement manner, 'are afraid of ruin; tax-gatherers of hang-many other evils, then, there is to be added, that of dearth, ing.' The very Clergy turn away their face: convoked in Extraor-perhaps of famine.

dinary Assembly, they afford no gratuitous gift (don Some days before this hailstorm, on the 5th of July; and gratuit),—if it be not that of advice; here too instead of cash still more decisively some days after it, on the 8th of August,—

is clamour for States-General. (Lameth, Assemb. Const. (Introd.) Lomenie announces that the States-General are actually to meet p. 87.)

in the following month of May. Till after which period, this of O Lomenie-Brienne, with thy poor flimsy mind all bewildered, the Plenary Court, and

the rest, shall remain postponed. Fur-and now ‘three actual cauteries’ on thy worn-out body; who ther, as in Lomenie there is no plan of forming or holding these art like to die of inflamation, provocation, milk-diet, dartres most desirable States-General, ‘thinkers are invited’ to furnish vives and maladie—(best untranslated); (Montgaillard, i. 424.) him with one,—through the medium of discussion by the public and presidest over a France with innumerable actual cauteries, press!

which also is dying of inflammation and the rest! Was it wise What could a poor Minister do? There are still ten months of to quit the bosky verdures of Brienne, and thy new ashlar respite reserved: a sinking pilot will fling out all things, his Chateau there, and what it held, for this? Soft were those shades very biscuit-bags, lead, log, compass and quadrant, before fling-and lawns; sweet the hymns of Poetasters, the blandishments ing out himself. It is on this principle, of sinking, and the of high-rouged Graces: (See Memoires de Morellet.) and al-incipient delirium of despair, that we explain likewise the always this and the other Philosophe Morellet (nothing deem-most miraculous ‘invitation to thinkers.’ Invitation to Chaos ing himself or thee a questionable Sham-Priest) could be so to be so kind as build, out of its tumultuous drift-wood, an happy in making happy:—and also (hadst thou known it), in Ark of Escape for him! In these cases, not invitation but com-the Military School hard by there sat, studying mathematics, mand has usually proved serviceable.—The Queen stood, that a dusky-complexioned taciturn Boy, under the name of: *Napo-evening, pensive, in a window, with her face turned towards 74*

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the Garden. The Chef de Gobelet had followed her with an ob-be impossible.—On the 16th of August, poor Weber heard, at sequious cup of coffee; and then retired till it were sipped. Her Paris and Versailles, hawkers, ‘with a hoarse stifled tone of Majesty beckoned Dame Campan to approach: “Grand Dieu!”

voice (voix etouffee, sourde)’ drawling and snuffling, through murmured she, with the cup in her hand, “what a piece of news the streets, an Edict

concerning Payments (such was the soft will be made public to-day! The King grants States-General."

title Rivarol had contrived for it): all payments at the Royal Then raising her eyes to Heaven (if Campan were not mistaken), Treasury shall be made henceforth, three-fifths in Cash, and she added: "'Tis a first beat of the drum, of ill-omen for France.

the remaining two-fifths—in Paper bearing interest! Poor This Noblesse will ruin us." (Campan, iii. 104, 111.) Weber almost swooned at the sound of these cracked voices, During all that hatching of the Plenary Court, while with their bodeful raven-note; and will never forget the effect Lamoignon looked so mysterious, Besenval had kept asking it had on him. (Weber, i. 339.)

him one question: Whether they had cash? To which as But the effect on Paris, on the world generally? From the Lamoignon always answered (on the faith of Lomenie) that dens of Stock-brokerage, from the heights of Political Economy, the cash was safe, judicious Besenval rejoined that then all of Neckerism and Philosophism; from all articulate and inar-was safe. Nevertheless, the melancholy fact is, that the royal ticulate throats, rise hootings and howlings, such as ear had coffers are almost getting literally void of coin. Indeed, apart not yet heard. Sedition itself may be imminent! Monseigneur from all other things this 'invitation to thinkers,' and the great d'Artois, moved by Duchess Polignac, feels called to wait upon change now at hand are enough to 'arrest the circulation of her Majesty; and explain frankly what crisis matters stand in.

capital,' and forward only that of pamphlets. A few thousand

'The Queen wept;' Brienne himself wept;—for it is now visible gold louis are now all of money or money's worth that remains and palpable that he must go.

in the King's Treasury. With another movement as of despera-Remains only that the Court, to whom his manners and gar-tion, Lomenie invites Necker to come and be Controller of Fi-rulities were always agreeable, shall make

his fall soft. The nances! Necker has other work in view than controlling Fi- grasping old man has already got his Archbishopship of nances for Lomenie: with a dry refusal he stands taciturn; await-Toulouse exchanged for the richer one of Sens: and now, in ing his time.

this hour of pity, he shall have the Coadjutorship for his nephew What shall a desperate Prime Minister do? He has grasped at (hardly yet of due age); a Dameship of the Palace for his niece; the strongbox of the King's Theatre: some Lottery had been a Regiment for her husband; for himself a red Cardinal's-hat, a set on foot for those sufferers by the hailstorm; in his extreme Coupe de Bois (cutting from the royal forests), and on the necessity, Lomenie lays hands even on this. (Besenval, iii. 360.) whole 'from five to six hundred thousand livres of revenue:'

To make provision for the passing day, on any terms, will soon (Weber, i. 341.) finally, his Brother, the Comte de Brienne, shall 75

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still continue Warminister. Buckled-round with such bolsters out on a tour through his District of Command; and indeed, and huge featherbeds of Promotion, let him now fall as soft as for the last months, peacefully drinking the waters of he can!

Contrexeville. Returning now, in the end of August, towards And so Lomenie departs: rich if Court-titles and Money-bonds Moulins, and 'knowing nothing,' he arrives one evening at can enrich him; but if these cannot, perhaps the poorest of all Langres; finds the whole Town in a state of uproar (grande extant men. 'Hissed at by the people of Versailles,' he drives rumeur). Doubtless some sedition; a thing too common in these forth to Jardi; southward to Brienne,—for recovery of health.

days! He alights nevertheless; inquires of a 'man tolerably Then to Nice, to Italy; but shall return; shall glide to and fro, dressed,' what the matter is? —"How?" answers the man, "you tremulous, faint-twinkling, fallen on awful times: till the Guil-have not heard the news? The Archbishop is thrown out, and lotine—snuff out his weak existence? Alas, worse: for it is

M. Necker is recalled; and all is going to go well!" (Besenval, blown out, or choked out, foully, pitiably, on the way to the iii. 366.)

Guillotine! In his Palace of Sens, rude Jacobin Bailiffs made Such rumeur and vociferous acclaim has risen round M. Necker, him drink with them from his own wine-cellars, feast with them ever from 'that day when he issued from the Queen's Apart-from his own larder; and on the morrow morning, the miser-ments,' a nominated Minister. It was on the 24th of August: able old man lies dead. This is the end of Prime Minister, Cardi-

'the galleries of the Chateau, the courts, the streets of Versailles; nal Archbishop Lomenie de Brienne. Flimsier mortal was selin few hours, the Capital; and, as the news flew, all France, dom fated to do as weighty a mischief; to have a life as despi-resounded with the cry of Vive le Roi! Vive M. Necker! (Weber, cable-envied, an exit as frightful. Fired, as the phrase is, with i. 342.) In Paris indeed it unfortunately got the length of ambition: blown, like a kindled rag, the sport of winds, not turbulence.' Petards, rockets go off, in the Place Dauphine, more this way, not that way, but of all ways, straight towards such than enough. A 'wicker Figure (Mannequin d'osier),' in a powder-mine,—which he kindled! Let us pity the hapless Archbishop's stole, made emblematically, three-fifths of it satin, Lomenie; and forgive him; and, as soon as possible, forget him.

two-fifths of it paper, is promenaded, not in silence, to the popular judgment-bar; is doomed; shriven by a mock Abbe de ***Chapter 1.3.IX.***

Vermond; then solemnly consumed by fire, at the foot of Henri's Statue on the Pont Neuf;—with such petarding and huzzaing ***Burial with Bonfire.***

that Chevalier Dubois and his City-watch see good finally to make a charge (more or less ineffectual); and there wanted Besenval, during these extraordinary operations, of Payment not burning of sentry-boxes, forcing of guardhouses, and also two-fifths in Paper, and change of Prime Minister, had been

'dead bodies thrown into the Seine overnight,' to avoid new 76

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effervescence. (Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution And now, as if the last burden had been rolled from its heart, Francaise; ou Journal des Assemblees Nationales depuis 1789

and assurance were at length perfect, Paris bursts forth anew (Paris, 1833 et seqq.), i. 253. Lameth, Assemblee Constituante, into extreme jubilee. The Basoche rejoices aloud, that the foe i. (Introd.) p. 89.)

of Parlements is fallen; Nobility, Gentry, Commonalty have reParlements therefore shall return from exile: Plenary Court, joiced; and rejoice. Nay now, with new emphasis, Rascality it-Payment two-fifths in Paper have vanished; gone off in smoke, self, starting suddenly from its dim depths, will arise and do at the foot of Henri's Statue. States-General (with a Political it,—for down even thither the new Political Evangel, in some Millennium) are now certain; nay, it shall be announced, in our rude version or other, has penetrated. It is Monday, the 14th fond haste, for January next: and all, as the Langres man said, of September 1788: Rascality assembles anew, in great force, is 'going to go.'

in the Place Dauphine; lets off petards, fires blunderbusses, to To the prophetic glance of Besenval, one other thing is too an incredible extent, without interval, for eighteen hours. There apparent: that Friend Lamoignon cannot keep his Keepership.

is again a wicker Figure, 'Mannequin of osier:' the centre of Neither he nor Warminister Comte de Brienne! Already old endless howlings. Also Necker's Portrait snatched, or purchased, Foulon, with an eye to be war-minister himself, is making un-from some Printshop, is borne processionally, aloft on a perch, derground movements. This is that same Foulon named ame with huzzas;—an example to be remembered.

damnee du Parlement; a man grown gray in treachery, in grip-But chiefly on the Pont Neuf, where the Great Henri, in ing, projecting, intriguing and iniquity: who once when it was bronze, rides sublime; there do the crowds gather. All passen-objected, to some finance-scheme of his, "What will the

people gers must stop, till they have bowed to the People's King, and do?"—made answer, in the fire of discussion, "The people may said audibly: Vive Henri Quatre; au diable Lamoignon! No car-eat grass:" hasty words, which fly abroad irrevocable,—and riage but must stop; not even that of his Highness d'Orleans.

will send back tidings!

Your coach-doors are opened: Monsieur will please to put forth Foulon, to the relief of the world, fails on this occasion; and his head and bow; or even, if refractory, to alight altogether, will always fail. Nevertheless it steads not M. de Lamoignon. It and kneel: from Madame a wave of her plumes, a smile of her steads not the doomed man that he have interviews with the fair face, there where she sits, shall suffice;—and surely a coin King; and be 'seen to return radieux,' emitting rays. Lamoignon or two (to buy fusees) were not unreasonable from the Upper is the hated of Parlements: Comte de Brienne is Brother to the Classes, friends of Liberty? In this manner it proceeds for days; Cardinal Archbishop. The 24th of August has been; and the in such rude horse-play,—not without kicks. The City-watch 14th September is not yet, when they two, as their great Prin-can do nothing; hardly save its own skin: for the last twelve-cipal had done, descend,—made to fall soft, like him.

month, as we have sometimes seen, it has been a kind of pas-77

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time to hunt the Watch. Besenval indeed is at hand with sol-out quaintness; hardly in anger: yet in its huge half-vacant diers; but they have orders to avoid firing, and are not prompt laugh lurks a shade of grimness,—which could unfold itself!

to stir.

However, the thinkers invited by Lomenie are now far on On Monday morning the explosion of petards began: and with their pamphlets: States-General, on one plan or another, now it is near midnight of Wednesday; and

the 'wicker Manne-will infallibly meet; if not in January, as was once hoped, yet quin' is to be buried,—apparently in the Antique fashion. Long at latest in May. Old Duke de Richelieu, moribund in these rows of torches, following it, move towards the Hotel autumn days, opens his eyes once more, murmuring, "What Lamoignon; but 'a servant of mine' (Besenval's) has run to would Louis Fourteenth" (whom he remembers) "have said!"—

give warning, and there are soldiers come. Gloomy Lamoignon then closes them again, forever, before the evil time.

is not to die by conflagration, or this night; not yet for a year, and then by gunshot (suicidal or accidental is unknown).

BOOK 1.IV.

(Histoire de la Revolution, par Deux Amis de la Liberte, i. 50.) Foiled Rascality burns its 'Mannikin of osier,' under his win-STATES-GENERAL

dows; 'tears up the sentry-box,' and rolls off: to try Brienne; to try Dubois Captain of the Watch. Now, however, all is bestir-Chapter 1.4.I.

ring itself; Gardes Francaises, Invalides, Horse-patrol: the Torch Procession is met with sharp shot, with the thrusting of bayo-The Notables Again.

nets, the slashing of sabres. Even Dubois makes a charge, with that Cavalry of his, and the cruelest charge of all: 'there are a The universal prayer, therefore, is to be fulfilled! Always in great many killed and wounded.' Not without clangour, com-days of national perplexity, when wrong abounded and help plaint; subsequent criminal trials, and official persons dying was not, this remedy of States-General was called for; by a of heartbreak! (Histoire de la Revolution, par Deux Amis de la Malesherbes, nay by a Fenelon; (Montgaillard, i. 461.) even Liberte, i. 58.) So, however, with steel-besom, Rascality is Parlements calling for it were 'escorted with blessings.' And brushed back into its dim depths, and the streets are swept now behold it is vouchsafed us; States-General shall verily be!

clear.

To say, let States-General be, was easy; to say in what man-Not for a century and half had Rascality ventured to step ner they shall be, is not so easy. Since the year of 1614, there forth in this fashion; not for so long, showed its huge rude have no States-General met in France, all trace of them has lineaments in the light of day. A Wonder and new Thing: as yet vanished from the living habits of men. Their structure, pow-gamboling merely, in awkward Brobdingnag sport, not withers, methods of procedure, which were never in any measure 78

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fixed, have now become wholly a vague possibility. Clay which its outer court, one vast sibilation, and the glory departed the potter may shape, this way or that:—say rather, the from it for evermore. (Weber, i. 347.) A popularity of twenty-twenty-five millions of potters; for so many have now, more or four hours was, in those times, no uncommon allowance.

less, a vote in it! How to shape the States-General? There is a On the other hand, how superfluous was that invitation of problem. Each Body-corporate, each privileged, each organised Lomenie's: the invitation to thinkers! Thinkers and unthinkers, Class has secret hopes of its own in that matter; and also se-by the million, are spontaneously at their post, doing what is cret misgivings of its own,—for, behold, this monstrous twenty-in them. Clubs labour: Societe Publicole; Breton Club; Enraged million Class, hitherto the dumb sheep which these others had Club, Club des Enrages. Likewise Dinner-parties in the Palais to agree about the manner of shearing, is now also arising Royal; your Mirabeaus, Talleyrands dining there, in company with hopes! It has ceased or is ceasing to be dumb; it speaks with Chamforts, Morellets, with Duponts and hot Parlementeers, through Pamphlets, or at least brays and growls behind them, not without object! For a certain Neckerean Lion's-provider, in unison,—increasing wonderfully their volume of sound.

whom one could name, assembles them there; (Ibid. i. 360.)—

As for the Parlement of Paris, it has at once declared for the or even their own private determination to have dinner does

'old form of 1614.' Which form had this advantage, that the it. And then as to Pamphlets—in figurative language; 'it is a Tiers Etat, Third Estate, or Commons, figured there as a show sheer snowing of pamphlets; like to snow up the Government mainly: whereby the Noblesse and Clergy had but to avoid thoroughfares!' Now is the time for Friends of Freedom; sane, quarrel between themselves, and decide unobstructed what and even insane.

they thought best. Such was the clearly declared opinion of Count, or self-styled Count, d'Aintrigues, 'the young the Paris Parlement. But, being met by a storm of mere hoot-Languedocian gentleman,' with perhaps Chamfort the Cynic to ing and howling from all men, such opinion was blown straight-help him, rises into furor almost Pythic; highest, where many way to the winds; and the popularity of the Parlement along are high. (Memoire sur les Etats-Generaux. See Montgaillard, i.

with it,—never to return. The Parlements part, we said above, 457-9.) Foolish young Languedocian gentleman; who himself was as good as played. Concerning which, however, there is so soon, 'emigrating among the foremost,' must fly indignant this further to be noted: the proximity of dates. It was on the over the marches, with the Contrat Social in his pocket, —to-22nd of September that the Parlement returned from 'vaca-wards outer darkness, thankless intriguings, ignis-fatuus tion' or 'exile in its estates;' to be reinstalled amid boundless hoverings, and death by the stiletto! Abbe Sieyes has left jubilee from all Paris. Precisely next day it was, that this same Chartres Cathedral, and canonry and book-shelves there; has Parlement came to its 'clearly declared opinion:' and then on let his tonsure grow, and come to Paris with a secular head, of the morrow after that, you behold it covered with outrages;'

the most irrefragable sort, to ask three questions, and answer 79

them: What is the Third Estate? All.—What has it hitherto faculties but have sufficed; and so a peaceable, gradual, well-been in our form of government? Nothing.—What does it want?

conducted Abdication and Domine-dimittas have been the is-To become Something.

sue!

D'Orleans,—for be sure he, on his way to Chaos, is in the This for our ideal, all-seeing Versailles Government. But for thick of this,—promulgates his Deliberations; (Deliberations the actual irrational Versailles Government? Alas, that is a Gov-a prendre pour les Assemblees des Bailliages.) fathered by him, ernment existing there only for its own behoof: without right, written by Laclos of the Liaisons Dangereuses. The result of except possession; and now also without might. It foresees which comes out simply: 'The Third Estate is the Nation.' On nothing, sees nothing; has not so much as a purpose, but has the other hand, Monseigneur d'Artois, with other Princes of only purposes,—and the instinct whereby all that exists will the Blood, publishes, in solemn Memorial to the King, that if struggle to keep existing. Wholly a vortex; in which vain coun-such things be listened to, Privilege, Nobility, Monarchy, Church, sels, hallucinations, falsehoods, intrigues, and imbecilities whirl; State and Strongbox are in danger. (Memoire presente au Roi, like withered rubbish in the meeting of winds! The Oeil-depar Monseigneur Comte d'Artois, M. le Prince de Conde, M. le Boeuf has its irrational hopes, if also its fears. Since hitherto Duc de Bourbon, M. le Duc d'Enghien, et M. le Prince de Conti.

all States-General have done as good as nothing, why should (Given in Hist. Parl. i. 256.)) In danger truly: and yet if you do these do more? The Commons, indeed, look dangerous; but on not listen, are they out of danger? It is the voice of all France, the whole is not revolt, unknown now for five generations, an this sound that rises. Immeasurable, manifold; as the sound of impossibility? The Three Estates can, by management, be set outbreaking waters: wise were he who knew what to do in against each

other; the Third will, as heretofore, join with the it,—if not to fly to the mountains, and hide himself?

King; will, out of mere spite and self-interest, be eager to tax How an ideal, all-seeing Versailles Government, sitting there and vex the other two. The other two are thus delivered bound on such principles, in such an environment, would have deter-into our hands, that we may fleece them likewise. Whereupon, mined to demean itself at this new juncture, may even yet be money being got, and the Three Estates all in quarrel, dismiss a question. Such a Government would have felt too well that them, and let the future go as it can! As good Archbishop its long task was now drawing to a close; that, under the guise Lomenie was wont to say: "There are so many accidents; and it of these States-General, at length inevitable, a new omnipo-needs but one to save us."—How many to destroy us?

tent Unknown of Democracy was coming into being; in pres-Poor Necker in the midst of such an anarchy does what is ence of which no Versailles Government either could or should, possible for him. He looks into it with obstinately hopeful except in a provisory character, continue extant. To enact which face; lauds the known rectitude of the kingly mind; listens provisory character, so unspeakably important, might its whole indulgent-like to the known perverseness of the queenly and 80

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courtly;—emits if any proclamation or regulation, one otic side. They stagger at the Double Representation, at the favouring the Tiers Etat; but settling nothing; hovering afar Vote by Head: there is not affirmative decision; there is mere off rather, and advising all things to settle themselves. The debating, and that not with the best aspects. For, indeed, were grand questions, for the present, have got reduced to two: the not these Notables themselves mostly of the Privileged Classes?

Double Representation, and the Vote by Head. Shall the Com-They clamoured once; now they have their misgivings; make mons have a 'double representation,' that is to say, have as their dolorous

representations. Let them vanish, ineffectual; many members as the Noblesse and Clergy united? Shall the and return no more! They vanish after a month's session, on States-General, when once assembled, vote and deliberate, in this 12th of December, year 1788: the last terrestrial Notables, one body, or in three separate bodies; 'vote by head, or vote not to reappear any other time, in the History of the World.

by class,'—ordre as they call it? These are the moot-points And so, the clamour still continuing, and the Pamphlets; now filling all France with jargon, logic and eleutheromania.

and nothing but patriotic Addresses, louder and louder, pout-To terminate which, Necker bethinks him, Might not a second ing in on us from all corners of France,—Necker himself some Convocation of the Notables be fittest? Such second Convoca-fortnight after, before the year is yet done, has to present his tion is resolved on.

Report, (Rapport fait au Roi dans son Conseil, le 27 Decembre On the 6th of November of this year 1788, these Notables 1788.) recommending at his own risk that same Double Rep-accordingly have reassembled; after an interval of some eigh-resentation; nay almost enjoining it, so loud is the jargon and teen months. They are Calonne's old Notables, the same Hun-eleutheromania. What dubitating, what circumambulating!

dred and Forty-four,—to show one's impartiality; likewise to These whole six noisy months (for it began with Brienne in save time. They sit there once again, in their Seven Bureaus, in July,) has not Report followed Report, and one Proclamation the hard winter weather: it is the hardest winter seen since flown in the teeth of the other? (5th July; 8th August; 23rd 1709; thermometer below zero of Fahrenheit, Seine River fro-September, &c. &c.)

zen over. (Marmontel, Memoires (London, 1805), iv. 33. Hist.

However, that first moot-point, as we see, is now settled. As Parl, &c.) Cold, scarcity and eleutheromaniac clamour: a changed for the second, that of voting by Head or by Order, it unfortu-world since these Notables were 'organed out,' in May gone a nately is still left hanging. It hangs there, we

may say, be-year! They shall see now whether, under their Seven Princes of tween the Privileged Orders and the Unprivileged; as a ready-the Blood, in their Seven Bureaus, they can settle the moot-made battle-prize, and necessity of war, from the very first: points.

which battle-prize whosoever seizes it—may thenceforth bear To the surprise of Patriotism, these Notables, once so patrias battle-flag, with the best omens!

otic, seem to incline the wrong way; towards the anti-patri-But so, at least, by Royal Edict of the 24th of January, 81

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(Reglement du Roi pour la Convocation des Etats-Generaux a expectancy, begins heaping and shaping itself into organic Versailles. (Reprinted, wrong dated, in Histoire Parlementaire, groups. Which organic groups, again, hold smaller organic i. 262.)) does it finally, to impatient expectant France, be-grouplets: the inarticulate buzzing becomes articulate speak-come not only indubitable that National Deputies are to meet, ing and acting. By Primary Assembly, and then by Secondary; but possible (so far and hardly farther has the royal Regula-by 'successive elections,' and infinite elaboration and scrutiny, tion gone) to begin electing them.

according to prescribed process—shall the genuine 'Plaints and Grievances' be at length got to paper; shall the fit National ***Chapter 1.4.II.***

Representative be at length laid hold of.

How the whole People shakes itself, as if it had one life; and, ***The Election.***

in thousand-voiced rumour, announces that it is awake, suddenly out of long death-sleep, and will thenceforth sleep no Up, then, and be doing! The royal signal-word flies through more! The long looked-for has come at last; wondrous news, of France, as through vast forests the rushing of a mighty wind.

Victory, Deliverance, Enfranchisement, sounds magical through At Parish Churches, in Townhalls, and every House of Convoca-every heart. To the proud strong man it has come; whose strong tion; by Bailliages, by Seneschalsies, in whatsoever form men hands shall no more be gyved; to whom boundless uncon-convene; there, with confusion enough, are Primary Assem-quered continents lie disclosed. The weary day-drudge has blies forming. To elect your Electors; such is the form prescribed: heard of it; the beggar with his crusts moistened in tears. What!

then to draw up your 'Writ of Plaints and Grievances (Cahier de To us also has hope reached; down even to us? Hunger and plaintes et doleances),' of which latter there is no lack.

hardship are not to be eternal? The bread we extorted from With such virtue works this Royal January Edict; as it rolls the rugged glebe, and, with the toil of our sinews, reaped and rapidly, in its leathern mails, along these frostbound high-ground, and kneaded into loaves, was not wholly for another, ways, towards all the four winds. Like some fiat, or magic spell-then; but we also shall eat of it, and be filled? Glorious news word;—which such things do resemble! For always, as it sounds (answer the prudent elders), but all-too unlikely!—Thus, at out 'at the market-cross,' accompanied with trumpet-blast; any rate, may the lower people, who pay no money-taxes and presided by Bailli, Seneschal, or other minor Functionary, with have no right to vote, (Reglement du Roi (in Histoire beefeaters; or, in country churches is droned forth after ser-Parlementaire, as above, i. 267-307.) assiduously crowd round mon, 'au prone des messes paroissales;' and is registered, posted those that do; and most Halls of Assembly, within doors and and let fly over all the world,—you behold how this multitu-without, seem animated enough.

dinous French People, so long simmering and buzzing in eager Paris, alone of Towns, is to have Representatives; the num-82

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ber of them twenty. Paris is divided into Sixty Districts; each Gens de la Ville de Nantes, du 28 Janvier 1789, avant leur of which (assembled in some church, or the like) is choosing depart pour Rennes. Arrete des Jeunes Gens de la Ville d'Angers, two Electors. Official deputations pass from District to Dis-du 4 Fevrier 1789. Arrete des Meres, Soeurs, Epouses et Amantes trict, for all is inexperience as yet, and there is endless condes Jeunes Citoyens d'Angers, du 6 Fevrier 1789. (Reprinted in sulting. The streets swarm strangely with busy crowds, pacific Histoire Parlementaire, i. 290-3.)) nor suchlike, detain us here.

yet restless and loquacious; at intervals, is seen the gleam of It is the same sad history everywhere; with superficial varia-military muskets; especially about the Palais, where Parlement, tions. A reinstated Parlement (as at Besancon), which stands once more on duty, sits querulous, almost tremulous.

astonished at this Behemoth of a States-General it had itself Busy is the French world! In those great days, what poorest evoked, starts forward, with more or less audacity, to fix a speculative craftsman but will leave his workshop; if not to thorn in its nose; and, alas, is instantaneously struck down, vote, yet to assist in voting? On all highways is a rustling and and hurled quite out,—for the new popular force can use not bustling. Over the wide surface of France, ever and anon, only arguments but brickbats! Or else, and perhaps combined through the spring months, as the Sower casts his corn abroad with this, it is an order of Noblesse (as in Brittany), which will upon the furrows, sounds of congregating and dispersing; of beforehand tie up the Third Estate, that it harm not the old crowds in deliberation, acclamation, voting by ballot and by privileges. In which act of tying up, never so skilfully set about, voice,—rise discrepant towards the ear of Heaven. To which there is likewise no possibility of prospering; but the Behe-political phenomena add this economical one, that Trade is moth-Briareus snaps your cords like green rushes. Tie up? Alas, stagnant, and also Bread getting dear; for before the rigorous Messieurs! And then, as for your chivalry rapiers, valour and winter there was, as we said, a rigorous summer, with drought, wager-of-battle, think one moment, how can that answer? The and on the 13th of July with destructive hail. What a fearful

plebeian heart too has red life in it, which changes not to day! all cried while that tempest fell. Alas, the next anniver-paleness at glance even of you; and 'the six hundred Breton sary of it will be a worse. (Bailly, Memoires, i. 336.) Under such gentlemen assembled in arms, for seventy-two hours, in the aspects is France electing National Representatives.

Cordeliers' Cloister, at Rennes,'—have to come out again, wiser The incidents and specialties of these Elections belong not than they entered. For the Nantes Youth, the Angers Youth, to Universal, but to Local or Parish History: for which reason all Brittany was astir; 'mothers, sisters and sweethearts' shriek-let not the new troubles of Grenoble or Besancon; the blood-ing after them, March! The Breton Noblesse must even let the shed on the streets of Rennes, and consequent march thither mad world have its way. (Hist. Parl. i. 287. Deux Amis de la of the Breton 'Young Men' with Manifesto by their 'Mothers, Liberte, i. 105-128.)

Sisters and Sweethearts;' (Protestation et Arrete des Jeunes In other Provinces, the Noblesse, with equal goodwill, finds 83

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it better to stick to Protests, to well-redacted 'Cahiers of griev-Clothier never wielded the ell-wand, and rent webs for men, or ances,' and satirical writings and speeches. Such is partially fractional parts of men. The Fils Adoptif is indignant at such their course in Provence; whither indeed Gabriel Honore Riquetti disparaging fable, (Memoires de Mirabeau, v. 307.)—which Comte de Mirabeau has rushed down from Paris, to speak a nevertheless was widely believed in those days. (Marat, Ami-word in season. In Provence, the Privileged, backed by their du-Peuple Newspaper (in Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 103), &c.) Aix Parlement, discover that such novelties, enjoined though But indeed, if Achilles, in the heroic ages, killed mutton, why they be by Royal Edict, tend to National detriment; and what should not Mirabeau, in the unheroic ones, measure broad-is still more indisputable, 'to impair the dignity of the No-cloth?

blesse.' Whereupon Mirabeau protesting aloud, this same No-More authentic are his triumph-progresses through that dis-blesse, amid huge tumult within doors and without, flatly turbed district, with mob jubilee, flaming torches, 'windows determines to expel him from their Assembly. No other method, hired for two louis,' and voluntary guard of a hundred men. He not even that of successive duels, would answer with him, the is Deputy Elect, both of Aix and of Marseilles; but will prefer obstreperous fierce-glaring man. Expelled he accordingly is.

Aix. He has opened his far-sounding voice, the depths of his

'In all countries, in all times,' exclaims he departing, 'the Aris-far-sounding soul; he can quell (such virtue is in a spoken tocrats have implacably pursued every friend of the People; word) the pride-tumults of the rich, the hunger-tumults of and with tenfold implacability, if such a one were himself born the poor; and wild multitudes move under him, as under the of the Aristocracy. It was thus that the last of the Gracchi moon do billows of the sea: he has become a world compeller, perished, by the hands of the Patricians. But he, being struck and ruler over men.

with the mortal stab, flung dust towards heaven, and called One other incident and specialty we note; with how differ-on the Avenging Deities; and from this dust there was born ent an interest! It is of the Parlement of Paris; which starts Marius,—Marius not so illustrious for exterminating the Cimbri, forward, like the others (only with less audacity, seeing bet-as for overturning in Rome the tyranny of the Nobles.' (Fils ter how it lay), to nose-ring that Behemoth of a States-Gen-Adoptif, v. 256.) Casting up which new curious handful of dust eral. Worthy Doctor Guillotin, respectable practitioner in Paris, (through the Printing-press), to breed what it can and may, has drawn up his little 'Plan of a Cahier of doleances;'—as had Mirabeau stalks forth into the Third Estate.

he not, having the wish and gift, the clearest liberty to do? He That he now, to ingratiate himself with this Third Estate, is getting the people to sign it; whereupon the surly Parlement

‘opened a cloth-shop in Marseilles,’ and for moments became a summons him to give an account of himself. He goes; but with furnishing tailor, or even the fable that he did so, is to us all Paris at his heels; which floods the outer courts, and copi-always among the pleasant memorabilities of this era. Stranger ously signs the Cahier even there, while the Doctor is giving 84

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account of himself within! The Parlement cannot too soon dis-But remark at least, for the first time, the singular empire of miss Guillotin, with compliments; to be borne home shoulder-Suspicion, in those lands, in those days. If poor famishing men high. (Deux Amis de la Liberte, i. 141.) This respectable Guillotin shall, prior to death, gather in groups and crowds, as the poor we hope to behold once more, and perhaps only once; the fieldfares and plovers do in bitter weather, were it but that Parlement not even once, but let it be engulphed unseen by they may chirp mournfully together, and misery look in the us.

eyes of misery; if famishing men (what famishing fieldfares Meanwhile such things, cheering as they are, tend little to cannot do) should discover, once congregated, that they need cheer the national creditor, or indeed the creditor of any kind.

not die while food is in the land, since they are many, and with In the midst of universal portentous doubt, what certainty empty wallets have right hands: in all this, what need were can seem so certain as money in the purse, and the wisdom of there of Preternatural Machinery? To most people none; but keeping it there? Trading Speculation, Commerce of all kinds, not to French people, in a time of Revolution. These Brigands has as far as possible come to a dead pause; and the hand of (as Turgot’s also were, fourteen years ago) have all been set the industrious lies idle in his bosom. Frightful enough, when on; enlisted, though without tuck of drum,—by Aristocrats, now the rigour of seasons has also done its part, and to scar-by Democrats, by D’Orleans, D’Artois, and enemies of the pub-city of work is added scarcity of food! In the opening spring, lic weal. Nay Historians, to

this day, will prove it by one argu-there come rumours of forestalment, there come King's Edicts, ment: these Brigands pretending to have no victual, neverthe-Petitions of bakers against millers; and at length, in the month less contrive to drink, nay, have been seen drunk. (Lacretelle, of April— troops of ragged Lackalls, and fierce cries of starva-18me Siecle, ii. 155.) An unexampled fact! But on the whole, tion! These are the thrice-famed Brigands: an actual existing may we not predict that a people, with such a width of Credu-quotity of persons: who, long reflected and reverberated lity and of Incredulity (the proper union of which makes Sus-through so many millions of heads, as in concave multiplying picion, and indeed unreason generally), will see Shapes enough mirrors, become a whole Brigand World; and, like a kind of of Immortals fighting in its battle-ranks, and never want for Supernatural Machinery wondrously move the Epos of the Revo-Epical Machinery?

lution. The Brigands are here: the Brigands are there; the Brig-Be this as it may, the Brigands are clearly got to Paris, in ands are coming! Not otherwise sounded the clang of Phoebus considerable multitudes: (Besenval, iii. 385, &c.) with sallow Apollos's silver bow, scattering pestilence and pale terror; for faces, lank hair (the true enthusiast complexion), with sooty this clang too was of the imagination; preternatural; and it rags; and also with large clubs, which they smite angrily against too walked in formless immeasurability, having made itself like the pavement! These mingle in the Election tumult; would fain to the Night (Greek.)!

sign Guillotin's Cahier, or any Cahier or Petition whatsoever, 85

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could they but write. Their enthusiast complexion, the smit-zines of velvet paper' has aught befallen? Alas, yes! Alas, it is ing of their sticks bodes little good to any one; least of all to no Montgolfier rising there to-day; but Drudgery, Rascality rich master-manufacturers of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, with and the Suburb that is rising! Was the Sieur Reveillon, himself whose workmen they consort.

once a journeyman, heard to say that 'a journeyman might live handsomely on fifteen sous a-day?' Some sevenpence ***Chapter 1.4.III.***

halfpenny: 'tis a slender sum! Or was he only thought, and believed, to be heard saying it? By this long chafing and fric-Grown Electric.

tion it would appear the National temper has got electric.

Down in those dark dens, in those dark heads and hungry But now also National Deputies from all ends of France are in hearts, who knows in what strange figure the new Political Paris, with their commissions, what they call pouvoirs, or pow-Evangel may have shaped itself; what miraculous 'Communion ers, in their pockets; inquiring, consulting; looking out for of Drudges' may be getting formed! Enough: grim individuals, lodgings at Versailles. The States-General shall open there, if soon waxing to grim multitudes, and other multitudes crowd-not on the First, then surely on the Fourth of May, in grand ing to see, beset that Paper-Warehouse; demonstrate, in loud procession and gala. The Salle des Menus is all new-carpen-ungrammatical language (addressed to the passions too), the tered, bedizened for them; their very costume has been fixed; insufficiency of sevenpence halfpenny a-day. The City-watch a grand controversy which there was, as to 'slouch-hats or cannot dissipate them; broils arise and bellowings; Reveillon, slouched-hats,' for the Commons Deputies, has got as good as at his wits' end, entreats the Populace, entreats the authori-adjusted. Ever new strangers arrive; loungers, miscellaneous ties. Besenval, now in active command, Commandant of Paris, persons, officers on furlough,—as the worthy Captain does, towards evening, to Reveillon's earnest prayer, send some Dampmartin, whom we hope to be acquainted with: these also, thirty Gardes Francaises. These clear the street, happilyfiring; from all regions, have repaired hither, to see what is toward.

and take post there for the night in hope that it may be all Our Paris Committees, of the Sixty Districts, are busier than over. (Besenval, iii. 385-8.)

ever; it is now too clear, the Paris Elections will be late.

Not so: on the morrow it is far worse. Saint-Antoine has On Monday, the 27th of April, Astronomer Bailly notices that arisen anew, grimmer than ever;—reinforced by the unknown the Sieur Reveillon is not at his post. The Sieur Reveillon, 'ex-Tatterdemalion Figures, with their enthusiast complexion and tensive Paper Manufacturer of the Rue St. Antoine;' he, com-large sticks. The City, through all streets, is flowing thitherward monly so punctual, is absent from the Electoral Committee;—

to see: 'two cartloads of paving-stones, that happened to pass and even will never reappear there. In those 'immense Maga-that way' have been seized as a visible godsend. Another de-86

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tachment of Gardes Francaises must be sent; Besenval and the clear. With which spirited resolution, as might have been hoped, Colonel taking earnest counsel. Then still another; they hardly, the business is got ended. At sight of the lit matches, of the with bayonets and menace of bullets, penetrate to the spot.

foreign red-coated Switzers, Saint-Antoine dissipates; hastily, What a sight! A street choked up, with lumber, tumult and the in the shades of dusk. There is an encumbered street; there are endless press of men. A Paper-Warehouse eviscerated by axe

'from four to five hundred' dead men. Unfortunate Reveillon and fire: mad din of Revolt; musket-volleys responded to by has found shelter in the Bastille; does therefrom, safe behind yells, by miscellaneous missiles; by tiles raining from roof and stone bulwarks, issue, plaint, protestation, explanation, for window,—tiles, execrations and slain men!

the next month. Bold Besenval has thanks from all the re-The Gardes Francaises like it not, but have to persevere. All spectable Parisian classes; but finds no special notice taken of day it continues, slackening and rallying; the sun is sinking, him at Versailles,—a thing the man of true worth is used to.

and Saint-Antoine has not yielded. The City flies hither and (Besenval, iii. 389.)

thither: alas, the sound of that musket-volleying booms into But how it originated, this fierce electric sputter and explo-the far dining-rooms of the Chaussee d'Antin; alters the tone sion? From D'Orleans! cries the Court-party: he, with his gold, of the dinner-gossip there. Captain Dampmartin leaves his wine; enlisted these Brigands,—surely in some surprising manner, goes out with a friend or two, to see the fighting. Unwashed without sound of drum: he raked them in hither, from all cor-men growl on him, with murmurs of "A bas les Aristocrates ners; to ferment and take fire; evil is his good. From the Court!

(Down with the Aristocrats);" and insult the cross of St. Louis?

cries enlightened Patriotism: it is the cursed gold and wiles of They elbow him, and hustle him; but do not pick his pocket;—

Aristocrats that enlisted them; set them upon ruining an in-as indeed at Reveillon's too there was not the slightest steal-nocent Sieur Reveillon; to frighten the faint, and disgust men ing. (Evenemens qui se sont passes sous mes yeux pendant la with the career of Freedom.

Revolution Francaise, par A. H. Dampmartin (Berlin, 1799), i.

Besenval, with reluctance, concludes that it came from 'the 25-27.)

English, our natural enemies.' Or, alas, might not one rather At fall of night, as the thing will not end, Besenval takes his attribute it to Diana in the shape of Hunger? To some twin resolution: orders out the Gardes Suisses with two pieces of Dioscuri, oppression and revenge; so often seen in the battles artillery. The Swiss Guards shall proceed thither; summon that of men? Poor Lackalls, all betoiled, besoiled, encrusted into rabble to depart, in the King's name. If disobeyed, they shall dim defacement; into whom nevertheless the breath of the load their artillery with grapeshot, visibly to the general eye; Almighty has breathed a living soul! To them it is

clear only shall again summon; if again disobeyed, fire,—and keep firing that eleutheromaniac Philosophism has yet baked no bread;

'till the last man' be in this manner blasted off, and the street that Patrioti Committeemen will level down to their own level, 87

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and no lower. Brigands, or whatever they might be, it was bit-ushering Noblesse or Clergy into the anointed Presence, he ter earnest with them. They bury their dead with the title of liberally opens both his folding-doors; and on the other hand, Defenseurs de la Patrie, Martyrs of the good Cause.

for members of the Third Estate opens only one! However, there Or shall we say: Insurrection has now served its Apprentice-is room to enter; Majesty has smiles for all.

ship; and this was its proof-stroke, and no inconclusive one?

The good Louis welcomes his Honourable Members, with Its next will be a master-stroke; announcing indisputable Mas-smiles of hope. He has prepared for them the Hall of Menus, tership to a whole astonished world. Let that rock-fortress, the largest near him; and often surveyed the workmen as they Tyranny's stronghold, which they name Bastille, or Building, went on. A spacious Hall: with raised platform for Throne, Court as if there were no other building,—look to its guns!

and Blood-royal; space for six hundred Commons Deputies in But, in such wise, with primary and secondary Assemblies, front; for half as many Clergy on this hand, and half as many and Cahiers of Grievances; with motions, congregations of all Noblesse on that. It has lofty galleries; wherefrom dames of kinds; with much thunder of froth-eloquence, and at last with honour, splendent in gaze d'or; foreign Diplomacies, and other thunder of platoon-musquetry,—does agitated France accom-gilt-edged white-frilled individuals to the number of two thou-plish its Elections. With confused winnowing and sifting, in sand,—may sit and look. Broad passages flow through it; and, this rather tumultuous manner, it has now

(all except some outside the inner wall, all round it. There are committee-rooms, remnants of Paris) sifted out the true wheat-grains of National guard-rooms, robing-rooms: really a noble Hall; where uphol-Deputies, Twelve Hundred and Fourteen in number; and will stery, aided by the subject fine-arts, has done its best; and forthwith open its States-General.

crimson tasseled cloths, and emblematic fleurs-de-lys are not wanting.

Chapter 1.4.IV.

The Hall is ready: the very costume, as we said, has been settled; and the Commons are not to wear that hated slouch-The Procession.

hat (chapeau clabaud), but one not quite so slouched (chapeau rabattu). As for their manner of working, when all dressed: On the first Saturday of May, it is gala at Versailles; and Mon-for their 'voting by head or by order' and the rest,—this, which day, fourth of the month, is to be a still greater day. The Depu-it were perhaps still time to settle, and in few hours will be no ties have mostly got thither, and sought out lodgings; and are longer time, remains unsettled; hangs dubious in the breast of now successively, in long well-ushered files, kissing the hand Twelve Hundred men.

of Majesty in the Chateau. Supreme Usher de Breze does not But now finally the Sun, on Monday the 4th of May, has give the highest satisfaction: we cannot but observe that in risen;—unconcerned, as if it were no special day. And yet, as 88

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his first rays could strike music from the Memnon's Statue on work! Battles and bloodshed, September Massacres, Bridges of the Nile, what tones were these, so thrilling, tremulous of prepa-Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, Tenpound Fran-ration and foreboding, which he awoke in every bosom at chises, Tarbarrels and Guillotines;—and from this present date, Versailles! Huge Paris, in all conceivable and inconceivable ve-if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight!

hicles, is pouring itself forth; from each Town and Village come Two centuries; hardly less; before Democracy go through its due, subsidiary rills; Versailles is a very sea of men. But above all, most baleful, stages of Quackocracy; and a pestilential World be from the Church of St. Louis to the Church of Notre-Dame: one burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again.

vast suspended-billow of Life,—with spray scattered even to Rejoice nevertheless, ye Versailles multitudes; to you, from the chimney-pots! For on chimney-tops too, as over the roofs, whom all this is hid, and glorious end of it is visible. This day, and up thitherwards on every lamp-iron, sign-post, breakneck sentence of death is pronounced on Shams; judgment of re-coign of vantage, sits patriotic Courage; and every window suscitation, were it but far off, is pronounced on Realities.

bursts with patriotic Beauty: for the Deputies are gathering This day it is declared aloud, as with a Doom-trumpet, that a at St. Louis Church; to march in procession to Notre-Dame, and Lie is unbelievable. Believe that, stand by that, if more there hear sermon.

be not; and let what thing or things soever will follow it fol-Yes, friends, ye may sit and look: boldly or in thought, all low. 'Ye can no other; God be your help!' So spake a greater France, and all Europe, may sit and look; for it is a day like few than any of you; opening his Chapter of World-History.

others. Oh, one might weep like Xerxes:—So many serried rows Behold, however! The doors of St. Louis Church flung wide; sit perched there; like winged creatures, alighted out of Heaven: and the Procession of Processions advancing towards Notre-all these, and so many more that follow them, shall have wholly Dame! Shouts rend the air; one shout, at which Grecian birds fled aloft again, vanishing into the blue Deep; and the memory might drop dead. It is indeed a stately, solemn sight. The Elected of this day still be fresh. It is the baptism-day of Democracy; of France, and then the Court of France; they are marshalled sick Time has given it birth, the numbered months being run.

and march there, all in prescribed place and costume. Our Com-The extreme-unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated Sys-mons 'in plain black mantle and white cravat;' Noblesse, in tem of Society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much; gold-worked, bright-dyed cloaks of velvet, resplendent, rus-produced you, and what ye have and know!)—and with thefts tling with laces, waving with plumes; the Clergy in rochet, alb, and brawls, named glorious-victories; and with profligacies, or other best pontificalibus: lastly comes the King himself, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility,—is and King's Household, also in their brightest blaze of pomp,—

now to die: and so, with death-throes and birth-throes, a new their brightest and final one. Some Fourteen Hundred Men one is to be born. What a work, O Earth and Heavens, what a blown together from all winds, on the deepest errand.

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Yes, in that silent marching mass there lies Futurity enough.

father is Minister, and one of the gala personages; to his own No symbolic Ark, like the old Hebrews, do these men bear: yet eyes the chief one. Young spiritual Amazon, thy rest is not with them too is a Covenant; they too preside at a new Era in there; nor thy loved Father's: 'as Malebranche saw all things in the History of Men. The whole Future is there, and Destiny God, so M. Necker sees all things in Necker,'—a theorem that dim-brooding over it; in the hearts and unshaped thoughts of will not hold.

these men, it lies illegible, inevitable. Singular to think: they But where is the brownlocked, light-behaved, fire-hearted have it in them; yet not they, not mortal, only the Eye above Demoiselle Theroigne? Brown eloquent Beauty; who, with thy can read it,—as it shall unfold itself, in fire and thunder, of winged words and glances, shalt thrill rough bosoms, whole siege, and field-artillery; in the rustling of battle-banners, the steel battalions, and persuade an Austrian Kaiser,—pike and tramp of hosts, in

the glow of burning cities, the shriek of helm lie provided for thee in due season; and, alas, also strait-strangled nations! Such things lie hidden, safe-wrapt in this waistcoat and long lodging in the Salpetriere! Better hadst Fourth day of May;—say rather, had lain in some other un-thou staid in native Luxemburg, and been the mother of some known day, of which this latter is the public fruit and out-brave man's children: but it was not thy task, it was not thy come. As indeed what wonders lie in every Day,—had we the lot.

sight, as happily we have not, to decipher it: for is not every Of the rougher sex how, without tongue, or hundred tongues, meanest Day 'the conflux of two Eternities!'

of iron, enumerate the notabilities! Has not Marquis Valadi Meanwhile, suppose we too, good Reader, should, as now hastily quitted his quaker broadbrim; his Pythagorean Greek without miracle Muse Clio enables us—take our station also in Wapping, and the city of Glasgow? (Founders of the French on some coign of vantage; and glance momentarily over this Republic (London, 1798), para Valadi.) De Morande from his Procession, and this Life-sea; with far other eyes than the rest Courrier de l'Europe; Linguet from his Annales, they looked do, namely with prophetic? We can mount, and stand there, eager through the London fog, and became Ex-Editors,—that without fear of falling.

they might feed the guillotine, and have their due. Does Louvet As for the Life-sea, or onlooking unnumbered Multitude, it (of Faublas) stand a-tiptoe? And Brissot, hight De Warville, is unfortunately all-too dim. Yet as we gaze fixedly, do not friend of the Blacks? He, with Marquis Condorcet, and Claviere nameless Figures not a few, which shall not always be name-the Genevese 'have created the Moniteur Newspaper,' or are less, disclose themselves; visible or presumable there! Young about creating it. Able Editors must give account of such a Baroness de Stael—she evidently looks from a window; among day.

older honourable women. (Madame de Stael, Considerations Or seest thou with any distinctness, low down probably, not sur la Revolution Francaise

(London, 1818), i. 114-191.) Her in places of honour, a Stanislas Maillard, riding-tipstaff (huissier 90

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a cheval) of the Chatelet; one of the shiftiest of men? A Cap-poor Camille, say of thee what they may, it were but falsehood tain Hulin of Geneva, Captain Elie of the Queen's Regiment; to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly-both with an air of half-pay? Jourdan, with tile-coloured whis-sparkling man! But the brawny, not yet furibund Figure, we kers, not yet with tile-beard; an unjust dealer in mules? He say, is Jacques Danton; a name that shall be 'tolerably known shall be, in a few months, Jourdan the Headsman, and have in the Revolution.' He is President of the electoral Cordeliers other work.

District at Paris, or about to be it; and shall open his lungs of Surely also, in some place not of honour, stands or sprawls brass.

up querulous, that he too, though short, may see,—one We dwell no longer on the mixed shouting Multitude: for squalidest bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-drugs: now, behold, the Commons Deputies are at hand!

Jean Paul Marat of Neuchatel! O Marat, Renovator of Human Which of these Six Hundred individuals, in plain white cra-Science, Lecturer on Optics; O thou remarkablest Horseleech, vat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess once in D'Artois' Stables,—as thy bleared soul looks forth, would become their king? For a king or leader they, as all bod-through thy bleared, dull-acrid, wo-stricken face, what sees it ies of men, must have: be their work what it may, there is one in all this? Any faintest light of hope; like dayspring after man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all Nova-Zembla night? Or is it but blue sulphur-light, and specto do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there tres; woe, suspicion, revenge without end?

among the rest. He with the thick black locks, will it be? With Of Draper Lecointre, how he shut his cloth-shop hard by, and the hure, as himself calls

it, or black boar's-head, fit to be stepped forth, one need hardly speak. Nor of Santerre, the

'shaken' as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-sonorous Brewer from the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two other brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look Figures, and only two, we signalise there. The huge, brawny, natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy,—and Figure; through whose black brows, and rude flattened face burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through (figure ecrasee), there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not murkiest confusions? It is Gabriel Honore Riquetti de Mirabeau, yet furibund,—he is an esurient, unprovided Advocate; Danton the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix! According to by name: him mark. Then that other, his slight-built comrade the Baroness de Stael, he steps proudly along, though looked and craft-brother; he with the long curling locks; with the face at askance here, and shakes his black chevelure, or lion's-mane; of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if prophetic of great deeds.

as if a naphtha-lamp burnt within it: that Figure is Camille Yes, Reader, that is the Type-Frenchman of this epoch; as Desmoulins. A fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay humour; Voltaire was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acqui-one of the sprightliest clearest souls in all these millions. Thou sitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than

any other man;—and intrinsically such a mass of manhood likewise see the light: roughest lion's-whelp ever littered of too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different that rough breed. How the old lion (for our old Marquis too without that one; nay, he might say with the old Despot: "The was lionlike, most unconquerable, kingly-genial, most perNational Assembly? I am that."

verse) gazed wonderingly on his offspring; and determined to Of a southern climate, of wild southern blood: for the train him as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, O Marquis! This Riquettis, or Arighettis, had to fly from Florence and the Guelfs, cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw long centuries ago, and settled in Provence; where from gen-in dogcart of Political Economy, and be a Friend of Men; he will eration to generation they have ever approved themselves a not be Thou, must and will be Himself, another than Thou.

peculiar kindred: irascible, indomitable, sharp-cutting, true, Divorce lawsuits, 'whole family save one in prison, and three-like the steel they wore; of an intensity and activity that some-score Lettres-de-Cachet' for thy own sole use, do but astonish times verged towards madness, yet did not reach it. One anthe world.

cient Riquetti, in mad fulfilment of a mad vow, chains two Our Luckless Gabriel, sinned against and sinning, has been Mountains together; and the chain, with its 'iron star of five in the Isle of Rhe, and heard the Atlantic from his tower; in the rays,' is still to be seen. May not a modern Riquetti unchain so Castle of If, and heard the Mediterranean at Marseilles. He has much, and set it drifting,—which also shall be seen?

been in the Fortress of Joux; and forty-two months, with hardly Destiny has work for that swart burly-headed Mirabeau; Des-clothing to his back, in the Dungeon of Vincennes;—all by tiny has watched over him, prepared him from afar. Did not his Lettre-de-Cachet, from his lion father. He has been in Pontarlier Grandfather, stout Col. d'Argent (Silver-Stock, so they named Jails (self-constituted prisoner); was noticed fording estuar-him), shattered and slashed by seven-and-twenty wounds in ies of the sea (at low water), in flight from the face of men. He one fell day lie sunk together on the Bridge at Casano; while has pleaded before Aix Parlements (to get back his wife); the Prince Eugene's cavalry galloped and regalloped over him,—

public gathering on roofs, to see since they could not hear: only the flying sergeant had thrown a camp-kettle over that

"the clatter-teeth (claque-dents)!" snarles singular old loved head; and Vendome, dropping his spyglass, moaned out, Mirabeau; discerning in such admired forensic eloquence noth-

'Mirabeau is dead, then!' Nevertheless he was not dead: he ing but two clattering jaw-bones, and a head vacant, sono-awoke to breathe, and miraculous surgery;—for Gabriel was rous, of the drum species.

yet to be. With his silver stock he kept his scarred head erect, But as for Gabriel Honore, in these strange wayfarings, what through long years; and wedded; and produced tough Mar-has he not seen and tried! From drill-sergeants, to prime-min-quis Victor, the Friend of Men. Whereby at last in the appointed isters, to foreign and domestic booksellers, all manner of men year 1749, this long-expected rough-hewn Gabriel Honore did he has seen. All manner of men he has gained; for at bottom it 92

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is a social, loving heart, that wild unconquerable one:—more the life of other men; can make men love him, work with him: especially all manner of women. From the Archer's Daughter at a born king of men!

Saintes to that fair young Sophie Madame Monnier, whom he But consider further how, as the old Marquis still snarls, he could not but 'steal,' and be beheaded for—in effigy! For inhas "made away with (hume, swallowed) all Formulas;"—a fact deed hardly since the Arabian Prophet lay dead to Ali's admi-which, if we meditate it, will in these days mean much. This is ration, was there seen such a Love-hero, with the strength of no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and thirty men. In War, again, he has helped to conquer Corsica; insights. A man nevertheless who will glare fiercely on any fought duels, irregular brawls; horsewhipped calumnious bar-object; and see through it, and conquer it: for he has intellect, ons. In Literature, he has written on Despotism, on Lettres-he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with logic-de-Cachet; Erotics Sapphic-Werterean, Obscenities, Profanities; spectacles; but with an eye! Unhappily without Decalogue, Books on the Prussian Monarchy, on Cagliostro, on

Calonne, moral Code or Theorem of any fixed sort; yet not without a on the Water Companies of Paris:—each book comparable, we strong living Soul in him, and Sincerity there: a Reality, not an will say, to a bituminous alarum-fire; huge, smoky, sudden!

Artificiality, not a Sham! And so he, having struggled 'forty The firepan, the kindling, the bitumen were his own; but the years against despotism,' and 'made away with all formulas,'

lumber, of rags, old wood and nameless combustible rubbish shall now become the spokesman of a Nation bent to do the (for all is fuel to him), was gathered from huckster, and ass-same. For is it not precisely the struggle of France also to cast panniers, of every description under heaven. Whereby, indeed, off despotism; to make away with her old formulas,—having hucksters enough have been heard to exclaim: Out upon it, found them naught, worn out, far from the reality? She will the fire is mine!

make away with such formulas;—and even go bare, if need be, Nay, consider it more generally, seldom had man such a tal-till she have found new ones.

ent for borrowing. The idea, the faculty of another man he can Towards such work, in such manner, marches he, this singu-make his; the man himself he can make his. "All reflex and lar Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-echo (tout de reflet et de reverbere)!" snarls old Mirabeau, locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, sociality, his aggregative nature; and will now be the quality but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got air; it of all for him. In that forty-years 'struggle against despotism,'

will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke-atmosphere he has gained the glorious faculty of self-help, and yet not too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of lost the glorious natural gift of fellowship, of being helped.

that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapour enough, then Rare union! This man can live self-sufficing—yet lives also in victory over that;—and like a burning mountain he blazes 93

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heaven-high; and, for twenty-three resplendent months, pours he faithfully does justice to the people: till behold, one day, a out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the culprit comes whose crime merits hanging; and the strict-Pharos and Wonder-sign of an amazed Europe;—and then lies minded Max must abdicate, for his conscience will not permit hollow, cold forever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honore, the dooming of any son of Adam to die. A strict-minded, strait-the greatest of them all: in the whole National Deputies, in laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, the whole Nation, there is none like and none second to thee.

transparent wholesome-looking as small ale, could by no chance But now if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hun-ferment into virulent alegar, —the mother of ever new alegar; dred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, till all France were grown acetous virulent? We shall see.

ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes Between which two extremes of grandest and meanest, so (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, many grand and mean roll on, towards their several destinies, snuffing dimly the uncertain future-time; complexion of a in that Procession! There is Cazales, the learned young soldier; multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be who shall become the eloquent orator of Royalism, and earn the pale seagreen. (See De Stael, Considerations (ii. 142); the shadow of a name. Experienced Mounier, experienced Barbaroux, Memoires, &c.) That greenish-coloured (verdatre) Malouet; whose Presidential Parlementary experience the individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is Maximilien stream of things shall soon leave stranded. A Petion has left Robespierre. The son of an Advocate; his father founded ma-his gown and briefs at Chartres for a stormier sort of pleading;

son-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pre-has not forgotten his violin, being fond of music. His hair is tender. Maximilien the firstborn was thriftily educated; he grizzled, though he is still young: convictions, beliefs, placid-had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of unalterable are in that man; not hindmost of them, belief in Louis le Grand, at Paris. But he begged our famed Necklace-himself. A Protestant-clerical Rabaut-St.-Etienne, a slender Cardinal, Rohan, the patron, to let him depart thence, and re-young eloquent and vehement Barnave, will help to regener-sign in favour of a younger brother. The strict-minded Max ate France. There are so many of them young. Till thirty the departed; home to paternal Arras; and even had a Law-case Spartans did not suffer a man to marry: but how many men there and pleaded, not unsuccessfully, 'in favour of the first here under thirty; coming to produce not one sufficient citi-Franklin thunder-rod.' With a strict painful mind, an under-zen, but a nation and a world of such! The old to heal up rents; standing small but clear and ready, he grew in favour with the young to remove rubbish:—which latter, is it not, indeed, official persons, who could foresee in him an excellent man of the task here?

business, happily quite free from genius. The Bishop, there-Dim, formless from this distance, yet authentically there, fore, taking counsel, appoints him Judge of his diocese; and thou noticest the Deputies from Nantes? To us mere clothes-94

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screens, with slouch-hat and cloak, but bearing in their pocket the product of Guillotin's endeavours, gained not without a Cahier of doleances with this singular clause, and more such meditation and reading; which product popular gratitude or in it: 'That the master wigmakers of Nantes be not troubled levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his with new gild-brethren, the actually existing number of ninety-daughter: La Guillotine! "With my machine, Messieurs, I whisk two being more than sufficient!' (Histoire Parlementaire, i. 335.) off your head (vous fais sauter la tete) in a twinkling, and you The Rennes people have elected Farmer Gerard, 'a man of natu-have no pain;"—whereat they all laugh. (Moniteur

Newspa-ral sense and rectitude, without any learning.' He walks there, per, of December 1st, 1789 (in Histoire Parlementaire).) Un-with solid step; unique, 'in his rustic farmer-clothes;' which he fortunate Doctor! For two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, will wear always; careless of short-cloaks and costumes. The shall near nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; name Gerard, or 'Pere Gerard, Father Gerard,' as they please to then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a call him, will fly far; borne about in endless banter; in Royalist disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe; his satires, in Republican didactic Almanacks. (Actes des Apotres name like to outlive Caesar's.

(by Peltier and others); Almanach du Pere Gerard (by Collot See Bailly, likewise of Paris, time-honoured Historian of As-d'Herbois) &c. &c.) As for the man Gerard, being asked once, tronomy Ancient and Modern. Poor Bailly, how thy serenely what he did, after trial of it, candidly think of this Parlementary beautiful Philosophising, with its soft moonshiny clearness work,—"I think," answered he, "that there are a good many and thinness, ends in foul thick confusion—of Presidency, scoundrels among us." so walks Father Gerard; solid in his thick Mayorship, diplomatic Officiality, rabid Triviality, and the throat shoes, whithersoever bound.

of everlasting Darkness! Far was it to descend from the heav-And worthy Doctor Guillotin, whom we hoped to behold one enly Galaxy to the Drapeau Rouge: beside that fatal dung-other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see heap, on that last hell-day, thou must 'tremble,' though only him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Depu-with cold, 'de froid.' Speculation is not practice: to be weak is ties are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practi-not so miserable; but to be weaker than our task. Wo the day tioner: doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal when they mounted thee, a peaceable pedestrian, on that wild glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, Hippogriff of a Democracy; which, spurning the firm earth, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation nay lashing at the very stars, no yet known Astolpho could of the Hall; in all cases of medical police and hygiene be a have ridden!

present aid: but, greater far, he can produce his 'Report on the In the Commons Deputies there are Merchants, Artists, Men Penal Code;' and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading of Letters; three hundred and seventy-four Lawyers; (Bouille, Machine, which shall become famous and world-famous. This is Memoires sur la Revolution Francaise (London, 1797), i. 68.) 95

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and at least one Clergyman: the Abbe Sieyes. Him also Paris they can only answer: Collecting tithes, Preserving game!—

sends, among its twenty. Behold him, the light thin man; cold, Remark, meanwhile, how D'Orleans affects to step before his but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of Logic; passionless, own Order, and mingle with the Commons. For him are vivats: or with but one passion, that of self-conceit. If indeed that few for the rest, though all wave in plumed 'hats of a feudal can be called a passion, which, in its independent concentrated cut,' and have sword on thigh; though among them is greatness, seems to have soared into transcendentalism; and D'Antraigues, the young Languedocian gentleman,—and in-to sit there with a kind of godlike indifference, and look down deed many a Peer more or less noteworthy.

on passion! He is the man, and wisdom shall die with him. This There are Liancourt, and La Rochefoucault; the liberal is the Sieyes who shall be System-builder, Constitution-builder Anglomaniac Dukes. There is a filially pious Lally; a couple of General; and build Constitutions (as many as wanted) liberal Lameths. Above all, there is a Lafayette; whose name skyhigh,—which shall all unfortunately fall before he get the shall be Cromwell-Grandison, and fill the world. Many a 'for-scaffolding away. "La Politique," said he to Dumont, "Polity is mula' has this Lafayette too made away with; yet not all fora science I think I have completed (achevee)." (Dumont, Sou-mulas. He sticks by the Washington-formula; and by that he venirs sur Mirabeau, p. 64.) What things, O Sieyes, with thy will stick;—and hang by it, as by sure bower-anchor hangs clear assiduous eyes, art thou to see! But were it not curious and swings the tight warship, which, after all

changes of wild-to know how Sieyes, now in these days (for he is said to be est weather and water, is found still hanging. Happy for him; still alive) (A.D. 1834.) looks out on all that Constitution be it glorious or not! Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of masonry, through the rheumy soberness of extreme age? Might the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become we hope, still with the old irrefragable transcendentalism? The a hero and perfect character, were it but the hero of one idea.

victorious cause pleased the gods, the vanquished one pleased Note further our old Parlementary friend, Crispin-Catiline Sieyes (victa Catoni).

d'Espremenil. He is returned from the Mediterranean Islands, a Thus, however, amid skyrending vivats, and blessings from ev-redhot royalist, repentant to the finger-ends;—unsettled-look-ery heart, has the Procession of the Commons Deputies rolled by.

ing; whose light, dusky-glowing at best, now flickers foul in Next follow the Noblesse, and next the Clergy; concerning the socket; whom the National Assembly will by and by, to both of whom it might be asked, What they specially have save time, 'regard as in a state of distraction.' Note lastly that come for? Specially, little as they dream of it, to answer this globular Younger Mirabeau; indignant that his elder Brother is question, put in a voice of thunder: What are you doing in among the Commons: it is Viscomte Mirabeau; named oftener God's fair Earth and Task-garden; where whosoever is not work-Mirabeau Tonneau (Barrel Mirabeau), on account of his rotun-ing is begging or stealing? Wo, wo to themselves and to all, if dity, and the quantities of strong liquor he contains.

96

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There then walks our French Noblesse. All in the old pomp of Skilfulest vamper-up of old rotten leather, to make it look like chivalry: and yet, alas, how changed from the old position; new; always a rising man; he used to tell Mercier, "You will see; drifted far down from their native latitude, like Arctic icebergs I shall be in the Academy before you." (Mercier, Nouveau

Paris.) got into the Equatorial sea, and fast thawing there! Once these Likely indeed, thou skilfullest Maury; nay thou shalt have a Chivalry Duces (Dukes, as they are still named) did actually Cardinal's Hat, and plush and glory; but alas, also, in the lead the world,—were it only towards battle-spoil, where lay longrun—mere oblivion, like the rest of us; and six feet of the world's best wages then: moreover, being the ablest Lead-earth! What boots it, vamping rotten leather on these terms?

ers going, they had their lion's share, those Duces; which none Glorious in comparison is the livelihood thy good old Father could grudge them. But now, when so many Looms, improved earns, by making shoes,—one may hope, in a sufficient man-Ploughshares, Steam-Engines and Bills of Exchange have been ner. Maury does not want for audacity. He shall wear pistols, invented; and, for battle-brawling itself, men hire DrillSer-by and by; and at death-cries of "The Lamp-iron;" answer coolly, geants at eighteen-pence a-day,—what mean these

"Friends, will you see better there?"

goldmantled Chivalry Figures, walking there 'in black-velvet But yonder, halting lamely along, thou noticest next Bishop cloaks,' in high-plumed 'hats of a feudal cut'? Reeds shaken in Talleyrand-Perigord, his Reverence of Autun. A sardonic grim-the wind!

ness lies in that irreverent Reverence of Autun. He will do and The Clergy have got up; with Cahiers for abolishing plurali-suffer strange things; and will become surely one of the strang-ties, enforcing residence of bishops, better payment of tithes.

est things ever seen, or like to be seen. A man living in false-

(Hist. Parl. i. 322-27.) The Dignitaries, we can observe, walk hood, and on falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man: stately, apart from the numerous Undignified,—who indeed there is the specialty! It will be an enigma for future ages, one are properly little other than Commons disguised in Curate-may hope: hitherto such a product of Nature and Art was pos-frocks. Here, however, though by strange ways, shall the Presible

only for this age of ours,—Age of Paper, and of the Burn-cept be fulfilled, and they that are greatest (much to their ing of Paper. Consider Bishop Talleyrand and Marquis Lafayette astonishment) become least. For one example, out of many, as the topmost of their two kinds; and say once more, looking mark that plausible Gregoire: one day Cure Gregoire shall be a at what they did and what they were, O Tempus ferax rerum!

Bishop, when the now stately are wandering distracted, as On the whole, however, has not this unfortunate Clergy also Bishops in partibus. With other thought, mark also the Abbe drifted in the Time-stream, far from its native latitude? An Maury: his broad bold face; mouth accurately primmed; full anomalous mass of men; of whom the whole world has already eyes, that ray out intelligence, falsehood,—the sort of soph-a dim understanding that it can understand nothing. They istry which is astonished you should find it sophistical.

were once a Priesthood, interpreters of Wisdom, revealers of 97

The French Revolution

the Holy that is in Man: a true Clerus (or Inheritance of God on errand. So thousandfold complex a Society, ready to burst-up Earth): but now?—They pass silently, with such Cahiers as they from its infinite depths; and these men, its rulers and healers, have been able to redact; and none cries, God bless them.

without life-rule for themselves,—other life-rule than a Gos-King Louis with his Court brings up the rear: he cheerful, in pel according to Jean Jacques! To the wisest of them, what we this day of hope, is saluted with plaudits; still more Necker his must call the wisest, man is properly an Accident under the Minister. Not so the Queen; on whom hope shines not steadily sky. Man is without Duty round him; except it be 'to make the any more. Ill-fated Queen! Her hair is already gray with many Constitution.' He is without Heaven above him, or Hell be-cares and crosses; her firstborn son is dying in these weeks: neath him; he has no God in the world.

black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name; ineffaceably What further or better belief can be said to exist in these while this generation lasts. Instead of Vive la Reine, voices Twelve Hundred? Belief in high-plumed hats of a feudal cut; in insult her with Vive d'Orleans. Of her queenly beauty little heraldic scutcheons; in the divine right of Kings, in the divine remains except its stateliness; not now gracious, but haughty, right of Game-destroyers. Belief, or what is still worse, canting rigid, silently enduring. With a most mixed feeling, wherein half-belief; or worst of all, mere Macchiavellic pretence-of-be-joy has no part, she resigns herself to a day she hoped never lief,—in consecrated dough-wafers, and the godhood of a poor to have seen. Poor Marie Antoinette; with thy quick noble old Italian Man! Nevertheless in that immeasurable Confusion instincts; vehement glancings, vision all-too fitful narrow for and Corruption, which struggles there so blindly to become the work thou hast to do! O there are tears in store for thee; less confused and corrupt, there is, as we said, this one salient bitterest wailings, soft womanly meltings, though thou hast point of a New Life discernible: the deep fixed Determination the heart of an imperial Theresa's Daughter. Thou doomed one, to have done with Shams. A determination, which, consciously shut thy eyes on the future!—

or unconsciously, is fixed; which waxes ever more fixed, into And so, in stately Procession, have passed the Elected of very madness and fixed-idea; which in such embodiment as France. Some towards honour and quick fire-consummation; lies provided there, shall now unfold itself rapidly: monstrous, most towards dishonour; not a few towards massacre, confu-stupendous, unspeakable; new for long thousands of years!—

sion, emigration, desperation: all towards Eternity!—So many How has the Heaven's light, oftentimes in this Earth, to clothe heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat; there, itself in thunder and electric murkiness; and descend as mol-with incalculable action, counteraction, elective affinities, exten lightning, blasting, if purifying! Nay is it not rather the plosive developments, to work out healing for a sick moribund very murkiness, and atmospheric suffocation, that brings the System of Society! Probably the strangest Body of Men, if we lightning and the light? The new

Evangel, as the old had been, consider well, that ever met together on our Planet on such an was it to be born in the Destruction of a World?

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But how the Deputies assisted at High Mass, and heard ser-BOOK 1.V.

mon, and applauded the preacher, church as it was, when he preached politics; how, next day, with sustained pomp, they ***THE THIRD ESTATE***

are, for the first time, installed in their Salles des Menus (Hall no longer of Amusements), and become a States-General,—

Chapter 1.5.I.

readers can fancy for themselves. The King from his estrade, gorgeous as Solomon in all his glory, runs his eye over that ***Inertia.***

majestic Hall; many-plumed, many-glancing; bright-tinted as rainbow, in the galleries and near side spaces, where Beauty Exasperated France, in this same National Assembly of hers, sits raining bright influence. Satisfaction, as of one that after has got something, nay something great, momentous, indis-long voyaging had got to port, plays over his broad simple pensable, cannot be doubted; yet still the question were: Spe-face: the innocent King! He rises and speaks, with sonorous cially what? A question hard to solve, even for calm onlookers tone, a conceivable speech. With which, still more with the at this distance; wholly insoluble to actors in the middle of it.

succeeding one-hour and two-hour speeches of Gardedes-The States-General, created and conflated by the passionate Sceaux and M. Necker, full of nothing but patriotism, hope, effort of the whole nation, is there as a thing high and lifted faith, and deficiency of the revenue,—no reader of these pages up. Hope, jubilating, cries aloud that it will prove a miraculous shall be tried.

Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness; whereon whosoever looks, We remark only that, as his Majesty, on finishing the speech, with faith and obedience, shall be healed of all woes and ser-put on his plumed hat, and the Noblesse according to custom pent-bites.

imitated him, our Tiers-Etat Deputies did mostly, not without We may answer, it will at least prove a symbolic Banner; round a shade of fierceness, in like manner clap-on, and even crush which the exasperating complaining Twenty-Five Millions, oth-on their slouched hats; and stand there awaiting the issue.

erwise isolated and without power, may rally, and work—what (Histoire Parlementaire (i. 356). Mercier, Nouveau Paris, &c.) it is in them to work. If battle must be the work, as one can-Thick buzz among them, between majority and minority of not help expecting, then shall it be a battle-banner (say, an Couvrezvous, Decrouvrez-vous (Hats off, Hats on)! To which Italian Gonfalon, in its old Republican Carroccio); and shall his Majesty puts end, by taking off his own royal hat again.

tower up, carborne, shining in the wind: and with iron tongue The session terminates without further accident or omen peal forth many a signal. A thing of prime necessity; which than this; with which, significantly enough, France has opened whether in the van or in the centre, whether leading or led and her States-General.

driven, must do the fighting multitude incalculable services.

For a season, while it floats in the very front, nay as it were Deputy must be inspected by his brother Deputies, and found stands solitary there, waiting whether force will gather round valid: it is the preliminary of all. Neither is this question, of it, this same National Carroccio, and the signal-peals it rings, doing it separately or doing it conjointly, a vital one: but if it are a main object with us.

lead to such? It must be resisted; wise was that maxim, Resist The omen of the 'slouch-hats clapt on' shows the Commons the beginnings! Nay were resistance unadvisable, even dan-Deputies to have made up their minds on one thing: that nei-gerous, yet surely pause is very natural: pause, with Twenty-ther Noblesse nor Clergy shall have precedence of them; hardly five Millions behind you, may become resistance enough.—

even Majesty itself. To such length has the Contrat Social, and The inorganic mass of Commons Deputies will restrict itself to force of public opinion, carried us. For what is Majesty but the a 'system of inertia,' and for the present remain inorganic.

Delegate of the Nation; delegated, and bargained with (even Such method, recommendable alike to sagacity and to ti-rather tightly),—in some very singular posture of affairs, which midity, do the Commons Deputies adopt; and, not without Jean Jacques has not fixed the date of?

adroitness, and with ever more tenacity, they persist in it, day Coming therefore into their Hall, on the morrow, an inor-after day, week after week. For six weeks their history is of ganic mass of Six Hundred individuals, these Commons Depu-the kind named barren; which indeed, as Philosophy knows, is ties perceive, without terror, that they have it all to them-often the fruitfulest of all. These were their still creation-days; selves. Their Hall is also the Grand or general Hall for all the wherein they sat incubating! In fact, what they did was to do Three Orders. But the Noblesse and Clergy, it would seem, have nothing, in a judicious manner. Daily the inorganic body reas-retired to their two separate Apartments, or Halls; and are sembles; regrets that they cannot get organisation, 'verifica-there 'verifying their powers,' not in a conjoint but in a sepa-tion of powers in common, and begin regenerating France.

rate capacity. They are to constitute two separate, perhaps Headlong motions may be made, but let such be repressed; separately-voting Orders, then? It is as if both Noblesse and inertia alone is at once unpunishable and unconquerable.

Clergy had silently taken for granted that they already were Cunning must be met by cunning; proud pretension by iner-such! Two Orders against one; and so the Third Order to be left tia, by a low tone of patriotic sorrow; low, but incurable, unal-in a perpetual minority?

terable. Wise as serpents; harmless as doves: what a spectacle Much may remain unfixed; but the negative of that is a thing for France! Six Hundred inorganic individuals, essential for its fixed: in the Slouch-hatted heads, in the French Nation's head.

regeneration and salvation, sit there, on their elliptic benches, Double representation, and all else hitherto gained, were oth-longing passionately towards life; in painful durance; like souls erwise futile, null. Doubtless, the 'powers must be verified;'—

waiting to be born. Speeches are spoken; eloquent; audible doubtless, the Commission, the electoral Documents of your within doors and without. Mind agitates itself against mind; 100

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the Nation looks on with ever deeper interest. Thus do the method!

Commons Deputies sit incubating.

The Clergy, among whom are such a multitude of Undigni-There are private conclaves, supper-parties, consultations; fied, of mere Commons in Curates' frocks, depute instant re-Breton Club, Club of Viroflay; germs of many Clubs. Wholly an spectful answer that they are, and will now more than ever be, element of confused noise, dimness, angry heat;—wherein, in deepest study as to that very matter. Contrariwise the No-however, the Eros-egg, kept at the fit temperature, may hover blesse, in cavalier attitude, reply, after four days, that they, safe, unbroken till it be hatched. In your Mouniers, Malouets, for their part, are all verified and constituted; which, they had Lechapeliers in science sufficient for that; fervour in your trusted, the Commons also were; such separate verification Barnaves, Rabauts. At times shall come an inspiration from being clearly the proper constitutional

wisdom-of-ancestors royal Mirabeau: he is nowise yet recognised as royal; nay he method;—as they the Noblesse will have much pleasure in was 'groaned at,' when his name was first mentioned: but he is demonstrating by a Commission of their number, if the Com-struggling towards recognition.

mons will meet them, Commission against Commission! Directly In the course of the week, the Commons having called their in the rear of which comes a deputation of Clergy, reiterating, Eldest to the chair, and furnished him with young stronger-in their insidious conciliatory way, the same proposal. Here, lunged assistants,—can speak articulately; and, in audible la-then, is a complexity: what will wise Commons say to this?

mentable words, declare, as we said, that they are an inorganic Warily, inertly, the wise Commons, considering that they are, body, longing to become organic. Letters arrive; but an inor-if not a French Third Estate, at least an Aggregate of individu-ganic body cannot open letters; they lie on the table unopened.

als pretending to some title of that kind, determine, after talk-The Eldest may at most procure for himself some kind of List ing on it five days, to name such a Commission,—though, as it or Muster-roll, to take the votes by, and wait what will betide.

were, with proviso not to be convinced: a sixth day is taken Noblesse and Clergy are all elsewhere: however, an eager pub-up in naming it; a seventh and an eighth day in getting the lic crowds all galleries and vacancies; which is some comfort.

forms of meeting, place, hour and the like, settled: so that it is With effort, it is determined, not that a Deputation shall be not till the evening of the 23rd of May that Noblesse Commissent,—for how can an inorganic body send deputations?—

sion first meets Commons Commission, Clergy acting as Con-but that certain individual Commons Members shall, in an ac-ciliators; and begins the impossible task of convincing it. One cidental way, stroll into the Clergy

Chamber, and then into the other meeting, on the 25th, will suffice: the Commons are Noblesse one; and mention there, as a thing they have hap- inconvincible, the Noblesse and Clergy irrefragably convinc-pened to observe, that the Commons seem to be sitting waiting; the Commissions retire; each Order persisting in its first ing for them, in order to verify their powers. That is the wiser pretensions. (Reported Debates, 6th May to 1st June, 1789

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The French Revolution

(in Histoire Parlementaire, i. 379-422.) For, alas, neither are the Clergy, or the very Noblesse what Thus have three weeks passed. For three weeks, the Third-they should be; and might be, when so menaced from with-Estate Carroccio, with farseen Gonfalon, has stood stockstill, out: entire, undivided within. The Noblesse, indeed, have their flouting the wind; waiting what force would gather round it.

Catiline or Crispin D'Espremenil, dusky-glowing, all in renegade Fancy can conceive the feeling of the Court; and how coun-heat; their boisterous Barrel-Mirabeau; but also they have their sel met counsel, the loud-sounding inanity whirled in that Lafayettes, Liancourts, Lameths; above all, their D'Orleans, now distracted vortex, where wisdom could not dwell. Your cun-cut forever from his Court-moorings, and musing drowsily of ningly devised Taxing-Machine has been got together; set up high and highest sea-prizes (for is not he too a son of Henri with incredible labour; and stands there, its three pieces in Quatre, and partial potential Heir-Apparent?)—on his voyage contact; its two fly-wheels of Noblesse and Clergy, its huge towards Chaos. From the Clergy again, so numerous are the working-wheel of Tiers-Etat. The two fly-wheels whirl in the Cures, actual deserters have run over: two small parties; in the softest manner; but, prodigious to look upon, the huge work-second party Cure Gregoire. Nay there is talk of a whole Hun-ing-wheel hangs motionless, refuses to stir! The cunningest dred and Forty-nine of them about to desert in mass, and only engineers are at fault. How will it work, when it does begin?

restrained by an Archbishop of Paris. It seems a losing game.

Fearfully, my Friends; and to many purposes; but to gather taxes, But judge if France, if Paris sat idle, all this while! Addresses or grind court-meal, one may apprehend, never. Could we but from far and near flow in: for our Commons have now grown have continued gathering taxes by hand! Messeigneurs d'Artois, organic enough to open letters. Or indeed to cavil at them!

Conti, Conde (named Court Triumvirate), they of the anti-demo-Thus poor Marquis de Breze, Supreme Usher, Master of Ceremo-cratic Memoire au Roi, has not their foreboding proved true?

nies, or whatever his title was, writing about this time on some They may wave reproachfully their high heads; they may beat ceremonial matter, sees no harm in winding up with a 'Mon-their poor brains; but the cunningest engineers can do nothing.

sieur, yours with sincere attachment.'—"To whom does it ad-Necker himself, were he even listened to, begins to look blue.

dress itself, this sincere attachment?" inquires Mirabeau. "To The only thing one sees advisable is to bring up soldiers. New the Dean of the Tiers-Etat."—"There is no man in France en-regiments, two, and a battalion of a third, have already reached titled to write that," rejoins he; whereat the Galleries and the Paris; others shall get in march. Good were it, in all circumstances, World will not be kept from applauding. (Moniteur (in Histoire to have troops within reach; good that the command were in Parlementaire, i. 405).) Poor De Breze! These Commons have a sure hands. Let Broglie be appointed; old Marshal Duke de still older grudge at him; nor has he yet done with them.

Broglie; veteran disciplinarian, of a firm drill-sergeant morality, In another way, Mirabeau has had to protest against the such as may be depended on.

quick suppression of his Newspaper, Journal of the States-102

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General;—and to continue it under a new name. In which act close by, you cannot without strong elbowing get to the of valour, the Paris Electors, still busy redacting their Cahier, counter: every hour produces its pamphlet, or litter of pam-could not but support him, by Address to his Majesty: they phlets; 'there were thirteen to-day, sixteen yesterday, nine-claim utmost 'provisory freedom of the press;' they have spo-two last week.' (Arthur Young, Travels, i. 104.) Think of Tyr-ken even about demolishing the Bastille, and erecting a Bronze anny and Scarcity; Fervid-eloquence, Rumour, Pamphleteering; Patriot King on the site!—These are the rich Burghers: but Societe Publicole, Breton Club, Enraged Club;—and whether now consider how it went, for example, with such loose mis-every tap-room, coffee-room, social reunion, accidental street-cellany, now all grown eleutheromaniac, of Loungers, Prowl-group, over wide France, was not an Enraged Club!

ers, social Nondescripts (and the distilled Rascality of our To all which the Commons Deputies can only listen with a Planet), as whirls forever in the Palais Royal;—or what low sublime inertia of sorrow; reduced to busy themselves 'with infinite groan, first changing into a growl, comes from Saint-their internal police.' Surer position no Deputies ever occu-Antoine, and the Twenty-five Millions in danger of starvation!

pied; if they keep it with skill. Let not the temperature rise There is the indisputablest scarcity of corn;—be it Aristo-too high; break not the Eros-egg till it be hatched, till it break crat-plot, D'Orleans-plot, of this year; or drought and hail of itself! An eager public crowds all Galleries and vacancies! 'can-last year: in city and province, the poor man looks desolately not be restrained from applauding.' The two Privileged Orders, towards a nameless lot. And this States-General, that could the Noblesse all verified and constituted, may look on with make us an age of gold, is forced to stand motionless; cannot what face they will; not without a secret tremor of heart. The get its powers verified! All industry necessarily languishes, if Clergy, always acting the part of conciliators, make a clutch at it be not that of making motions.

the Galleries, and the popularity there; and miss it. Deputa-In the Palais Royal there has been erected, apparently by tion of them arrives, with dolorous message about the 'dearth subscription, a kind of Wooden Tent (en planches de bois); of grains,' and the necessity there is of casting aside vain for-

(Histoire Parlementaire, i. 429.)— most convenient; where malities, and deliberating on this. An insidious proposal; which, select Patriotism can now redact resolutions, deliver harangues, however, the Commons (moved thereto by seagreen with comfort, let the weather but as it will. Lively is that Sa-Robespierre) dexterously accept as a sort of hint, or even tan-at-Home! On his table, on his chair, in every cafe, stands a pledge, that the Clergy will forthwith come over to them, con-patriotic orator; a crowd round him within; a crowd listening stitute the States-General, and so cheapen grains! (Bailly, from without, open-mouthed, through open door and win-Memoires, i. 114.)—Finally, on the 27th day of May, Mirabeau, dow; with 'thunders of applause for every sentiment of more judging the time now nearly come, proposes that 'the inertia than common hardiness.' In Monsieur Dessein's Pamphlet-shop, cease;' that, leaving the Noblesse to their own stiff ways, the 103

Clergy be summoned, 'in the name of the God of Peace,' to join Hall of the Three Orders; and Necker to the Oeil-de-Boeuf, with the Commons, and begin. (Histoire Parlementaire, i. 413.) To the character of a disconjured conjuror there—fit only for dis-which summons if they turn a deaf ear,—we shall see! Are not missal. (Debates, 1st to 17th June 1789 (in Histoire one Hundred and Forty-nine of them ready to desert?

Parlementaire, i. 422-478).)

O Triumvirate of Princes, new Gardedes-Sceaux Barentin, thou And so the Commons Deputies are at last on their own Home-Secretary Breteuil, Duchess Polignac, and Queen eager strength getting under way? Instead of Chairman, or Dean, to listen,—what is now to be done? This Third Estate

will get they have now got a President: Astronomer Bailly. Under way, in motion, with the force of all France in it; Clergy-machinery with a vengeance! With endless vociferous and temperate elo-with Noblesse-machinery, which were to serve as beautiful quence, borne on Newspaper wings to all lands, they have now, counter-balances and drags, will be shamefully dragged after on this 17th day of June, determined that their name is not it,—and take fire along with it. What is to be done? The Oeil-Third Estate, but—National Assembly! They, then, are the de-Boeuf waxes more confused than ever. Whisper and counter-Nation? Triumvirate of Princes, Queen, refractory Noblesse and whisper; a very tempest of whispers! Leading men from all the Clergy, what, then, are you? A most deep question;—scarcely Three Orders are nightly spirited thither; conjurors many of answerable in living political dialects.

them; but can they conjure this? Necker himself were now All regardless of which, our new National Assembly proceeds welcome, could he interfere to purpose.

to appoint a 'committee of subsistences;' dear to France, though Let Necker interfere, then; and in the King's name! Happily it can find little or no grain. Next, as if our National Assembly that incendiary 'God-of-Peace' message is not yet answered.

stood quite firm on its legs,—to appoint 'four other standing The Three Orders shall again have conferences; under this Pa-committees;' then to settle the security of the National Debt; triot Minister of theirs, somewhat may be healed, clouted up;—

then that of the Annual Taxation: all within eight-and-forty we meanwhile getting forward Swiss Regiments, and a 'hun-hours. At such rate of velocity it is going: the conjurors of the dred pieces of field-artillery.' This is what the Oeil-de-Boeuf, Oeil-de-Boeuf may well ask themselves, Whither?

for its part, resolves on.

But as for Necker—Alas, poor Necker, thy obstinate Third ***Chapter 1.5.II.***

Estate has one first-last word, verification in common, as the pledge of voting and deliberating in common! Halfway pro-Mercury de Breze.

posals, from such a tried friend, they answer with a stare. The tardy conferences speedily break up; the Third Estate, now Now surely were the time for a 'god from the machine;' there is ready and resolute, the whole world backing it, returns to its a nodus worthy of one. The only question is, Which god? Shall 104

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it be Mars de Broglie, with his hundred pieces of cannon?—

pocket, is proceeding, with National Assembly at his heels, to Not yet, answers prudence; so soft, irresolute is King Louis.

the accustomed Salles des Menus; as if De Breze and heralds Let it be Messenger Mercury, our Supreme Usher de Breze.

were mere wind. It is shut, this Salle; occupied by Gardes On the morrow, which is the 20th of June, these Hundred Francaises. "Where is your Captain?" The Captain shows his and Forty-nine false Curates, no longer restrainable by his Grace royal order: workmen, he is grieved to say, are all busy setting of Paris, will desert in a body: let De Breze intervene, and pro- up the platform for his Majesty's Seance; most unfortunately, duce—closed doors! Not only shall there be Royal Session, in no admission; admission, at furthest, for President and Secre-that Salle des Menus; but no meeting, nor working (except by taries to bring away papers, which the joiners might destroy!—

carpenters), till then. Your Third Estate, self-styled 'National President Bailly enters with Secretaries; and returns bearing Assembly,' shall suddenly see itself extruded from its Hall, by papers: alas, within doors, instead of patriotic eloquence, there carpenters, in this dexterous way; and reduced to do nothing, is now no noise but hammering, sawing, and operative screech-not even to meet, or articulately lament,—till Majesty, with ing and rumbling! A profanation without parallel.

Seance Royale and new miracles, be ready! In this manner shall The Deputies stand grouped on the Paris Road, on this um-De Breze, as Mercury ex machina, intervene; and, if the Oeil-brageous Avenue de Versailles; complaining aloud of the in-de-Boeuf mistake not, work deliverance from the nodus.

dignity done them. Courtiers, it is supposed, look from their Of poor De Breze we can remark that he has yet prospered in windows, and giggle. The morning is none of the comfortablest: none of his dealings with these Commons. Five weeks ago, raw; it is even drizzling a little. (Bailly, Memoires, i. 185-206.) when they kissed the hand of Majesty, the mode he took got But all travellers pause; patriot gallery-men, miscellaneous nothing but censure; and then his 'sincere attachment,' how spectators increase the groups. Wild counsels alternate. Some was it scornfully whiffed aside! Before supper, this night, he desperate Deputies propose to go and hold session on the writes to President Bailly, a new Letter, to be delivered shortly great outer Staircase at Marly, under the King's windows; for after dawn tomorrow, in the King's name. Which Letter, how-his Majesty, it seems, has driven over thither. Others talk of ever, Bailly in the pride of office, will merely crush together making the Chateau Forecourt, what they call Place d'Armes, a into his pocket, like a bill he does not mean to pay.

Runnymede and new Champ de Mai of free Frenchmen: nay of Accordingly on Saturday morning the 20th of June, shrill-awakening, to sounds of indignant Patriotism, the echoes of sounding heralds proclaim through the streets of Versailles, the Oeil-de-boeuf itself.—Notice is given that President Bailly, that there is to be a Seance Royale next Monday; and no meet-aided by judicious Guillotin and others, has found place in the ing of the States-General till then. And yet, we observe, Presi-Tennis-Court of the Rue St. Francois. Thither, in longdrawn dent Bailly in sound of this, and with De Breze's Letter in his files, hoarse-jingling, like cranes on wing, the Commons Depu-105

ties angrily wend.

point, and nameable, poor 'M. Martin d'Auch, from Strange sight was this in the Rue St. Francois, Vieux Versailles!

Castelnaudary, in Languedoc.' Him they permit to sign or sig-A naked Tennis-Court, as the pictures of that time still give it: nify refusal; they even save him from the cloud of witnesses, four walls; naked, except aloft some poor wooden penthouse, by declaring 'his head deranged.' At four o'clock, the signa-or roofed spectators'-gallery, hanging round them:—on the tures are all appended; new meeting is fixed for Monday morn-floor not now an idle teeheeing, a snapping of balls and racking, earlier than the hour of the Royal Session; that our Hun-ets; but the bellowing din of an indignant National Represen-dred and Forty-nine Clerical deserters be not balked: we shall tation, scandalously exiled hither! However, a cloud of wit-meet 'at the Recollets Church or elsewhere,' in hope that our nesses looks down on them, from wooden penthouse, from Hundred and Forty-nine will join us;—and now it is time to go wall-top, from adjoining roof and chimney; rolls towards them to dinner.

from all quarters, with passionate spoken blessings. Some table This, then, is the Session of the Tennis-Court, famed Seance can be procured to write on; some chair, if not to sit on, then du Jeu de Paume; the fame of which has gone forth to all to stand on. The Secretaries undo their tapes; Bailly has con-lands. This is Mercurius de Breze's appearance as Deus ex stituted the Assembly.

machina; this is the fruit it brings! The giggle of Courtiers in Experienced Mounier, not wholly new to such things, in the Versailles Avenue has already died into gaunt silence. Did Parlementary revolts, which he has seen or heard of, thinks the distracted Court, with Gardes-des-Sceaux Barentin, Trium-that it were well, in these lamentable threatening circum-virate and Company, imagine that they could scatter six hun-stances, to unite themselves by an Oath.—Universal acclama-dred National Deputies, big with a National Constitution, like tion, as from smouldering bosoms getting vent! The Oath is as much barndoor poultry, big with next to nothing,—by the redacted; pronounced aloud by President Bailly,—and indeed white or black rod of a Supreme Usher? Barndoor poultry fly in

such a sonorous tone, that the cloud of witnesses, even cackling: but National Deputies turn round, lion-faced; and, outdoors, hear it, and bellow response to it. Six hundred right-with uplifted right-hand, swear an Oath that makes the four hands rise with President Bailly's, to take God above to wit-corners of France tremble.

ness that they will not separate for man below, but will meet President Bailly has covered himself with honour; which shall in all places, under all circumstances, wheresoever two or three become rewards. The National Assembly is now doubly and can get together, till they have made the Constitution. Made trebly the Nation's Assembly; not militant, martyred only, but the Constitution, Friends! That is a long task. Six hundred triumphant; insulted, and which could not be insulted. Paris hands, meanwhile, will sign as they have sworn: six hundred disembogues itself once more, to witness, 'with grim looks,'

save one; one Loyalist Abdiel, still visible by this sole light-the Seance Royale: (See Arthur Young (Travels, i. 115-118); A.

Lameth, &c.) which, by a new felicity, is postponed till Tues-and clear. And herewith King, retinue, Noblesse, majority of day. The Hundred and Forty-nine, and even with Bishops among Clergy file out, as if the whole matter were satisfactorily com-them, all in processional mass, have had free leisure to march pleted.

off, and solemnly join the Commons sitting waiting in their These file out; through grim-silent seas of people. Only the Church. The Commons welcomed them with shouts, with Commons Deputies file not out; but stand there in gloomy embracings, nay with tears; (Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, silence, uncertain what they shall do. One man of them is cer-c. 4.) for it is growing a life-and-death matter now.

tain; one man of them discerns and dares! It is now that King As for the Seance itself, the Carpenters seem to have accom-Mirabeau starts to the Tribune, and lifts up his lion-voice. Ver-plished their platform; but all else remains unaccomplished.

ily a word in season; for, in such scenes, the moment is the Futile, we may say fatal, was the whole matter. King Louis mother of ages! Had not Gabriel Honore been there,—one can enters, through seas of people, all grim-silent, angry with many well fancy, how the Commons Deputies, affrighted at the per-things,—for it is a bitter rain too. Enters, to a Third Estate, ils which now yawned dim all round them, and waxing ever likewise grim-silent; which has been wetted waiting under mean paler in each other's paleness, might very naturally, one after porches, at back-doors, while Court and Privileged were enter-one, have glided off; and the whole course of European Hising by the front. King and Gardedes-Sceaux (there is no Necker tory have been different!

visible) make known, not without longwindedness, the deter-But he is there. List to the brool of that royal forest-voice; minations of the royal breast. The Three Orders shall vote sepa-sorrowful, low; fast swelling to a roar! Eyes kindle at the glance rately. On the other hand, France may look for considerable of his eye:—National Deputies were missioned by a Nation; constitutional blessings; as specified in these Five-and-thirty they have sworn an Oath; they—but lo! while the lion's voice Articles, (Histoire Parlementaire, i. 13.) which Gardedes-Sceaux roars loudest, what Apparition is this? Apparition of Mercurius is waxing hoarse with reading. Which Five-and-Thirty Articles, de Breze, muttering somewhat!—"Speak out," cry several.—

adds his Majesty again rising, if the Three Orders most unfor-

"Messieurs," shrills De Breze, repeating himself, "You have heard tunately cannot agree together to effect them, I myself will the King's orders!"—Mirabeau glares on him with fire-flashing effect: "seul je ferai le bien de mes peuples,"—which being face; shakes the black lion's mane: "Yes, Monsieur, we have interpreted may signify, You, contentious Deputies of the

heard what the King was advised to say: and you who cannot States-General, have probably not long to be here! But, in be the interpreter of his orders to the States-General; you, fine, all shall now withdraw for this day; and meet again, each who have neither place nor right of speech here; you are not Order in its separate place, tomorrow morning, for despatch the man to remind us of it. Go, Monsieur, tell these who sent of business. This is the determination of the royal breast: pithy you that we are here by the will of the People, and that noth-107

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ing shall send us hence but the force of bayonets!" (Moniteur very carpenters cease wrenching and knocking at their plat-

(Hist. Parl. ii. 22.).) And poor De Breze shivers forth from the form; stand on it, hammer in hand, and listen open-mouthed.

National Assembly;—and also (if it be not in one faintest glim-

(Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 23.) The Third Estate is decreeing mer, months later) finally from the page of History!—

that it is, was, and will be, nothing but a National Assembly; Hapless De Breze; doomed to survive long ages, in men's and now, moreover, an inviolable one, all members of it invio-memory, in this faint way, with tremulent white rod! He was lable: 'infamous, traitorous, towards the Nation, and guilty of true to Etiquette, which was his Faith here below; a martyr to capital crime, is any person, body-corporate, tribunal, court or respect of persons. Short woollen cloaks could not kiss Majesty's commission that now or henceforth, during the present ses-hand as long velvet ones did. Nay lately, when the poor little sion or after it, shall dare to pursue, interrogate, arrest, or Dauphin lay dead, and some ceremonial Visitation came, was cause to be arrested, detain or cause to be detained, any,' &c.

he not punctual to announce it even to the Dauphin's dead

&c. 'on whose part soever the same be commanded.'

body: "Monseigneur, a Deputation of the States-General!"

(Montgaillard, ii. 47.) Which done, one can wind up with this (Montgaillard, ii. 38.) Sunt lachrymae rerum.

comfortable reflection from Abbe Sieyes: "Messieurs, you are But what does the Oeil-de-Boeuf, now when De Breze shiv-today what you were yesterday."

ers back thither? Despatch that same force of bayonets? Not Courtiers may shriek; but it is, and remains, even so. Their so: the seas of people still hang multitudinous, intent on what well-charged explosion has exploded through the touchhole; is passing; nay rush and roll, loud-billowing, into the Courts of covering themselves with scorches, confusion, and unseemly the Chateau itself; for a report has risen that Necker is to be soot! Poor Triumvirate, poor Queen; and above all, poor Queen's dismissed. Worst of all, the Gardes Francaises seem indisposed Husband, who means well, had he any fixed meaning! Folly is to act: 'two Companies of them do not fire when ordered!'

that wisdom which is wise only behindhand. Few months ago (Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 26.) Necker, for not being at the these Thirty-five Concessions had filled France with a rejoic-Seance, shall be shouted for, carried home in triumph; and must ing, which might have lasted for several years. Now it is unnot be dismissed. His Grace of Paris, on the other hand, has to availing, the very mention of it slighted; Majesty's express fly with broken coach-panels, and owe his life to furious driv-orders set at nought.

ing. The Gardes-du-Corps (BodyGuards), which you were draw-All France is in a roar; a sea of persons, estimated at 'ten ing out, had better be drawn in again. (Bailly, i. 217.) There is thousand,' whirls 'all this day in the Palais Royal.' (Arthur Young, no sending of bayonets to be thought of.

i. 119.) The remaining Clergy, and likewise some Forty-eight Instead of soldiers, the Oeil-de-Boeuf sends—carpenters, to Noblesse, D'Orleans

among them, have now forthwith gone take down the platform. Ineffectual shift! In few instants, the over to the victorious Commons; by whom, as is natural, they 108

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are received 'with acclamation.'

Chapter 1.5.III.

The Third Estate triumphs; Versailles Town shouting round it; ten thousand whirling all day in the Palais Royal; and all ***Broglie the War-God.***

France standing a-tiptoe, not unlike whirling! Let the Oeil-de-Boeuf look to it. As for King Louis, he will swallow his injuries; The Court feels indignant that it is conquered; but what then?

will temporise, keep silence; will at all costs have present peace.

Another time it will do better. Mercury descended in vain; now It was Tuesday the 23d of June, when he spoke that peremp-has the time come for Mars.—The gods of the Oeil-de-Boeuf tory royal mandate; and the week is not done till he has writ-have withdrawn into the darkness of their cloudy Ida; and sit ten to the remaining obstinate Noblesse, that they also must there, shaping and forging what may be needful, be it 'billets oblige him, and give in. D'Espremenil rages his last; Barrel of a new National Bank,' munitions of war, or things forever Mirabeau 'breaks his sword,' making a vow,—which he might inscrutable to men.

as well have kept. The 'Triple Family' is now therefore com-Accordingly, what means this 'apparatus of troops'? The Na-plete; the third erring brother, the Noblesse, having joined tional Assembly can get no furtherance for its Committee of it;—erring but pardonable; soothed, so far as possible, by sweet Subsistences; can hear only that, at Paris, the Bakers' shops eloquence from President Bailly.

are besieged; that, in the Provinces, people are living on 'meal-So triumphs the Third Estate; and States-General are become husks and boiled grass.' But on all highways there hover dust-National Assembly; and all France may sing Te Deum. By wise clouds, with the march of regiments, with the trailing of can-inertia, and wise cessation of inertia, great victory has been non: foreign Pandours, of fierce aspect; Salis-Samade, Esterhazy, gained. It is the last night of June: all night you meet nothing Royal-Allemand; so many of them foreign, to the number of on the streets of Versailles but 'men running with torches' with thirty thousand,—which fear can magnify to fifty: all wend-shouts of jubilation. From the 2nd of May when they kissed ing towards Paris and Versailles! Already, on the heights of the hand of Majesty, to this 30th of June when men run with Montmartre, is a digging and delving; too like a scarping and torches, we count seven weeks complete. For seven weeks the trenching. The effluence of Paris is arrested Versailles-ward by National Carroccio has stood farseen, ringing many a signal; a barrier of cannon at Sevres Bridge. From the Queen's Mews, and, so much having now gathered round it, may hope to stand.

cannon stand pointed on the National Assembly Hall itself.

The National Assembly has its very slumbers broken by the tramp of soldiery, swarming and defiling, endless, or seemingly endless, all round those spaces, at dead of night, 'without drum-music, without audible word of command.' (A. Lameth, 109

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Assemblee Constituante, i. 41.) What means it?

of dissolving worlds: their loudest bellows the mad, mad-mak-Shall eight, or even shall twelve Deputies, our Mirabeaus, ing voice of Rumour; their sharpest gazes Suspicion into the Barnaves at the head of them, be whirled suddenly to the Castle pale dim World-Whirlpool; discerning shapes and phantasms; of Ham; the rest ignominiously dispersed to the winds? No imminent bloodthirsty Regiments camped on the Champ-deNational Assembly can make the Constitution with cannon Mars; dispersed National

Assembly; redhot cannon-balls (to levelled on it from the Queen's Mews! What means this reti-burn Paris);—the mad War-god and Bellona's sounding thongs.

cence of the Oeil-de-Boeuf, broken only by nods and shrugs?

To the calmest man it is becoming too plain that battle is In the mystery of that cloudy Ida, what is it that they forge inevitable.

and shape?—Such questions must distracted Patriotism keep Inevitable, silently nod Messeigneurs and Broglie: Inevitable asking, and receive no answer but an echo.

and brief! Your National Assembly, stopped short in its Con-Enough of themselves! But now, above all, while the hungry stitutional labours, may fatigue the royal ear with addresses food-year, which runs from August to August, is getting older; and remonstrances: those cannon of ours stand duly levelled; becoming more and more a famine-year? With 'meal-husks and those troops are here. The King's Declaration, with its Thirty-boiled grass,' Brigands may actually collect; and, in crowds, at five too generous Articles, was spoken, was not listened to; farm and mansion, howl angrily, Food! Food! It is in vain to but remains yet unrevoked: he himself shall effect it, seul il send soldiers against them: at sight of soldiers they disperse, fera!

they vanish as under ground; then directly reassemble else-As for Broglie, he has his headquarters at Versailles, all as in where for new tumult and plunder. Frightful enough to look a seat of war: clerks writing; significant staff-officers, inclined upon; but what to hear of, reverberated through Twenty-five to taciturnity; plumed aides-de-camp, scouts, orderlies flying Millions of suspicious minds! Brigands and Broglie, open Con-or hovering. He himself looks forth, important, impenetrable; flagration, preternatural Rumour are driving mad most hearts listens to Besenval Commandant of Paris, and his warning and in France. What will the issue of these things be?

earnest counsels (for he has come out repeatedly on purpose), At Marseilles, many weeks ago, the Townsmen have taken with a silent smile. (Besenval, iii. 398.) The Parisians resist?

arms; for 'suppressing of Brigands,' and other purposes: the scornfully cry Messeigneurs. As a meal-mob may! They have military commandant may make of it what he will. Elsewhere, sat quiet, these five generations, submitting to all. Their Mercier everywhere, could not the like be done? Dubious, on the dis-declared, in these very years, that a Parisian revolt was hence-tracted Patriot imagination, wavers, as a last deliverance, some forth 'impossible.' (Mercier, Tableau de Paris, vi. 22.) Stand by foreshadow of a National Guard. But conceive, above all, the the royal Declaration, of the Twenty-third of June. The Nobles Wooden Tent in the Palais Royal! A universal hubbub there, as of France, valorous, chivalrous as of old, will rally round us 110

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with one heart;—and as for this which you call Third Estate, and caressed, and have their pay increased by subscription!

and which we call canaille of unwashed Sansculottes, of Patelins, (Histoire Parlementaire.)

Scribblers, factious Spouters,—brave Broglie, 'with a whiff of Neither have the Gardes Francaises, the best regiment of the grapeshot (salve de canons), if need be, will give quick ac-line, shown any promptitude for street-firing lately. They recount of it. Thus reason they: on their cloudy Ida; hidden from turned grumbling from Reveillon's; and have not burnt a single men,—men also hidden from them.

cartridge since; nay, as we saw, not even when bid. A danger-Good is grapeshot, Messeigneurs, on one condition: that the ous humour dwells in these Gardes. Notable men too, in their shooter also were made of metal! But unfortunately he is made way! Valadi the Pythagorean was, at one time, an officer of of flesh; under his buffs and bandoleers your hired shooter theirs. Nay, in the ranks, under the three-cornered felt and has instincts,

feelings, even a kind of thought. It is his kin-cockade, what hard heads may there not be, and reflections dred, bone of his bone, this same canaille that shall be whiffed; going on,—unknown to the public! One head of the hardest he has brothers in it, a father and mother,—living on meal-we do now discern there: on the shoulders of a certain Ser-husks and boiled grass. His very doxy, not yet 'dead i' the geant Hoche. Lazare Hoche, that is the name of him; he used spital,' drives him into military heterodoxy; declares that if he to be about the Versailles Royal Stables, nephew of a poor shed Patriot blood, he shall be accursed among men. The sol-herbwoman; a handy lad; exceedingly addicted to reading. He dier, who has seen his pay stolen by rapacious Foulons, his is now Sergeant Hoche, and can rise no farther: he lays out his blood wasted by Soubises, Pompadours, and the gates of pro-pay in rushlights, and cheap editions of books. (Dictionnaire motion shut inexorably on him if he were not born noble,— is des Hommes Marquans, Londres (Paris), 1800, ii. 198.) himself not without griefs against you. Your cause is not the On the whole, the best seems to be: Consign these Gardes soldier's cause; but, as would seem, your own only, and no Francaises to their Barracks. So Besenval thinks, and orders.

other god's nor man's.

Consigned to their barracks, the Gardes Francaises do but form For example, the world may have heard how, at Bethune a 'Secret Association,' an Engagement not to act against the lately, when there rose some 'riot about grains,' of which sort National Assembly. Debauched by Valadi the Pythagorean; there are so many, and the soldiers stood drawn out, and the debauched by money and women! cry Besenval and innumer-word 'Fire!; was given,—not a trigger stirred; only the butts able others. Debauched by what you will, or in need of no of all muskets rattled angrily against the ground; and the sol-debauching, behold them, long files of them, their consign-diers stood glooming, with a mixed expression of counte-ment broken, arrive, headed by their Sergeants, on the 26th nance;—till clutched 'each under the arm of a patriot house-day of June, at the Palais Royal! Welcomed with vivats, with holder,' they were all hurried off, in this manner, to be treated presents, and a pledge of patriot liquor; embracing and em-

braced; declaring in words that the cause of France is their take some other course, any other course? Unhappily, as we cause! Next day and the following days the like. What is sin-said, they could see nothing. Pride, which goes before a fall; gular too, except this patriot humour, and breaking of their wrath, if not reasonable, yet pardonable, most natural, had consignment, they behave otherwise with 'the most rigorous hardened their hearts and heated their heads; so, with imbe-accuracy.' (Besenval, iii. 394-6.)

cility and violence (ill-matched pair), they rush to seek their They are growing questionable, these Gardes! Eleven ring-hour. All Regiments are not Gardes Francaises, or debauched leaders of them are put in the Abbaye Prison. It boots not in by Valadi the Pythagorean: let fresh undebauched Regiments the least. The imprisoned Eleven have only, 'by the hand of an come up; let Royal-Allemand, Salais-Samade, Swiss Chateau-individual,' to drop, towards nightfall, a line in the Cafe de Vieux come up,—which can fight, but can hardly speak ex-Foy; where Patriotism harangues loudest on its table. 'Two cept in German gutturals; let soldiers march, and highways hundred young persons, soon waxing to four thousand,' with thunder with artillery-waggons: Majesty has a new Royal Ses-fit crowbars, roll towards the Abbaye; smite asunder the need-sion to hold,—and miracles to work there! The whiff of ful doors; and bear out their Eleven, with other military vic-grapeshot can, if needful, become a blast and tempest.

tims:—to supper in the Palais Royal Garden; to board, and In which circumstances, before the redhot balls begin rain-lodging 'in campbeds, in the Theatre des Varietes;' other na-ing, may not the Hundred-and-twenty Paris Electors, though tional Prytaneum as yet not being in readiness. Most deliber-their Cahier is long since finished, see good to meet again ate! Nay so punctual were these young persons, that finding daily, as an 'Electoral Club'? They meet first 'in a Tavern;'—

one military victim to have been imprisoned for real civil crime, where 'the largest wedding-party' cheerfully give place to them.

they returned him to his cell, with protest.

(Dusaulx, Prise de la Bastille (Collection des Memoires, par Why new military force was not called out? New military Berville et Barriere, Paris, 1821), p. 269.) But latterly they force was called out. New military force did arrive, full gallop, meet in the Hotel-de-Ville, in the Townhall itself. Flesselles, with drawn sabre: but the people gently 'laid hold of their Provost of Merchants, with his Four Echevins (Scabins, Asses-bridles;' the dragoons sheathed their swords; lifted their caps sors), could not prevent it; such was the force of public opin-by way of salute, and sat like mere statues of dragoons,—

ion. He, with his Echevins, and the Six-and-Twenty Town-Coun-except indeed that a drop of liquor being brought them, they cillors, all appointed from Above, may well sit silent there, in

'drank to the King and Nation with the greatest cordiality.'

their long gowns; and consider, with awed eye, what prelude (Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 32.)

this is of convulsion coming from Below, and how themselves And now, ask in return, why Messeigneurs and Broglie the shall fare in that!

great god of war, on seeing these things, did not pause, and 112

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Chapter 1.5.IV.

are the Brigands? What mystery is in the wind?—Hark! a human voice reporting articulately the Job's-news: Necker, ***To Arms!***

People's Minister, Saviour of France, is dismissed. Impossible; incredible! Treasonous to the public peace! Such a voice ought So hangs it, dubious, fateful, in the sultry days of July. It is to be choked in the water-works; (Ibid.)—had not the news-the passionate printed advice of M. Marat, to

abstain, of all bringer quickly fled. Nevertheless, friends, make of it what things, from violence. (Avis au Peuple, ou les Ministres devoiles, you will, the news is true. Necker is gone. Necker hies north-1st July, 1789 (in Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 37.) Nevertheless ward incessantly, in obedient secrecy, since yesternight. We the hungry poor are already burning Town Barriers, where Trib-have a new Ministry: Broglie the War-god; Aristocrat Breteuil; ute on eatables is levied; getting clamorous for food.

Foulon who said the people might eat grass!

The twelfth July morning is Sunday; the streets are all Rumour, therefore, shall arise; in the Palais Royal, and in placarded with an enormous-sized De par le Roi, 'inviting peace-broad France. Paleness sits on every face; confused tremor and able citizens to remain within doors,' to feel no alarm, to gather fremescence; waxing into thunder-peals, of Fury stirred on by in no crowd. Why so? What mean these 'placards of enormous Fear.

size'? Above all, what means this clatter of military; dragoons, But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Cafe de Foy, rushing hussars, rattling in from all points of the compass towards the out, sibylline in face; his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol!

Place Louis Quinze; with a staid gravity of face, though sa-He springs to a table: the Police satellites are eyeing him; alive luted with mere nicknames, hootings and even missiles?

they shall not take him, not they alive him alive. This time he (Besenval, iii. 411.) Besenval is with them. Swiss Guards of his speaks without stammering:—Friends, shall we die like hunted are already in the Champs Elysees, with four pieces of artillery.

hares? Like sheep hounded into their pinfold; bleating for mercy, Have the destroyers descended on us, then? From the Bridge where is no mercy, but only a whetted knife? The hour is come; of Sevres to utmost Vincennes, from Saint-Denis to the Champ-the supreme hour of Frenchman and Man; when Oppressors are de-Mars, we are begirt! Alarm, of the vague unknown, is in to try conclusions with Oppressed; and the word is, swift Death, every

heart. The Palais Royal has become a place of awestruck or Deliverance forever. Let such hour be well-come! Us, meseems, interjections, silent shakings of the head: one can fancy with one cry only befits: To Arms! Let universal Paris, universal what dolorous sound the noontide cannon (which the Sun France, as with the throat of the whirlwind, sound only: To fires at the crossing of his meridian) went off there; bodeful, arms!—"To arms!" yell responsive the innumerable voices: like like an inarticulate voice of doom. (Histoire Parlementaire, ii.

one great voice, as of a Demon yelling from the air: for all faces 81.) Are these troops verily come out 'against Brigands'? Where wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up into madness. In such, or 113

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fitter words, (Ibid.) does Camille evoke the Elemental Powers, tabernacles, it shall be a Sorcerer's Sabbath; and Paris, gone in this great moment.—Friends, continues Camille, some rally-rabid, dance,—with the Fiend for piper!

ing sign! Cockades; green ones;—the colour of hope!—As with However, Besenval, with horse and foot, is in the Place Louis the flight of locusts, these green tree leaves; green ribands Quinze. Mortals promenading homewards, in the fall of the from the neighbouring shops; all green things are snatched, day, saunter by, from Chaillot or Passy, from flirtation and a and made cockades of. Camille descends from his table, 'stifled little thin wine; with sadder step than usual. Will the Bust-with embraces, wetted with tears;' has a bit of green riband Procession pass that way! Behold it; behold also Prince Lambesc handed him; sticks it in his hat. And now to Curtius' Image-dash forth on it, with his Royal-Allemands! Shots fall, and shop there; to the Boulevards; to the four winds; and rest not sabre-strokes; Busts are hewn asunder; and, alas, also heads of till France be on fire! (Vieux Cordelier, par Camille Desmoulins, men. A sabred Procession has nothing for it but to explode, No. 5 (reprinted in Collection des Memoires, par Baudouin along what streets, alleys, Tuileries Avenues it finds; and dis-Freres, Paris, 1825), p. 81.)

appear. One unarmed man lies hewed down; a Garde Francaise France, so long shaken and wind-parched, is probably at the by his uniform: bear him (or bear even the report of him) dead right inflammable point.—As for poor Curtius, who, one grieves and gory to his Barracks;—where he has comrades still alive!

to think, might be but imperfectly paid,—he cannot make But why not now, victorious Lambesc, charge through that two words about his Images. The Wax-bust of Necker, the Wax-Tuileries Garden itself, where the fugitives are vanishing? Not bust of D'Orleans, helpers of France: these, covered with crape, show the Sunday promenaders too, how steel glitters, besprent as in funeral procession, or after the manner of suppliants ap-with blood; that it be told of, and men's ears tingle?—Tingle, pealing to Heaven, to Earth, and Tartarus itself, a mixed mul-alas, they did; but the wrong way. Victorious Lambesc, in this titude bears off. For a sign! As indeed man, with his singular his second or Tuileries charge, succeeds but in overturning (call imaginative faculties, can do little or nothing without signs: it not slashing, for he struck with the flat of his sword) one thus Turks look to their Prophet's banner; also Osier Manni-man, a poor old schoolmaster, most pacifically tottering there; kins have been burnt, and Necker's Portrait has erewhile fig-and is driven out, by barricade of chairs, by flights of 'bottles ured, aloft on its perch.

and glasses,' by execrations in bass voice and treble. Most deli-In this manner march they, a mixed, continually increasing cate is the mob-queller's vocation; wherein Too-much may be multitude; armed with axes, staves and miscellanea; grim, as bad as Not-enough. For each of these bass voices, and more many-sounding, through the streets. Be all Theatres shut; let each treble voice, borne to all points of the City, rings now all dancing, on planked floor, or on the natural greensward, nothing but distracted indignation; will ring all another. The cease! Instead of a Christian Sabbath, and feast of guinguette cry, To arms! roars tenfold; steeples with their metal storm-114

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voice boom out, as the sun sinks; armorer's shops are broken Orders! The Six-and-twenty Town-Councillors, with their long open, plundered; the streets are a living foam-sea, chafed by gowns, have ducked under (into the raging chaos);—shall never all the winds.

emerge more. Besenval is painfully wriggling himself out, to Such issue came of Lambesc's charge on the Tuileries Garden: the Champ-de-Mars; he must sit there 'in the cruelest uncer-no striking of salutary terror into Chaillot promenaders; a strik-tainty:' courier after courier may dash off for Versailles; but ing into broad wakefulness of Frenzy and the three Furies,—

will bring back no answer, can hardly bring himself back. For which otherwise were not asleep! For they lie always, those the roads are all blocked with batteries and pickets, with floods subterranean Eumenides (fabulous and yet so true), in the of carriages arrested for examination: such was Broglie's one dullest existence of man;—and can dance, brandishing their sole order; the Oeil-de-Boeuf, hearing in the distance such mad dusky torches, shaking their serpent-hair. Lambesc with Royal-din, which sounded almost like invasion, will before all things Allemand may ride to his barracks, with curses for his march-keep its own head whole. A new Ministry, with, as it were, but ing-music; then ride back again, like one troubled in mind: one foot in the stirrup, cannot take leaps. Mad Paris is aban-vengeful Gardes Francaises, sacreing, with knit brows, start doned altogether to itself.

out on him, from their barracks in the Chaussee d'Antin; pour What a Paris, when the darkness fell! A European metropoli-a volley into him (killing and wounding); which he must not tan City hurled suddenly forth from its old combinations and answer, but ride on. (Weber, ii. 75-91.) arrangements; to crash tumultuously together, seeking new.

Counsel dwells not under the plumed hat. If the Eumenides Use and wont will now no longer direct any man; each man, awaken, and Broglie has given no orders, what can a Besenval with what of originality he has, must begin thinking; or fol-do? When the Gardes Francaises, with Palais-Royal volunteers, lowing those that think. Seven hundred thousand individuals,

roll down, greedy of more vengeance, to the Place Louis Quinze on the sudden, find all their old paths, old ways of acting and itself, they find neither Besenval, Lambesc, Royal-Allemand, deciding, vanish from under their feet. And so there go they, nor any soldier now there. Gone is military order. On the far with clangour and terror, they know not as yet whether run-Eastern Boulevard, of Saint-Antoine, the Chasseurs Normandie ning, swimming or flying,—headlong into the New Era. With arrive, dusty, thirsty, after a hard day's ride; but can find no clangour and terror: from above, Broglie the war-god impends, billet-master, see no course in this City of confusions; cannot preternatural, with his redhot cannon-balls; and from below, a get to Besenval, cannot so much as discover where he is: preternatural Brigand-world menaces with dirk and firebrand: Normandie must even bivouac there, in its dust and thirst,—

madness rules the hour.

unless some patriot will treat it to a cup of liquor, with advices.

Happily, in place of the submerged Twenty-six, the Electoral Raging multitudes surround the Hotel-de-Ville, crying: Arms!

Club is gathering; has declared itself a 'Provisional Municipal-115

The French Revolution

ity.' On the morrow it will get Provost Flesselles, with an Echevin All shops, unless it be the Bakers' and Vintners', are shut: or two, to give help in many things. For the present it decrees Paris is in the streets;—rushing, foaming like some Venice wine-one most essential thing: that forthwith a 'Parisian Militia'

glass into which you had dropped poison. The tocsin, by or-shall be enrolled. Depart, ye heads of Districts, to labour in der, is pealing madly from all steeples. Arms, ye Elector Mu-this great work; while we here, in Permanent Committee, sit nicipals; thou Flesselles with thy Echevins, give us arms!

alert. Let fencible men, each party in its own range of streets, Flesselles gives what he can: fallacious, perhaps insidious prom-keep watch and ward, all night. Let Paris court a little feverises of arms from Charleville; order to seek arms here, order to sleep; confused by such fever-dreams, of 'violent motions at seek them there. The new Municipals give what they can; some the Palais Royal;'—or from time to time start awake, and look three hundred and sixty indifferent firelocks, the equipment out, palpitating, in its nightcap, at the clash of discordant of the City-Watch: 'a man in wooden shoes, and without coat, mutually-unintelligible Patrols; on the gleam of distant Barri-directly clutches one of them, and mounts guard.' Also as hinted, ers, going up all-too ruddy towards the vault of Night. (Deux an order to all Smiths to make pikes with their whole soul.

Amis, i. 267-306.)

Heads of Districts are in fervent consultation; subordinate Patriotism roams distracted, ravenous for arms. Hitherto at ***Chapter 1.5.V.***

the Hotel-de-Ville was only such modicum of indifferent firelocks as we have seen. At the so-called Arsenal, there lies ***Give us Arms.***

nothing but rust, rubbish and saltpetre,—overlooked too by the guns of the Bastille. His Majesty's Repository, what they On Monday the huge City has awoke, not to its week-day in-call Garde-Meuble, is forced and ransacked: tapestries enough, dustry: to what a different one! The working man has become and gauderies; but of serviceable fighting-gear small stock!

a fighting man; has one want only: that of arms. The industry Two silver-mounted cannons there are; an ancient gift from of all crafts has paused;—except it be the smith's, fiercely his Majesty of Siam to Louis Fourteenth: gilt sword of the hammering pikes; and, in a faint degree, the kitchener's, cook-Good Henri; antique Chivalry arms and armour. These, and such ing off-hand victuals; for bouche va toujours. Women too are as these, a necessitous Patriotism snatches greedily, for want sewing cockades;—not now of green, which being D'Artois of better. The Siamese cannons go trundling, on an errand they colour, the Hotel-de-Ville has had to interfere

in it; but of red were not meant for. Among the indifferent firelocks are seen and blue, our old Paris colours: these, once based on a ground tourney-lances; the princely helm and hauberk glittering amid of constitutional white, are the famed Tricolor,—which (if ill-hatted heads,—as in a time when all times and their pos-Prophecy err not) 'will go round the world.'

sessions are suddenly sent jumbling!

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At the Maison de Saint-Lazare, Lazar-House once, now a Cor-security not suggesting itself, it is written, ' on les pendit, they rection-House with Priests, there was no trace of arms; but, on hanged them.' (Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 96.) Brief is the word; the other hand, corn, plainly to a culpable extent. Out with it, not without significance, be it true or untrue!

to market; in this scarcity of grains!—Heavens, will 'fifty-two In such circumstances, the Aristocrat, the unpatriotic rich carts,' in long row, hardly carry it to the Halle aux Bleds? Well, man is packing-up for departure. But he shall not get departed.

truly, ye reverend Fathers, was your pantry filled; fat are your A wooden-shod force has seized all Barriers, burnt or not: all larders; over-generous your wine-bins, ye plotting exasperators that enters, all that seeks to issue, is stopped there, and of the Poor; traitorous forestallers of bread!

dragged to the Hotel-de-Ville: coaches, tumbrils, plate, furni-Vain is protesting, entreaty on bare knees: the House of ture, 'many meal-sacks,' in time even 'flocks and herds' encum-Saint-Lazarus has that in it which comes not out by protest-ber the Place de Greve. (Dusaulx, Prise de la Bastille, p. 20.) ing. Behold, how, from every window, it vomits: mere torrents And so it roars, and rages, and brays; drums beating, steeples of furniture, of bellowing and hurlyburly;—the cellars also leak-pealing; criers rushing with hand-bells: "Oyez, oyez. All men ing wine. Till, as was natural, smoke rose,—kindled, some say, to their Districts to be enrolled!"

The Districts have met in by the desperate Saint-Lazaristes themselves, desperate of gardens, open squares; are getting marshalled into volunteer other riddance; and the Establishment vanished from this world troops. No redhot ball has yet fallen from Besenval's Camp; on in flame. Remark nevertheless that 'a thief' (set on or not by the contrary, Deserters with their arms are continually drop-Aristocrats), being detected there, is 'instantly hanged.'

ping in: nay now, joy of joys, at two in the afternoon, the Look also at the Chatelet Prison. The Debtors' Prison of La Gardes Francaises, being ordered to Saint-Denis, and flatly Force is broken from without; and they that sat in bondage to declining, have come over in a body! It is a fact worth many.

Aristocrats go free: hearing of which the Felons at the Chatelet Three thousand six hundred of the best fighting men, with do likewise 'dig up their pavements,' and stand on the offen-complete accoutrement; with cannoneers even, and cannon!

sive; with the best prospects,—had not Patriotism, passing Their officers are left standing alone; could not so much as that way, 'fired a volley' into the Felon world; and crushed it succeed in 'spiking the guns.' The very Swiss, it may now be down again under hatches. Patriotism consorts not with thiev-hoped, Chateau-Vieux and the others, will have doubts about ing and felony: surely also Punishment, this day, hitches (if fighting.

she still hitch) after Crime, with frightful shoes-of-swiftness!

Our Parisian Militia,—which some think it were better to name

'Some score or two' of wretched persons, found prostrate with National Guard,—is prospering as heart could wish. It promised drink in the cellars of that Saint-Lazare, are indignantly haled to be forty-eight thousand; but will in few hours double and to prison; the Jailor has no room; whereupon, other place of quadruple that number: invincible, if we had only arms!

The French Revolution

But see, the promised Charleville Boxes, marked Artillerie!

City of the Dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed Here, then, are arms enough?—Conceive the blank face of Pa-Ghosts.

triotism, when it found them filled with rags, foul linen, candle-O poor mortals, how ye make this Earth bitter for each other; ends, and bits of wood! Provost of the Merchants, how is this?

this fearful and wonderful Life fearful and horrible; and Satan Neither at the Chartreux Convent, whither we were sent with has his place in all hearts! Such agonies and ragings and wailings signed order, is there or ever was there any weapon of war. Nay ye have, and have had, in all times: —to be buried all, in so here, in this Seine Boat, safe under tarpaulings (had not the deep silence; and the salt sea is not swoln with your tears.

nose of Patriotism been of the finest), are 'five thousand-weight Great meanwhile is the moment, when tidings of Freedom of gunpowder;' not coming in, but surreptitiously going out!

reach us; when the long-enthralled soul, from amid its chains What meanest thou, Flesselles? 'Tis a ticklish game, that of and squalid stagnancy, arises, were it still only in blindness

'amusing' us. Cat plays with captive mouse: but mouse with and bewilderment, and swears by Him that made it, that it will enraged cat, with enraged National Tiger?

be free! Free? Understand that well, it is the deep command-Meanwhile, the faster, O ye black-aproned Smiths, smite; with ment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being, to be free. Free-strong arm and willing heart. This man and that, all stroke dom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all from head to heel, shall thunder alternating, and ply the great man's struggles, toilings and sufferings, in this Earth. Yes, su-forge-hammer, till stithy reel and ring again; while ever and preme is such a moment (if thou

have known it): first vision as anon, overhead, booms the alarm-cannon,—for the City has of a flame-girt Sinai, in this our waste Pilgrimage,—which now got gunpowder. Pikes are fabricated; fifty thousand of thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day, and pillar of them, in six-and-thirty hours: judge whether the Black-aproned fire by night! Something it is even, —nay, something consid-have been idle. Dig trenches, unpave the streets, ye others, erable, when the chains have grown corrosive, poisonous, to assiduous, man and maid; cram the earth in barrel-barricades, be free 'from oppression by our fellow-man.' Forward, ye mad-at each of them a volunteer sentry; pile the whinstones in dened sons of France; be it towards this destiny or towards window-sills and upper rooms. Have scalding pitch, at least that! Around you is but starvation, falsehood, corruption and boiling water ready, ye weak old women, to pour it and dash it the clam of death. Where ye are is no abiding.

on Royal-Allemand, with your old skinny arms: your shrill curses Imagination may, imperfectly, figure how Commandant along with it will not be wanting!—Patrols of the newborn Besenval, in the Champ-de-Mars, has worn out these sorrowful National Guard, bearing torches, scour the streets, all that hours Insurrection all round; his men melting away! From night; which otherwise are vacant, yet illuminated in every Versailles, to the most pressing messages, comes no answer; or window by order. Strange-looking; like some naphtha-lighted once only some vague word of answer which is worse than 118

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none. A Council of Officers can decide merely that there is no C'est qu'il prevoyait

decision: Colonels inform him, 'weeping,' that they do not think Que Pompignan le traduirait!

their men will fight. Cruel uncertainty is here: war-god Broglie sits yonder, inaccessible in his Olympus; does not descend ter-Poor Bishop Pompignan withdraws; having got Lafayette for ror-clad, does not produce his whiff of

grapeshot; sends no helper or substitute: this latter, as nocturnal Vice-President, orders.

with a thin house in disconsolate humour, sits sleepless, with Truly, in the Chateau of Versailles all seems mystery: in the lights unsnuffed;—waiting what the hours will bring.

Town of Versailles, were we there, all is rumour, alarm and in-So at Versailles. But at Paris, agitated Besenval, before retir-dignation. An august National Assembly sits, to appearance, ing for the night, has stept over to old M. de Sombreuil, of the menaced with death; endeavouring to defy death. It has re-Hotel des Invalides hard by. M. de Sombreuil has, what is a solved 'that Necker carries with him the regrets of the Nation.'

great secret, some eight-and-twenty thousand stand of mus-It has sent solemn Deputation over to the Chateau, with en-kets deposited in his cellars there; but no trust in the temper treaty to have these troops withdrawn. In vain: his Majesty, of his Invalides. This day, for example, he sent twenty of the with a singular composure, invites us to be busy rather with fellows down to unscrew those muskets; lest Sedition might our own duty, making the Constitution! Foreign Pandours, and snatch at them; but scarcely, in six hours, had the twenty suchlike, go pricking and prancing, with a swashbuckler air; unscrewed twenty gun-locks, or dogsheads (chiens) of locks,—

with an eye too probably to the Salle des Menus,—were it not each Invalide his dogshead! If ordered to fire, they would, he for the 'grim-looking countenances' that crowd all avenues imagines, turn their cannon against himself.

there. (See Lameth; Ferrieres, &c.) Be firm, ye National Sena-Unfortunate old military gentlemen, it is your hour, not of tors; the cynosure of a firm, grim-looking people!

glory! Old Marquis de Launay too, of the Bastille, has pulled The august National Senators determine that there shall, at up his drawbridges long since, 'and retired into his interior;'

least, be Permanent Session till this thing end. Wherein, how-with sentries walking on his battlements, under the midnight ever, consider that worthy Lafranc de Pompignan, our new Presi-sky, aloft over the glare of illuminated Paris;—whom a Nadent, whom we have named Bailly's successor, is an old man, tional Patrol, passing that way, takes the liberty of firing at; wearied with many things. He is the Brother of that Pompignan

'seven shots towards twelve at night,' which do not take ef-who meditated lamentably on the Book of Lamentations: fect. (Deux Amis de la Liberte, i. 312.) This was the 13th day of July, 1789; a worse day, many said, than the last 13th was, S aves-voux pourquoi Jeremie

when only hail fell out of Heaven, not madness rose out of Se lamentait toute sa vie?

Tophet, ruining worse than crops!

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The French Revolution

In these same days, as Chronology will teach us, hot old of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help Marquis Mirabeau lies stricken down, at Argenteuil,—not for you is none if not in your own right hands. This day ye within sound of these alarm-guns; for he properly is not there, must do or die.

and only the body of him now lies, deaf and cold forever. It From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has was on Saturday night that he, drawing his last life-breaths, heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms!

gave up the ghost there;—leaving a world, which would never Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, go to his mind, now broken out, seemingly, into deliration may think of those Charleville Boxes. A hundred-and-fifty thou-and the culbute generale. What is it to him, departing sand of us; and but the third man furnished with so much as a

elsewhither, on his long journey? The old Chateau Mirabeau pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an stands silent, far off, on its scarped rock, in that 'gorge of two unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a windy valleys;' the pale-fading spectre now of a Chateau: this rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

huge World-riot, and France, and the World itself, fades also, Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—

like a shadow on the great still mirror-sea; and all shall be as that there lie muskets at the Hotel des Invalides. Thither will God wills.

we: King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of Young Mirabeau, sad of heart, for he loved this crabbed brave authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us.

old Father, sad of heart, and occupied with sad cares,—is with-Besenval's Camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he drawn from Public History. The great crisis transacts itself with-kill us we shall but die.

out him. (Fils Adoptif, Mirabeau, vi. l. 1.) Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humour to fire! At five o'clock ***Chapter 1.5.VI.***

this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the Ecole Militaire, a 'figure' stood suddenly at his bedside: 'with face rather hand-Storm and Victory.

some; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious:' such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of But, to the living and the struggling, a new, Fourteenth morn-the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood ing dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City, is the nodus flowed, wo to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure; and of a drama, not untragical, crowding towards solution. The vanished. 'Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears one.' Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you did not. (Besenval, iii. 414.) Who this figure, with inflamed

like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows 120

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but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-mu-Valadi, inflamed with 'violent motions all night at the Palais sic, the Scene is changed: and eight-and-twenty thousand suf-Royal?' Fame names him, 'Young M. Meillar'; (Tableaux de la ficient firelocks are on the shoulders of so many National Revolution, Prise de la Bastille (a folio Collection of Pictures Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

and Portraits, with letter-press, not always uninstructive,—

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they part of it said to be by Chamfort).) Then shuts her lips about flash by! Gardes Francaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him for ever.

him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the In any case, behold about nine in the morning, our National River. (Besenval, iii. 416.) Motionless sits he; 'astonished,' one Volunteers rolling in long wide flood, south-westward to the may flatter oneself, 'at the proud bearing (fiere contenance) Hotel des Invalides; in search of the one thing needful. King's of the Parisians.'—And now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Pari-procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Cure of sians! There grapeshot still threatens; thither all men's thoughts Saint-Etienne du Mont marches unpacific, at the head of his and steps are now tending.

militant Parish; the Clerks of the Bazoche in red coats we see Old de Launay, as we hinted, withdrew 'into his interior' soon marching, now Volunteers of the Bazoche; the Volunteers of after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, ham-the Palais Royal:—National Volunteers, numerable by tens of pered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest con-thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the flict of uncertainties. The Hotel-de-Ville 'invites' him to admit Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, National Soldiers, which

is a soft name for surrendering. On thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison parley, send Couriers; but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patrio-Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and tism rushes in, tumultuous, from grundsel up to ridge-tile, powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are old de Launay, think what thou wilt do!

found; all safe there; lying packed in straw,—apparently with All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions the Bastille! Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, over dead prey, the multitude, with clangour and vociferation, passionate for arms; whom de Launay has got dismissed by pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching:—to the jam-soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot ming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction, of de la Rosiere gains admittance; finds de Launay indisposed for the weaker Patriot. (Deux Amis, i. 302.) And so, with such surrender; nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot

mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, tions, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in ev-on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Draw-ery embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But out-bridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new deputation of citi-wards behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling zens (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beat-into the Outer Court: soft speeches producing no clearance of ing the generale: the Suburb Saint-Antoine

rolling hitherward these, de Launay gives fire; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O

sputter;—which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this mo-it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its ment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into gibbering Spectral Realities, which, thou yet beholdest not, endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execra-but shalt! "Que voulez vous? " said de Launay, turning pale at tion;—and overhead, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monits grapeshot, go booming, to shew what we could do. The sieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, "What mean Bastille is besieged!

you? Consider if I could not precipitate both of us from this On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies!

height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of ditch! Whereupon de Launay fell silent. Thuriot shews himself Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming sus-you, soul, body or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis picious, fremescent: then descends; departs with protest; with Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, Dauphine; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, de Launay has been thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it profuse of beverages (prodigua des buissons). They think, they to Orcus: let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyr-will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on anny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say on the the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into joints Wo to thee, de Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemere (also taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (avec fracas). Glori- between the two is unquestionable. Ever wilder swells the tide ous: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into impreca-Towers, with their Invalides' musketry, their paving stones and 122

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cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—Ditch yawning impass-And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has able, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its back towards become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine us: the Bastille is still to take!

Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singu-To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of lar (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to under- knowing nothing of him, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the stand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint- Antoine; there are such music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Forecourts, Cour Avance, Cour de l'Orme, arched Gateway (where Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Francaises also will be here, Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from bridges, rampart- bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry,—without years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease last hour, as we said, by

mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of from behind stone; hardly through portholes, shew the tip of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is rooms are burnt, Invalides messrooms. A distracted 'Peruke-home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in maker with two fiery torches' is for burning 'the saltpetres of coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Francaises the Arsenal;'—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Pa- in the Place de Greve. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; triot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hotel-de-Ville:—

the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), over-Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is 'pale to the turned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young very lips' for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic thought falsely to be de Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering, a de Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemere the old soldier, dashes in, knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distract- and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled edly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Pathe Bastille.

triotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag 123

back one cart; and Reole the 'gigantic haberdasher' another.

Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the for it or the world, were

passing! It tolled One when the firing Crack of Doom!

began; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing Blood flows, the aliment of new madness. The wounded are slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall.

Wo to thee, de Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides!

And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can three in number, arrive from the Hotel-de-Ville; Abbe Fouchet send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoi-

(who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman cour-tring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We age of benevolence. (Fauchet's Narrative (Deux Amis, i. 324.).) are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is de Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they re-sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!"

turn, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their the Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barri-ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their ers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was?

fire-pumps on the Invalides' cannon, to wet the touchholes; Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific Avis they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only au Peuple! Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose day of emergence and new birth: and yet this same day come

catapults. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-four years—! —But let the curtains of the future hang.

Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a 'mixture What shall de Launay do? One thing only de Launay could of phosphorous and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forc-have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from ing pumps:' O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture ready?

the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Pow-Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates der-Magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or bronze not; even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. (Deux Amis (i. 319); motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless he sat Dusaulx, &c.) Gardes Francaises have come: real cannon, real there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin could, might, would, or should, in nowise, be surrendered, save rage in the midst of thousands.

to the King's Messenger: one old man's life worthless, so it be How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner lost with honour; but think, ye brawling canaille, how will it 124

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be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statu-very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened esque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies de Launay might in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Bazoche, Cure of Saint-by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty Stephen and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world, to work man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone-their will.

Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patri-And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered ots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark!

how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the to all! Are they accepted?—" Foi d'officier, On the word of an Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread!

officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher their instincts, which are truer than their thoughts: it is the Maillard bolting it when down; rushes-in the living deluge: greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows, the Bastille is fallen! Victoire! La Bastille est prise! (Histoire de which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has la Revolution, par Deux Amis de la Liberte, i. 267-306; Besenval, his footing some where beyond Time. De Launay could not do iii. 410-434; Dusaulx, Prise de la Bastille, 291-301. Bailly, it. Distracted, he hovers between the two; hopes in the middle Memoires (Collection de Berville et Barriere), i. 322 et seqq.) of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it.

Chapter 1.5.VII.

Unhappy old de Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring and Jailor, all three, such as they may ***Not a Revolt.***

have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the Why dwell on what follows? Hulin's foi d'officer should have World-Chimaera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk been kept, but could not. The Swiss stand

drawn up; disguised under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: in white canvas smocks; the Invalides without disguise; their they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the arms all piled against the wall. The first rush of victors, in ec-chamade, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The stacy that the death-peril is passed, 'leaps joyfully on their 125

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necks;' but new victors rush, and ever new, also in ecstacy not him, in this fearful hour, and will die for him; it avails not.

wholly of joy. As we said, it was a living deluge, plunging head-Brothers, your wrath is cruel! Your Place de Greve is become a long; had not the Gardes Francaises, in their cool military way, Throat of the Tiger; full of mere fierce bellowings, and thirst of

'wheeled round with arms levelled,' it would have plunged sui-blood. One other officer is massacred; one other Invalide is cidally, by the hundred or the thousand, into the Bastille-ditch.

hanged on the Lamp-iron: with difficulty, with generous per-And so it goes plunging through court and corridor; billow-severance, the Gardes Francaises will save the rest. Provost ing uncontrollable, firing from windows—on itself: in hot frenzy Flesselles stricken long since with the paleness of death, must of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its slain. The poor descend from his seat, 'to be judged at the Palais Royal:'—

Invalides will fare ill; one Swiss, running off in his white smock, alas, to be shot dead, by an unknown hand, at the turning of is driven back, with a death-thrust. Let all prisoners be marched the first street!—

to the Townhall, to be judged!—Alas, already one poor Invalide O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant has his right hand slashed off him; his maimed body dragged on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spin-to the Place de Greve, and hanged there. This same right hand, ning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on Balls it

is said, turned back de Launay from the Powder-Magazine, at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the and saved Paris.

Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketted Hussar-De Launay, 'discovered in gray frock with poppy-coloured Officers;—and also on this roaring Hell porch of a Hotel-de-riband,' is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He Ville! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not shall to the Hotel-de-Ville; Hulin Maillard and others escort-Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type ing him; Elie marching foremost 'with the capitulation-paper of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of on his sword's point.' Through roarings and cursings; through an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring is hustled aside, felled down; Hulin sinks exhausted on a heap with Olympus; and they scarcely crediting it, have conquered: of stones. Miserable de Launay! He shall never enter the Hotel prodigy of prodigies; delirious,—as it could not but be. De-de Ville: only his 'bloody hair-queue, held up in a bloody hand;'

nunciation, vengeance; blaze of triumph on a dark ground of that shall enter, for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the terror: all outward, all inward things fallen into one general steps there; the head is off through the streets; ghastly, aloft wreck of madness!

on a pike.

Electoral Committee? Had it a thousand throats of brass, it Rigorous de Launay has died; crying out, "O friends, kill me would not suffice. Abbe Lefevre, in the Vaults down below, is fast!" Merciful de Losme must die; though Gratitude embraces black as Vulcan, distributing that 'five thousand weight of 126

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Powder;' with what perils, these eight-and-forty hours! Last through the dusk; its paper-archives shall fly white. Old se-night, a Patriot, in liquor,

insisted on sitting to smoke on the crets come to view; and long-buried Despair finds voice. Read edge of one of the Powder-barrels; there smoked he, indepen-this portion of an old Letter: (Dated, a la Bastille, 7 Octobre, dent of the world,—till the Abbe 'purchased his pipe for three 1752; signed Queret-Demery. Bastille Devoilee, in Linguet, francs,' and pitched it far.

Memoires sur la Bastille (Paris, 1821), p. 199.) 'If for my con-Elie, in the grand Hall, Electoral Committee looking on, sits solation Monseigneur would grant me for the sake of God and

'with drawn sword bent in three places;' with battered helm, the Most Blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear for he was of the Queen's Regiment, Cavalry; with torn regi-wife; were it only her name on card to shew that she is alive! It mentals, face singed and soiled; comparable, some think, to were the greatest consolation I could receive; and I should for

'an antique warrior;'—judging the people; forming a list of ever bless the greatness of Monseigneur.' Poor Prisoner, who Bastille Heroes. O Friends, stain not with blood the greenest namest thyself Queret Demery, and hast no other history,—

laurels ever gained in this world: such is the burden of Elie's she is dead, that dear wife of thine, and thou art dead! 'Tis song; could it but be listened to. Courage, Elie! Courage, ye fifty years since thy breaking heart put this question; to be Municipal Electors! A declining sun; the need of victuals, and heard now first, and long heard, in the hearts of men.

of telling news, will bring assuagement, dispersion: all earthly But so does the July twilight thicken; so must Paris, as sick things must end.

children, and all distracted creatures do, brawl itself finally Along the streets of Paris circulate Seven Bastille Prisoners, into a kind of sleep. Municipal Electors, astonished to find borne shoulder-high: seven Heads on pikes; the Keys of the their heads still uppermost, are home: only Moreau de Saint-Bastille; and much else. See also the Garde Francaises, in their Mery of tropical birth and heart, of coolest judgment; he, with steadfast military way, marching home to their barracks, with two others,

shall sit permanent at the Townhall. Paris sleeps; the Invalides and Swiss kindly enclosed in hollow square. It is gleams upward the illuminated City: patrols go clashing, with-one year and two months since these same men stood out common watchword; there go rumours; alarms of war, to unparticipating, with Brennus d'Agoust at the Palais de Jus-the extent of 'fifteen thousand men marching through the tice, when Fate overtook d'Espremenil; and now they have par-Suburb Saint-Antoine,'—who never got it marched through.

ticipated; and will participate. Not Gardes Francaises hence-Of the day's distraction judge by this of the night: Moreau de forth, but Centre Grenadiers of the National Guard: men of Saint-Mery, 'before rising from his seat, gave upwards of three iron discipline and humour,—not without a kind of thought thousand orders.' (Dusaulx.) What a head; comparable to Friar in them!

Bacon's Brass Head! Within it lies all Paris. Prompt must the Likewise ashlar stones of the Bastille continue thundering answer be, right or wrong; in Paris is no other Authority ex-127

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tant. Seriously, a most cool clear head;—for which also thou O

Chapter 1.5.VIII.

brave Saint-Mery, in many capacities, from august Senator to Merchant's-Clerk, Book-dealer, Vice-King; in many places, from ***Conquering your King.***

Virginia to Sardinia, shalt, ever as a brave man, find employ-ment. (Biographie Universelle, para Moreau Saint-Mery (by On the morrow a fourth Deputation to the Chateau is on foot: Fournier-Pescay).)

of a more solemn, not to say awful character, for, besides 'or-Besenval has decamped, under cloud of dusk, 'amid a great gies in the Orangery,' it seems, 'the grain convoys are all affluence of people,' who did not harm

him; he marches, with stopped;' nor has Mirabeau's thunder been silent. Such Depu-faint-growing tread, down the left bank of the Seine, all tation is on the point of setting out—when lo, his Majesty night,—towards infinite space. Resummoned shall Besenval himself attended only by his two Brothers, step in; quite in himself be; for trial, for difficult acquittal. His King's-troops, the paternal manner; announces that the troops, and all causes his Royal Allemand, are gone hence for ever.

of offence, are gone, and henceforth there shall be nothing The Versailles Ball and lemonade is done; the Orangery is but trust, reconcilement, goodwill; whereof he 'permits and silent except for nightbirds. Over in the Salle des Menus, Vice-even requests,' a National Assembly to assure Paris in his name!

president Lafayette, with unsnuffed lights, 'with some hun-Acclamation, as of men suddenly delivered from death, gives dred of members, stretched on tables round him,' sits erect; answer. The whole Assembly spontaneously rises to escort his outwatching the Bear. This day, a second solemn Deputation Majesty back; 'interlacing their arms to keep off the excessive went to his Majesty; a second, and then a third: with no ef-pressure from him;' for all Versailles is crowding and shouting.

fect. What will the end of these things be?

The Chateau Musicians, with a felicitous promptitude, strike In the Court, all is mystery, not without whisperings of ter-up the Sein de sa Famille (Bosom of one's Family): the Queen ror; though ye dream of lemonade and epaulettes, ye foolish appears at the balcony with her little boy and girl, 'kissing women! His Majesty, kept in happy ignorance, perhaps dreams them several times;' infinite Vivats spread far and wide;—and of double-barrels and the Woods of Meudon. Late at night, the suddenly there has come, as it were, a new Heaven-on-Earth.

Duke de Liancourt, having official right of entrance, gains ac-Eighty-eight august Senators, Bailly, Lafayette, and our recess to the Royal Apartments; unfolds, with earnest clearness, pentant Archbishop among them, take

coach for Paris, with in his constitutional way, the Job's-news. "Mais," said poor the great intelligence; benedictions without end on their heads.

Louis, "c'est une revolte, Why, that is a revolt!"—"Sire," an-From the Place Louis Quinze, where they alight, all the way to swered Liancourt, "It is not a revolt, it is a revolution."

the Hotel-de-Ville, it is one sea of Tricolor cockades, of clear National muskets; one tempest of huzzaings, hand-clappings, 128

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aided by 'occasional rollings' of drum-music. Harangues of due of trumpet and timbrel.

fervour are delivered; especially by Lally Tollendal, pious son Seeing which course of things, Messeigneurs of the Court of the ill-fated murdered Lally; on whose head, in consequence, Triumvirate, Messieurs of the dead-born Broglie-Ministry, and a civic crown (of oak or parsley) is forced,—which he forcibly others such, consider that their part also is clear: to mount transfers to Bailly's.

and ride. Off, ye too-loyal Broglies, Polignacs, and Princes of But surely, for one thing, the National Guard must have a the Blood; off while it is yet time! Did not the Palais-Royal in General! Moreau de Saint-Mery, he of the 'three thousand orits late nocturnal 'violent motions,' set a specific price (place ders,' casts one of his significant glances on the Bust of of payment not mentioned) on each of your heads?—With Lafayette, which has stood there ever since the American War precautions, with the aid of pieces of cannon and regiments of Liberty. Whereupon, by acclamation, Lafayette is nominated.

that can be depended on, Messeigneurs, between the 16th Again, in room of the slain traitor or quasi-traitor Flesselles, night and the 17th morning, get to their several roads. Not President Bailly shall be—Provost of the Merchants? No: Mayor without risk! Prince Conde has (or seems to have) 'men gal-of Paris! So be it. Maire de Paris! Mayor Bailly, General

Lafayette; loping at full speed;' with a view, it is thought, to fling him vive Bailly, vive Lafayette—the universal out-of-doors multi-into the river Oise, at Pont-Sainte-Mayence. (Weber, ii. 126.) tude rends the welkin in confirmation.—And now, finally, let The Polignacs travel disguised; friends, not servants, on their us to Notre-Dame for a Te Deum.

coach-box. Broglie has his own difficulties at Versailles, runs Towards Notre-Dame Cathedral, in glad procession, these Re-his own risks at Metz and Verdun; does nevertheless get safe generators of the Country walk, through a jubilant people; in to Luxemburg, and there rests.

fraternal manner; Abbe Lefevre, still black with his gunpowder This is what they call the First Emigration; determined on, services, walking arm in arm with the white-stoled Archbishop.

as appears, in full Court-conclave; his Majesty assisting; prompt Poor Bailly comes upon the Foundling Children, sent to kneel he, for his share of it, to follow any counsel whatsoever. 'Three to him; and 'weeps.' Te Deum, our Archbishop officiating, is Sons of France, and four Princes of the blood of Saint Louis,'

not only sung, but shot—with blank cartridges. Our joy is says Weber, 'could not more effectually humble the Burghers boundless as our wo threatened to be. Paris, by her own pike of Paris 'than by appearing to withdraw in fear of their life.'

and musket, and the valour of her own heart, has conquered Alas, the Burghers of Paris bear it with unexpected Stoicism!

the very wargods,—to the satisfaction now of Majesty itself.

The Man d'Artois indeed is gone; but has he carried, for ex-A courier is, this night, getting under way for Necker: the ample, the Land D'Artois with him? Not even Bagatelle the People's Minister, invited back by King, by National Assembly, Country-house (which shall be useful as a Tavern); hardly the and Nation, shall traverse France amid shoutings, and the sound four-valet Breeches, leaving the Breeches-maker!—As for old 129

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Foulon, one learns that he is dead; at least a 'sumptuous fu-roofs:—and so drives home again amid glad mingled and, as it neral' is going on; the undertakers honouring him, if no other were, intermarried shouts, of Vive le Roi and Vive la Nation; will. Intendant Berthier, his son-in-law, is still living; lurking: wearied but safe.

he joined Besenval, on that Eumenides' Sunday; appearing to It was Sunday when the red-hot balls hung over us, in mid treat it with levity; and is now fled no man knows whither.

air: it is now but Friday, and 'the Revolution is sanctioned.' An The Emigration is not gone many miles, Prince Conde hardly August National Assembly shall make the Constitution; and across the Oise, when his Majesty, according to arrangement, neither foreign Pandour, domestic Triumvirate, with levelled for the Emigration also thought it might do good, —under-Cannon, Guy-Faux powder-plots (for that too was spoken of); takes a rather daring enterprise: that of visiting Paris in per-nor any tyrannic Power on the Earth, or under the Earth, shall son. With a Hundred Members of Assembly; with small or no say to it, What dost thou?—So jubilates the people; sure now military escort, which indeed he dismissed at the Bridge of of a Constitution. Cracked Marquis Saint-Huruge is heard un-Sevres, poor Louis sets out; leaving a desolate Palace; a Queen der the windows of the Chateau; murmuring sheer speculative-weeping, the Present, the Past, and the Future all so unfriendly treason. (Campan, ii. 46-64.)

for her.

At the Barrier of Passy, Mayor Bailly, in grand gala, presents ***Chapter 1.5.IX.***

him with the keys; harangues him, in Academic style; mentions that it is a great day; that in Henri Quatre's case, the ***The Lanterne.***

King had to make conquest of his People, but in this happier case, the People makes conquest of its King (a conquis son The Fall of the Bastille may be said to have shaken all France Roi). The King, so happily conquered, drives forward, slowly, to the deepest foundations of its existence. The rumour of through a steel people, all silent, or shouting only Vive la these wonders flies every where: with the natural speed of Nation; is harangued at the Townhall, by Moreau of the three-Rumour; with an effect thought to be preternatural, produced thousand orders, by King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, by by plots. Did d'Orleans or Laclos, nay did Mirabeau (not over-Lally Tollendal, and others; knows not what to think of it, or burdened with money at this time) send riding Couriers out say of it; learns that he is 'Restorer of French Liberty,'—as a from Paris; to gallop 'on all radii,' or highways, towards all Statue of him, to be raised on the site of the Bastille, shall points of France? It is a miracle, which no penetrating man will testify to all men. Finally, he is shewn at the Balcony, with a call in question. (Toulongeon, (i. 95); Weber, &c. &c.) Tricolor cockade in his hat; is greeted now, with vehement ac-Already in most Towns, Electoral Committees were met; to clamation, from Square and Street, from all windows and regret Necker, in harangue and resolution. In many a Town, as 130

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Rennes, Caen, Lyons, an ebullient people was already regret-Deums, Royal Visits, and sanctioned Revolution, there is halting him in brickbats and musketry. But now, at every Town's-cyon weather; weather even of preternatural brightness; the end in France, there do arrive, in these days of terror,—'men,'

hurricane being overblown.

as men will arrive; nay, 'men on horseback,' since Rumour Nevertheless, as is natural, the waves still run high, hollow oftenest travels riding. These men declare, with alarmed coun-rocks retaining their murmur. We are but at the 22nd of the tenance, The brigands to be coming, to be just at hand; and

do month, hardly above a week since the Bastille fell, when it then—ride on, about their further business, be what it might!

suddenly appears that old Foulon is alive; nay, that he is here, Whereupon the whole population of such Town, defensively in early morning, in the streets of Paris; the extortioner, the flies to arms. Petition is soon thereafter forwarded to National plotter, who would make the people eat grass, and was a liar Assembly; in such peril and terror of peril, leave to organise from the beginning!—It is even so. The deceptive 'sumptuous yourself cannot be withheld: the armed population becomes funeral' (of some domestic that died); the hiding-place at Vitry everywhere an enrolled National Guard. Thus rides Rumour, towards Fontainbleau, have not availed that wretched old man.

careering along all radii, from Paris outwards, to such purpose: Some living domestic or dependant, for none loves Foulon, in few days, some say in not many hours, all France to the has betrayed him to the Village. Merciless boors of Vitry un-utmost borders bristles with bayonets. Singular, but undeni-earth him; pounce on him, like hellhounds: Westward, old Inable,—miraculous or not!—But thus may any chemical liquid; famy; to Paris, to be judged at the Hotel-de-Ville! His old head, though cooled to the freezing-point, or far lower, still con-which seventy-four years have bleached, is bare; they have tinue liquid; and then, on the slightest stroke or shake, it at tied an emblematic bundle of grass on his back; a garland of once rushes wholly into ice. Thus has France, for long months nettles and thistles is round his neck: in this manner; led with and even years, been chemically dealt with; brought below ropes; goaded on with curses and menaces, must he, with his zero; and now, shaken by the Fall of a Bastille, it instanta-old limbs, sprawl forward; the pitiablest, most unpitied of all neously congeals: into one crystallised mass, of sharp-cutting old men.

steel! Guai a chi la tocca; 'Ware who touches it!

Sooty Saint-Antoine, and every street, mustering its crowds In Paris, an Electoral Committee, with a new Mayor and Gen-as he passes,—the Place de Greve, the Hall of the Hotel-deeral, is urgent with belligerent workmen

to resume their handi-Ville will scarcely hold his escort and him. Foulon must not crafts. Strong Dames of the Market (Dames de la Halle) deliver only be judged righteously; but judged there where he stands, congratulatory harangues; present 'bouquets to the Shrine of without any delay. Appoint seven judges, ye Municipals, or Sainte Genevieve.' Unenrolled men deposit their arms,—not so seventy-and-seven; name them yourselves, or we will name readily as could be wished; and receive 'nine francs.' With Te them: but judge him! (Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 146-9.) Elec-131

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toral rhetoric, eloquence of Mayor Bailly, is wasted explaining sions of the centre-of-gravity, are human Solecisms all liable, the beauty of the Law's delay. Delay, and still delay! Behold, O

if they but knew it; the more liable, the falser (and topheavier) Mayor of the People, the morning has worn itself into noon; they are!—

and he is still unjudged!—Lafayette, pressingly sent for, ar-To add to the horror of Mayor Bailly and his Municipals, word rives; gives voice: This Foulon, a known man, is guilty almost comes that Berthier has also been arrested; that he is on his beyond doubt; but may he not have accomplices? Ought not way hither from Compiegne. Berthier, Intendant (say, Tax-the truth to be cunningly pumped out of him,—in the Abbaye levier) of Paris; sycophant and tyrant; forestaller of Corn; con-Prison? It is a new light! Sansculottism claps hands;—at which triver of Camps against the people;— accused of many things: hand-clapping, Foulon (in his fainness, as his Destiny would is he not Foulon's son-in-law; and, in that one point, guilty of have it) also claps. "See! they understand one another!" cries all? In these hours too, when Sansculottism has its blood up!

dark Sansculottism, blazing into fury of suspicion.—"Friends,"

The shuddering Municipals send one of their number to escort said 'a person in good clothes,' stepping forward, "what is the him, with mounted National Guards.

use of judging this man? Has he not been judged these thirty At the fall of day, the wretched Berthier, still wearing a face years?" With wild yells, Sansculottism clutches him, in its hun-of courage, arrives at the Barrier; in an open carriage; with the dred hands: he is whirled across the Place de Greve, to the Municipal beside him; five hundred horsemen with drawn sa-

'Lanterne,' Lamp-iron which there is at the corner of the Rue de bres; unarmed footmen enough, not without noise! Placards la Vannerie; pleading bitterly for life,—to the deaf winds. Only go brandished round him; bearing legibly his indictment, as with the third rope (for two ropes broke, and the quavering Sansculottism, with unlegal brevity, 'in huge letters,' draws it voice still pleaded), can he be so much as got hanged! His up. ('Il a vole le Roi et la France (He robbed the King and Body is dragged through the streets; his Head goes aloft on a France).' 'He devoured the substance of the People.' 'He was pike, the mouth filled with grass: amid sounds as of Tophet, the slave of the rich, and the tyrant of the poor.' 'He drank the from a grass-eating people. (Deux Amis de la Liberte, ii. 60-6.) blood of the widow and orphan.' 'He betrayed his country.' See Surely if Revenge is a 'kind of Justice,' it is a 'wild' kind! O

Deux Amis, ii. 67-73.) Paris is come forth to meet him: with mad Sansculottism hast thou risen, in thy mad darkness, in hand-clappings, with windows flung up; with dances, triumph-thy soot and rags; unexpectedly, like an Enceladus, living-bur-songs, as of the Furies! Lastly the Head of Foulon: this also ied, from under his Trinacria? They that would make grass be meets him on a pike. Well might his 'look become glazed,' and eaten do now eat grass, in this manner? After long dumb-sense fail him, at such sight!—Nevertheless, be the man's con-groaning generations, has the turn suddenly become thine?—

science what it may, his nerves are of iron. At the Hotel-de-To such abysmal overturns, and frightful instantaneous inver-Ville, he will answer nothing. He says, he obeyed superior or-132

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der; they have his papers; they may judge and determine: as pernatural.

for himself, not having closed an eye these two nights, he Thus, in any case, with what rubs soever, shall the Bastille be demands, before all things, to have sleep. Leaden sleep, thou abolished from our Earth; and with it, Feudalism, Despotism; miserable Berthier! Guards rise with him, in motion towards and, one hopes, Scoundrelism generally, and all hard usage of the Abbaye. At the very door of the Hotel-de-Ville, they are man by his brother man. Alas, the Scoundrelism and hard us-clutched; flung asunder, as by a vortex of mad arms; Berthier age are not so easy of abolition! But as for the Bastille, it whirls towards the Lanterne. He snatches a musket; fells and sinks day after day, and month after month; its ashlars and strikes, defending himself like a mad lion; is borne down, boulders tumbling down continually, by express order of our trampled, hanged, mangled: his Head too, and even his Heart, Municipals. Crowds of the curious roam through its caverns; flies over the City on a pike.

gaze on the skeletons found walled up, on the oubliettes, iron Horrible, in Lands that had known equal justice! Not so un-cages, monstrous stone-blocks with padlock chains. One day natural in Lands that had never known it. Le sang qui coule we discern Mirabeau there; along with the Genevese Dumont.

est-il donc si pure? asks Barnave; intimating that the Gallows, (Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, p. 305.) Workers and on-though by irregular methods, has its own.—Thou thyself, O

lookers make reverent way for him; fling verses, flowers on his Reader, when thou turnest that corner of the Rue de la Vannerie, path, Bastille-papers and curiosities into his carriage, with and discernest still that same grim Bracket of old Iron, wilt vivats.

not want for reflections. 'Over a grocer's shop,' or otherwise; Able Editors compile Books from the Bastille Archives; from with 'a bust of Louis XIV. in the niche under it,' or now no what of them remain unburnt. The Key of that

Robber-Den longer in the niche,—it still sticks there: still holding out an shall cross the Atlantic; shall lie on Washington's hall-table.

ineffectual light, of fish-oil; and has seen worlds wrecked, and The great Clock ticks now in a private patriotic Clockmaker's says nothing.

apartment; no longer measuring hours of mere heaviness. Van-But to the eye of enlightened Patriotism, what a thunder-ished is the Bastille, what we call vanished: the body, or sand-cloud was this; suddenly shaping itself in the radiance of the stones, of it hanging, in benign metamorphosis, for centuries halcyon weather! Cloud of Erebus blackness: betokening la-to come, over the Seine waters, as Pont Louis Seize; (Dulaure: tent electricity without limit. Mayor Bailly, General Lafayette Histoire de Paris, viii. 434.) the soul of it living, perhaps still throw up their commissions, in an indignant manner;—need longer, in the memories of men.

to be flattered back again. The cloud disappears, as thunder-So far, ye august Senators, with your Tennis-Court Oaths, clouds do. The halcyon weather returns, though of a grayer your inertia and impetus, your sagacity and pertinacity, have complexion; of a character more and more evidently not su-ye brought us. "And yet think, Messieurs," as the Petitioner 133

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justly urged, "you who were our saviours, did yourselves need ***BOOK VI.***

saviours,"—the brave Bastillers, namely; workmen of Paris; many of them in straightened pecuniary circumstances!

CONSOLIDATION

(Moniteur: Seance du Samedi 18 Juillet 1789 (in Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 137.) Subscriptions are opened; Lists are ***Chapter 1.6.I.***

formed, more accurate than Elie's; harangues are delivered. A Body of Bastille Heroes, tolerably complete, did get together;—

Make the Constitution.

comparable to the Argonauts; hoping to endure like them.

But in little more than a year, the whirlpool of things threw Here perhaps is the place to fix, a little more precisely, what them asunder again, and they sank. So many highest superla-these two words, French Revolution, shall mean; for, strictly tives achieved by man are followed by new higher; and dwindle considered, they may have as many meanings as there are into comparatives and positives! The Siege of the Bastille, speakers of them. All things are in revolution; in change from weighed with which, in the Historical balance, most other moment to moment, which becomes sensible from epoch to sieges, including that of Troy Town, are gossamer, cost, as we epoch: in this Time-World of ours there is properly nothing find, in killed and mortally wounded, on the part of the Be-else but revolution and mutation, and even nothing else con-siegers, some Eighty-three persons: on the part of the Besieged, ceivable. Revolution, you answer, means speedier change.

after all that straw-burning, fire-pumping, and deluge of mus-Whereupon one has still to ask: How speedy? At what degree ketry, One poor solitary invalid, shot stone-dead (roide-mort) of speed; in what particular points of this variable course, which on the battlements; (Dusaulx: Prise de la Bastille, p. 447, &c.) varies in velocity, but can never stop till Time itself stops, does The Bastille Fortress, like the City of Jericho, was overturned revolution begin and end; cease to be ordinary mutation, and by miraculous sound.

again become such? It is a thing that will depend on defini-tion more or less arbitrary.

For ourselves we answer that French Revolution means here the open violent Rebellion, and Victory, of disimprisoned Anarchy against corrupt worn-out Authority: how Anarchy breaks prison; bursts up from the infinite Deep, and rages uncontrollable, immeasurable, enveloping a world; in

phasis after phasis of fever-frenzy;—'till the frenzy burning itself out, and what elements of new Order it held (since all Force holds such) de-134

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veloping themselves, the Uncontrollable be got, if not the Tailor and Upholsterer mainly, and men were buckram masks reimprisoned, yet harnessed, and its mad forces made to work that went about becking and grimacing there,—on a sudden, towards their object as sane regulated ones. For as Hierarchies the Earth yawns asunder, and amid Tartarean smoke, and glare and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Aristocracies, Autocra-of fierce brightness, rises sansculottism, many-headed, fire-cies, Strumpetocracies, have ruled over the world; so it was breathing, and asks: What think ye of me? Well may the buck-appointed, in the decrees of Providence, that this same Victo-ram masks start together, terrorstruck; 'into expressive well-rious Anarchy, Jacobinism, Sansculottism, French Revolution, concerted groups!' It is indeed, Friends, a most singular, most Horrors of French Revolution, or what else mortals name it, fatal thing. Let whosoever is but buckram and a phantasm should have its turn. The 'destructive wrath' of Sansculottism: look to it: ill verily may it fare with him; here methinks he this is what we speak, having unhappily no voice for singing.

cannot much longer be. Wo also to many a one who is not Surely a great Phenomenon: nay it is a transcendental one, wholly buckram, but partially real and human! The age of overstepping all rules and experience; the crowning Phenom-Miracles has come back! 'Behold the World-Phoenix, in fire-enon of our Modern Time. For here again, most unexpectedly, consummation and fire-creation; wide are her fanning wings; comes antique Fanaticism in new and newest vesture; miracu-loud is her death-melody, of battle-thunders and falling towns; lous, as all Fanaticism is. Call it the Fanaticism of 'making away skyward lashes the funeral flame, enveloping all things: it is with formulas, de humer les formulas.' The world of formulas, the Death-Birth of a World!'

the formed regulated world, which all habitable world is,—

Whereby, however, as we often say, shall one unspeakable must needs hate such Fanaticism like death; and be at deadly blessing seem attainable. This, namely: that Man and his Life variance with it. The world of formulas must conquer it; or rest no more on hollowness and a Lie, but on solidity and failing that, must die execrating it, anathematising it;—can some kind of Truth. Welcome, the beggarliest truth, so it be nevertheless in nowise prevent its being and its having been.

one, in exchange for the royallest sham! Truth of any kind The Anathemas are there, and the miraculous Thing is there.

breeds ever new and better truth; thus hard granite rock will Whence it cometh? Whither it goeth? These are questions!

crumble down into soil, under the blessed skyey influences; When the age of Miracles lay faded into the distance as an and cover itself with verdure, with fruitage and umbrage. But incredible tradition, and even the age of Conventionalities was as for Falsehood, which in like contrary manner, grows ever now old; and Man's Existence had for long generations rested falser,—what can it, or what should it do but decease, being on mere formulas which were grown hollow by course of time; ripe; decompose itself, gently or even violently, and return to and it seemed as if no Reality any longer existed but only the Father of it,—too probably in flames of fire?

Phantasms of realities, and God's Universe were the work of Sansculottism will burn much; but what is incombustible it 135

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will not burn. Fear not Sansculottism; recognise it for what it amounting to many horseloads, were easy for us. Easy but is, the portentous, inevitable end of much, the miraculous be-unprofitable. The National Assembly, named now Constituent ginning of much. One other thing thou mayest understand of Assembly, goes its course; making the Constitution; but the it: that it too came from God; for has it not been? From of old, French Revolution also goes its course.

as it is written, are His goings forth; in the great Deep of In general, may we not say that the French Revolution lies things; fearful and wonderful now as in the beginning: in the in the heart and head of every violent-speaking, of every vio-whirlwind also He speaks! and the wrath of men is made to lent-thinking French Man? How the Twenty-five Millions of praise Him.—But to gauge and measure this immeasurable such, in their perplexed combination, acting and counteract-Thing, and what is called account for it, and reduce it to a dead ing may give birth to events; which event successively is the logic-formula, attempt not! Much less shalt thou shriek thy-cardinal one; and from what point of vision it may best be self hoarse, cursing it; for that, to all needful lengths, has been surveyed: this is a problem. Which problem the best insight, already done. As an actually existing Son of Time, look, with seeking light from all possible sources, shifting its point of unspeakable manifold interest, oftenest in silence, at what vision whithersoever vision or glimpse of vision can be had, the Time did bring: therewith edify, instruct, nourish thyself, may employ itself in solving; and be well content to solve in or were it but to amuse and gratify thyself, as it is given thee.

some tolerably approximate way.

Another question which at every new turn will rise on us, As to the National Assembly, in so far as it still towers emi-requiring ever new reply is this: Where the French Revolution nent over France, after the manner of a carborne Carroccio, specially is? In the King's Palace, in his Majesty's or her Majesty's though now no longer in the van; and rings signals for retreat managements, and maltreatments, cabals, imbecilities and woes, or for advance,—it is and continues a reality among other re-answer some few:—whom we do not answer. In the National alities. But in so far as it sits making the Constitution, on the Assembly, answer a large mixed multitude: who accordingly other hand, it is a fatuity and chimera mainly. Alas, in the seat themselves in the Reporter's Chair; and therefrom noting never so heroic building of Montesquieu-Mably card-castles, what Proclamations, Acts, Reports, passages of logic-fence, though shouted over by the world, what interest is there?

bursts of parliamentary eloquence seem notable within doors, Occupied in that way, an august National Assembly becomes and what tumults and rumours of tumult become audible from for us little other than a Sanhedrim of pedants, not of the without,—produce volume on volume; and, naming it History gerund-grinding, yet of no fruitfuller sort; and its loud of the French Revolution, contentedly publish the same. To do debatings and recriminations about Rights of Man, Right of the like, to almost any extent, with so many Filed Newspa-Peace and War, Veto suspensif, Veto absolu, what are they but pers, Choix des Rapports, Histoires Parlementaires as there are, so many Pedant'scurses, 'May God confound you for your 136

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Theory of Irregular Verbs!'

perpetual abolition and reparation, rending and mending, with A Constitution can be built, Constitutions enough a la Sieyes: struggle and strife, with present evil and the hope and effort but the frightful difficulty is that of getting men to come and towards future good, must the Constitution, as all human live in them! Could Sieyes have drawn thunder and lightning things do, build itself forward; or unbuild itself, and sink, as it out of Heaven to sanction his Constitution, it had been well: can and may. O Sieyes, and ye other Committeemen, and Twelve but without any thunder? Nay, strictly considered, is it not Hundred miscellaneous individuals from all parts of France!

still true that without some such celestial sanction, given vis-What is the Belief of France, and yours, if ye knew it? Properly ibly in thunder or invisibly otherwise, no Constitution can in that there shall be no Belief; that all formulas be swallowed.

the long run be worth much more than the waste-paper it is The Constitution which will suit that? Alas, too clearly, a No-written on? The Constitution, the set of Laws, or prescribed Constitution, an Anarchy;—which also, in due season, shall Habits of Acting, that men will live under, is the one which be vouchsafed you.

images their Convictions,—their Faith as to this wondrous But, after all, what can an unfortunate National Assembly Universe, and what rights, duties, capabilities they have there; do? Consider only this, that there are Twelve Hundred miscel-which stands sanctioned therefore, by Necessity itself, if not laneous individuals; not a unit of whom but has his own think- by a seen Deity, then by an unseen one. Other laws, whereof ing-apparatus, his own speaking-apparatus! In every unit of there are always enough ready-made, are usurpations; which them is some belief and wish, different for each, both that men do not obey, but rebel against, and abolish, by their ear-France should be regenerated, and also that he individually liest convenience.

should do it. Twelve Hundred separate Forces, yoked miscella-The question of questions accordingly were, Who is it that neously to any object, miscellaneously to all sides of it; and especially for rebellers and abolishers, can make a Constitu-bid pull for life!

tion? He that can image forth the general Belief when there is Or is it the nature of National Assemblies generally to do, one; that can impart one when, as here, there is none. A most with endless labour and clangour, Nothing? Are Representa-rare man; ever as of old a god-missioned man! Here, however, tive Governments mostly at bottom Tyrannies too! Shall we in defect of such transcendent supreme man, Time with its say, the Tyrants, the ambitious contentious Persons, from all infinite succession of merely superior men, each yielding his corners of the country do, in this manner, get gathered into little contribution, does much. Force likewise (for, as Antiquar-one place; and there, with motion and counter-motion, with ian Philosophers teach, the royal Sceptre was from the first jargon and hubbub, cancel one another, like the fabulous something of a Hammer, to crack such heads as could not be Kilkenny Cats; and produce, for net-result, zero;—the coun-convinced) will all along find somewhat to do. And thus in try meanwhile governing or guiding itself, by such wisdom, 137

recognised or for most part unrecognised, as may exist in inmost opposite to that. Singular, what Gospels men will be-dividual heads here and there? —Nay, even that were a great lieve; even Gospels according to Jean Jacques! It was the fixed improvement: for, of old, with their Guelf Factions and Ghibelline Faith of these National Deputies, as of all thinking French-Factions, with their Red Roses and White Roses, they were wont men, that the Constitution could be made; that they, there to cancel the whole country as well. Besides they do it now in and then, were called to make it. How, with the toughness of a much narrower cockpit; within the four walls of their Assem-Old Hebrews or Ishmaelite Moslem, did the otherwise light bly House, and here and there an outpost of Hustings and unbelieving People persist in this their Credo quia impossibile Barrel-heads; do it with tongues too, not with swords:—all

; and front the armed world with it; and grow fanatic, and even which improvements, in the art of producing zero, are they heroic, and do exploits by it! The Constituent Assembly's not great? Nay, best of all, some happy Continents (as the Constitution, and several others, will, being printed and not Western one, with its Savannahs, where whosoever has four manuscript, survive to future generations, as an instructive willing limbs finds food under his feet, and an infinite sky wellnigh incredible document of the Time: the most signifi-over his head) can do without governing.—What Sphinx-ques-cant Picture of the then existing France; or at lowest, Picture tions; which the distracted world, in these very generations, of these men's Picture of it.

must answer or die!

But in truth and seriousness, what could the National Assembly have done? The thing to be done was, actually as they ***Chapter 1.6.II.***

said, to regenerate France; to abolish the old France, and make a new one; quietly or forcibly, by concession or by violence, ***The Constituent Assembly.***

this, by the Law of Nature, has become inevitable. With what degree of violence, depends on the wisdom of those that pre-One thing an elected Assembly of Twelve Hundred is fit for: side over it. With perfect wisdom on the part of the National Destroying. Which indeed is but a more decided exercise of its Assembly, it had all been otherwise; but whether, in any wise, natural talent for Doing Nothing. Do nothing, only keep agi-it could have been pacific, nay other than bloody and convul-tating, debating; and things will destroy themselves.

sive, may still be a question.

So and not otherwise proved it with an august National As-Grant, meanwhile, that this Constituent Assembly does to sembly. It took the name, Constituent, as if its mission and the last continue to be something. With a sigh, it sees itself function had been to construct or build; which also, with its incessantly forced away from its infinite divine task, of per-whole soul, it endeavoured to do: yet, in the fates, in the fecting 'the Theory of Irregular Verbs,'—to finite terrestrial nature of things, there lay for it precisely of all functions the tasks, which latter have still a significance for us. It is the 138

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cynosure of revolutionary France, this National Assembly. All masses of work in one night. A memorable night, this Fourth work of Government has fallen into its hands, or under its con-of August: Dignitaries temporal and spiritual; Peers, Archbish-trol; all men look to it for guidance. In the middle of that huge ops, Parlement-Presidents, each outdoing the other in patri-Revolt of Twenty-five millions, it hovers always aloft as Carroccio otic devotedness, come successively to throw their (untenor Battle-Standard, impelling and impelled, in the most conable) possessions on the 'altar of the fatherland.' With louder fused way; if it cannot give much guidance, it will still seem to and louder vivats, for indeed it is 'after dinner' too,—they give some. It emits pacificatory Proclamations, not a few; with abolish Tithes, Seignorial Dues, Gabelle, excessive Preservation more or with less result. It authorises the enrolment of Na-of Game; nay Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism root and branch; tional Guards,—lest Brigands come to devour

us, and reap the then appoint a Te Deum for it; and so, finally, disperse about unripe crops. It sends missions to quell 'effervescences;' to three in the morning, striking the stars with their sublime deliver men from the Lanterne. It can listen to congratulatory heads. Such night, unforeseen but for ever memorable, was Addresses, which arrive daily by the sackful; mostly in King this of the Fourth of August 1789. Miraculous, or semi-mi- Cambyses' vein: also to Petitions and complaints from all mor-raculous, some seem to think it. A new Night of Pentecost, tals; so that every mortal's complaint, if it cannot get redressed, shall we say, shaped according to the new Time, and new Church may at least hear itself complain. For the rest, an august Na-of Jean Jacques Rousseau? It had its causes; also its effects.

tional Assembly can produce Parliamentary Eloquence; and In such manner labour the National Deputies; perfecting their appoint Committees. Committees of the Constitution, of Re-Theory of Irregular Verbs; governing France, and being gov-ports, of Researches; and of much else: which again yield moun-erned by it; with toil and noise;—cutting asunder ancient intains of Printed Paper; the theme of new Parliamentary Elo-tolerable bonds; and, for new ones, assiduously spinning ropes quence, in bursts, or in plenteous smooth-flowing floods. And of sand. Were their labours a nothing or a something, yet the so, from the waste vortex whereon all things go whirling and eyes of all France being reverently fixed on them, History can grinding, Organic Laws, or the similitude of such, slowly emerge.

never very long leave them altogether out of sight.

With endless debating, we get the Rights of Man written For the present, if we glance into that Assembly Hall of theirs, down and promulgated: true paper basis of all paper Constitu-it will be found, as is natural, 'most irregular.' As many as 'a tions. Neglecting, cry the opponents, to declare the Duties of hundred members are on their feet at once;' no rule in making Man! Forgetting, answer we, to ascertain the Mights of Man;—

motions, or only commencements of a rule; Spectators' Gallery one of the fatalest omissions!—Nay, sometimes, as on the allowed to applaud, and even to hiss; (Arthur Young, i. 111.) Fourth of August, our National

Assembly, fired suddenly by President, appointed once a fortnight, raising many times no an almost preternatural enthusiasm, will get through whole serene head above the waves. Nevertheless, as in all human 139

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Assemblages, like does begin arranging itself to like; the pe-Robespierre; throwing in his light weight, with decision, not rennial rule, Ubi homines sunt modi sunt, proves valid. Rudi-yet with effect. A thin lean Puritan and Precisian; he would ments of Methods disclose themselves; rudiments of Parties.

make away with formulas; yet lives, moves, and has his being, There is a Right Side (Cote Droit), a Left Side (Cote Gauche); wholly in formulas, of another sort. 'Peuple,' such according to sitting on M. le President's right hand, or on his left: the Cote Robespierre ought to be the Royal method of promulgating Droit conservative; the Cote Gauche destructive. Intermediate laws, 'Peuple, this is the Law I have framed for thee; dost thou is Anglomaniac Constitutionalism, or Two-Chamber Royalism; accept it?'—answered from Right Side, from Centre and Left, with its Mouniers, its Lallys,—fast verging towards nonentity.

by inextinguishable laughter. (Moniteur, No. 67 (in Hist.Parl.).) Preeminent, on the Right Side, pleads and perorates Cazales, Yet men of insight discern that the Seagreen may by chance the Dragoon-captain, eloquent, mildly fervent; earning for him-go far: "this man," observes Mirabeau, "will do somewhat; he self the shadow of a name. There also blusters Barrel-Mirabeau, believes every word he says."

the Younger Mirabeau, not without wit: dusky d'Espremenil Abbe Sieyes is busy with mere Constitutional work: wherein, does nothing but sniff and ejaculate; might, it is fondly unluckily, fellow-workmen are less pliable than, with one who thought, lay prostrate the Elder Mirabeau himself, would he has completed the Science of Polity, they ought to be. Cour-but try, (Biographie Universelle, para D'Espremenil (by age, Sieyes nevertheless! Some twenty months of heroic tra-Beaulieu).)—which he does

not. Last and greatest, see, for vail, of contradiction from the stupid, and the Constitution one moment, the Abbe Maury; with his jesuitic eyes, his im- shall be built; the top-stone of it brought out with shout-passive brass face, 'image of all the cardinal sins.' Indomitable, ing,—say rather, the top-paper, for it is all Paper; and thou unquenchable, he fights jesuitico-rhetorically; with toughest hast done in it what the Earth or the Heaven could require, lungs and heart; for Throne, especially for Altar and Tithes. So thy utmost. Note likewise this Trio; memorable for several that a shrill voice exclaims once, from the Gallery: "Messieurs things; memorable were it only that their history is written in of the Clergy, you have to be shaved; if you wriggle too much, an epigram: 'whatsoever these Three have in hand,' it is said, you will get cut." (Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans, ii. 519.)

'Duport thinks it, Barnave speaks it, Lameth does it.' (See The Left side is also called the d'Orleans side; and sometimes Toulongeon, i. c. 3.)

derisively, the Palais Royal. And yet, so confused, real-imagi-But royal Mirabeau? Conspicuous among all parties, raised nary seems everything, 'it is doubtful,' as Mirabeau said, above and beyond them all, this man rises more and more. As

'whether d'Orleans himself belong to that same d'Orleans Party.'

we often say, he has an eye, he is a reality; while others are What can be known and seen is, that his moon-visage does formulas and eye-glasses. In the Transient he will detect the beam forth from that point of space. There likewise sits seagreen Perennial, find some firm footing even among Paper- vortexes.

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His fame is gone forth to all lands; it gladdened the heart of Young, &c.)— Such work is it, regenerating a Nation; perfect-the crabbed old Friend of Men himself before he died. The very ing one's Theory of Irregular Verbs!

Postilions of inns have heard of Mirabeau: when an impatient Traveller complains that the team is insufficient, his Postilion ***Chapter 1.6.III.***

answers, "Yes, Monsieur, the wheelers are weak; but my mirabeau (main horse), you see, is a right one, mais mon ***The General Overturn.***

mirabeau est excellent." (Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, p.

255.)

Of the King's Court, for the present, there is almost nothing And now, Reader, thou shalt quit this noisy Discrepancy of a whatever to be said. Silent, deserted are these halls; Royalty National Assembly; not (if thou be of humane mind) without languishes forsaken of its war-god and all its hopes, till once pity. Twelve Hundred brother men are there, in the centre of the Oeil-de-Boeuf rally again. The sceptre is departed from King Twenty-five Millions; fighting so fiercely with Fate and with Louis; is gone over to the Salles des Menus, to the Paris one another; struggling their lives out, as most sons of Adam Townhall, or one knows not whither. In the July days, while all do, for that which profiteth not. Nay, on the whole, it is ad-ears were yet deafened by the crash of the Bastille, and Minis-mitted further to be very dull. "Dull as this day's Assembly,"

ters and Princes were scattered to the four winds, it seemed as said some one. "Why date, Pourquoi dater?" answered Mirabeau.

if the very Valets had grown heavy of hearing. Besenval, also Consider that they are Twelve Hundred; that they not only in flight towards Infinite Space, but hovering a little at speak, but read their speeches; and even borrow and steal Versailles, was addressing his Majesty personally for an Order speeches to read! With Twelve Hundred fluent speakers, and about post-horses; when, lo, 'the Valet in waiting places him-their Noah's Deluge of vociferous commonplace, unattainable self familiarly between his Majesty and me,' stretching out his silence may well seem the one blessing of Life. But figure Twelve rascal neck to learn what it was! His Majesty, in sudden choler, Hundred pamphleteers; droning forth perpetual pamphlets: whirled round; made a clutch at the tongs: 'I gently prevented and no man to gag

them! Neither, as in the American Con-him; he grasped my hand in thankfulness; and I noticed tears gress, do the arrangements seem perfect. A Senator has not in his eyes.' (Besenval, iii. 419.)

his own Desk and Newspaper here; of Tobacco (much less of Poor King; for French Kings also are men! Louis Fourteenth Pipes) there is not the slightest provision. Conversation itself himself once clutched the tongs, and even smote with them; must be transacted in a low tone, with continual interruption: but then it was at Louvois, and Dame Maintenon ran up.—The only 'pencil Notes' circulate freely; 'in incredible numbers to Queen sits weeping in her inner apartments, surrounded by the foot of the very tribune.' (See Dumont (pp. 159-67); Arthur weak women: she is 'at the height of unpopularity;' univer-141

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sally regarded as the evil genius of France. Her friends and with formulas; whose Life nevertheless, at least the digestion familiar counsellors have all fled; and fled, surely, on the and hunger of it, was real enough! Heaven has at length sent foolishest errand. The Chateau Polignac still frowns aloft, on an abundant harvest; but what profits it the poor man, when its 'bold and enormous' cubical rock, amid the blooming Earth with her formulas interposes? Industry, in these times champaigns, amid the blue girdling mountains of Auvergne: of Insurrection, must needs lie dormant; capital, as usual, not (Arthur Young, i. 165.) but no Duke and Duchess Polignac circulating, but stagnating timorously in nooks. The poor man look forth from it; they have fled, they have 'met Necker at is short of work, is therefore short of money; nay even had he Bale;' they shall not return. That France should see her Nobles money, bread is not to be bought for it. Were it plotting of resist the Irresistible, Inevitable, with the face of angry men, Aristocrats, plotting of d'Orleans; were it Brigands, preternatural was unhappy, not unexpected: but with the face and sense of terror, and the clang of Phoebus Apollo's silver bow,—enough, pettish children? This was her peculiarity. They understood the markets are scarce of grain, plentiful only in tumult. Farm-nothing; would understand nothing. Does not, at this hour, a ers seem lazy to thresh;—being either 'bribed;' or needing no new

Polignac, firstborn of these Two, sit reflective in the Castle bribe, with prices ever rising, with perhaps rent itself no longer of Ham; (A.D. 1835.) in an astonishment he will never recover so pressing. Neither, what is singular, do municipal enactments, from; the most confused of existing mortals?

'That along with so many measures of wheat you shall sell so King Louis has his new Ministry: mere Popularities; Old-Presi-many of rye,' and other the like, much mend the matter. Dra-dent Pompignan; Necker, coming back in triumph; and other goons with drawn swords stand ranked among the corn-sacks, such. (Montgaillard, ii. 108.) But what will it avail him? As was often more dragoons than sacks. (Arthur Young, i. 129, &c.) said, the sceptre, all but the wooden gilt sceptre, has departed Meal-mobs abound; growing into mobs of a still darker qual-elsewhither. Volition, determination is not in this man: only ity.

innocence, indolence; dependence on all persons but himself, Starvation has been known among the French Commonalty on all circumstances but the circumstances he were lord of. So before this; known and familiar. Did we not see them, in the troublous internally is our Versailles and its work. Beautiful, if year 1775, presenting, in sallow faces, in wretchedness and seen from afar, resplendent like a Sun; seen near at hand, a raggedness, their Petition of Grievances; and, for answer, get-mere Sun's-Atmosphere, hiding darkness, confused ferment of ting a brand-new Gallows forty feet high? Hunger and Dark-ruin!

ness, through long years! For look back on that earlier Paris But over France, there goes on the indisputablest 'destruc-Riot, when a Great Personage, worn out by debauchery, was tion of formulas;' transaction of realities that follow there-believed to be in want of Blood-baths; and Mothers, in worn from. So many millions of persons, all gyved, and nigh strangled, raiment, yet with living hearts under it, 'filled the public places'

with their wild Rachel-cries,—stilled also by the Gallows. Twenty est confused tidings; by Paris Journals with their paper wings; years ago, the Friend of Men (preaching to the deaf) described or still more portentous, where no Journals are, (See Arthur the Limousin Peasants as wearing a pain-stricken (souffre-Young, i. 137, 150, &c.) by rumour and conjecture: Oppression douleur) look, a look past complaint, 'as if the oppression of not inevitable; a Bastille prostrate, and the Constitution fast the great were like the hail and the thunder, a thing irremedi-getting ready! Which Constitution, if it be something and not able, the ordinance of Nature.' (Fils Adoptif: Memoires de nothing, what can it be but bread to eat?

Mirabeau, i. 364-394.) And now, if in some great hour, the The Traveller, 'walking up hill bridle in hand,' overtakes 'a shock of a falling Bastille should awaken you; and it were found poor woman;' the image, as such commonly are, of drudgery to be the ordinance of Art merely; and remediable, reversible!

and scarcity; 'looking sixty years of age, though she is not yet Or has the Reader forgotten that 'flood of savages,' which, in twenty-eight.' They have seven children, her poor drudge and sight of the same Friend of Men, descended from the moun-she: a farm, with one cow, which helps to make the children tains at Mont d'Or? Lankhaired haggard faces; shapes soup; also one little horse, or garron. They have rents and quit-rawboned, in high sabots; in woollen jupes, with leather girdles rents, Hens to pay to this Seigneur, Oat-sacks to that; King's studded with copper-nails! They rocked from foot to foot, and taxes, Statute-labour, Church-taxes, taxes enough;— and think beat time with their elbows too, as the quarrel and battle the times inexpressible. She has heard that somewhere, in some which was not long in beginning went on; shouting fiercely; manner, something is to be done for the poor: "God send it the lank faces distorted into the similitude of a cruel laugh.

soon; for the dues and taxes crush us down (nous ecrasent)!"

For they were darkened and hardened: long had they been the (Ibid. i. 134.)

prey of excise-men and tax-men; of 'clerks with the cold spurt Fair prophecies are spoken, but they are not fulfilled. There of their pen.' It was the fixed prophecy of our old Marquis, have been Notables, Assemblages, turnings out and comings which no man would listen to, that 'such Government by Blind-in. Intriguing and manoeuvring; Parliamentary eloquence and man's-buff, stumbling along too far, would end by the General arguing, Greek meeting Greek in high places, has long gone Overturn, the Culbute Generale!'

on; yet still bread comes not. The harvest is reaped and gar-No man would listen, each went his thoughtless way;—and nered; yet still we have no bread. Urged by despair and by Time and Destiny also travelled on. The Government by Blind-hope, what can Drudgery do, but rise, as predicted, and pro-man's-buff, stumbling along, has reached the precipice inevi-duce the General Overturn?

table for it. Dull Drudgery, driven on, by clerks with the cold Fancy, then, some Five full-grown Millions of such gaunt fig-dastard spurt of their pen, has been driven—into a Commun-ures, with their haggard faces (figures haves); in woollen jupes, ion of Drudges! For now, moreover, there have come the strang-with copper-studded leather girths, and high sabots,—start-143

The French Revolution

ing up to ask, as in forest-roarings, their washed Upper-Classes, not wisely but too well. Churches also, and Canonries, are after long unreviewed centuries, virtually this question: How sacked, without mercy; which have shorn the flock too close, have ye treated us; how have ye taught us, fed us, and led us, forgetting to feed it. Wo to the land over which Sansculottism, while we toiled for you? The answer can be read in flames, over in its day of vengeance, tramps roughshod,—shod in sabots!

the nightly summer sky. This is the feeding and leading we Highbred Seigneurs, with their delicate women and little ones, have had of you: emptiness,—of pocket, of stomach, of head, had to 'fly half-naked,' under

cloud of night; glad to escape and of heart. Behold there is nothing in us; nothing but what the flames, and even worse. You meet them at the tables-d'hote Nature gives her wild children of the desert: Ferocity and Ap-of inns; making wise reflections or foolish that 'rank is de-petite; Strength grounded on Hunger. Did ye mark among your stroyed;' uncertain whither they shall now wend. (See Young, Rights of Man, that man was not to die of starvation, while i. 149, &c.) The metayer will find it convenient to be slack in there was bread reaped by him? It is among the Mights of paying rent. As for the Tax-gatherer, he, long hunting as a Man.

biped of prey, may now get hunted as one; his Majesty's Ex-Seventy-two Chateaus have flamed aloft in the Maconnais chequer will not 'fill up the Deficit,' this season: it is the no-and Beaujolais alone: this seems the centre of the conflagration of many that a Patriot Majesty, being the Restorer of tion; but it has spread over Dauphine, Alsace, the Lyonnais; French Liberty, has abolished most taxes, though, for their the whole South-East is in a blaze. All over the North, from private ends, some men make a secret of it.

Rouen to Metz, disorder is abroad: smugglers of salt go openly Where this will end? In the Abyss, one may prophecy; whither in armed bands: the barriers of towns are burnt; toll-gather-all Delusions are, at all moments, travelling; where this Delu-ers, tax-gatherers, official persons put to flight. 'It was thought,'

sion has now arrived. For if there be a Faith, from of old, it is says Young, 'the people, from hunger, would revolt;' and we this, as we often repeat, that no Lie can live for ever. The very see they have done it. Desperate Lackalls, long prowling aim-Truth has to change its vesture, from time to time; and be less, now finding hope in desperation itself, everywhere form born again. But all Lies have sentence of death written down a nucleus. They ring the Church bell by way of tocsin: and the against them, and Heaven's Chancery itself; and, slowly or fast, Parish turns out to the work. (See Hist. Parl. ii. 243-6.) Feroc-advance incessantly towards their hour. 'The sign of a Grand ity, atrocity; hunger and revenge: such work as we can imag-Seigneur being landlord,' says the vehement plain-spoken ine!

Arthur Young, 'are wastes, landes, deserts, ling: go to his resi-Ill stands it now with the Seigneur, who, for example, 'has dence, you will find it in the middle of a forest, peopled with walled up the only Fountain of the Township;' who has ridden deer, wild boars and wolves. The fields are scenes of pitiable high on his chartier and parchments; who has preserved Game management, as the houses are of misery. To see so many mil-144

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lions of hands, that would be industrious, all idle and starv-Unwashed Seigneurs; and a Seigneur too has human bowels!—

ing: Oh, if I were legislator of France, for one day, I would make The Seigneurs did what they could; enrolled in National Guards; these great lords skip again!' (Arthur Young, i. 12, 48, 84, &c.) fled, with shrieks, complaining to Heaven and Earth. One O Arthur, thou now actually beholdest them skip:—wilt thou Seigneur, famed Memmay of Quincey, near Vesoul, invited all grow to grumble at that too?

the rustics of his neighbourhood to a banquet; blew up his For long years and generations it lasted, but the time came.

Chateau and them with gunpowder; and instantaneously van-Featherbrain, whom no reasoning and no pleading could touch, ished, no man yet knows whither. (Hist. Parl. ii. 161.) Some the glare of the firebrand had to illuminate: there remained half dozen years after, he came back; and demonstrated that but that method. Consider it, look at it! The widow is gather-it was by accident.

ing nettles for her children's dinner; a perfumed Seigneur, deli-Nor are the authorities idle: though unluckily, all Authori-cately lounging in the Oeil-de-Boeuf, has an alchemy whereby ties, Municipalities and such like, are in the uncertain he will extract from her the third nettle, and name it Rent and transitionary state; getting regenerated from old Monarchic Law: such an arrangement must end. Ought it? But, O most to new Democratic; no Official yet knows clearly what he is.

fearful is such an ending! Let those, to whom God, in His great Nevertheless, Mayors old or new do gather Marechaussees, mercy, has granted time and space, prepare another and milder National Guards, Troops of the line; justice, of the most sum-one.

mary sort, is not wanting. The Electoral Committee of Macon, To women it is a matter of wonder that the Seigneurs did though but a Committee, goes the length of hanging, for its not do something to help themselves; say, combine, and arm: own behoof, as many as twenty. The Prevot of Dauphine for there were a 'hundred and fifty thousand of them,' all vio-traverses the country 'with a movable column,' with tipstaves, lent enough. Unhappily, a hundred and fifty thousand, scat-gallows-ropes; for gallows any tree will serve, and suspend its tered over wide Provinces, divided by mutual ill-will, cannot culprit, or 'thirteen' culprits.

combine. The highest Seigneurs, as we have seen, had already Unhappy country! How is the fair gold-and-green of the ripe emigrated,—with a view of putting France to the blush. Nei-bright Year defaced with horrid blackness: black ashes of Cha-ther are arms now the peculiar property of Seigneurs; but of teaus, black bodies of gibetted Men! Industry has ceased in it; every mortal who has ten shillings, wherewith to buy a sec-not sounds of the hammer and saw, but of the tocsin and ondhand firelock.

alarm-drum. The sceptre has departed, whither one knows Besides, those starving Peasants, after all, have not four feet not;—breaking itself in pieces: here impotent, there tyran-and claws, that you could keep them down permanently in nous. National Guards are unskilful, and of doubtful purpose; that manner. They are not even of black colour; they are mere Soldiers are inclined to mutiny: there is danger that they two 145

may quarrel, danger that they may agree. Strasburg has seen five or six times into my chaise and about my ears;' all the riots: a Townhall torn to shreds, its archives scattered white mob of the country gone out to kill game! (Young, i. 176.) It on the winds; drunk soldiers embracing drunk

citizens for three is even so. On the Cliffs of Dover, over all the Marches of France, days, and Mayor Dietrich and Marshal Rochambeau reduced there appear, this autumn, two Signs on the Earth: emigrant nigh to desperation. (Arthur Young, i. 141.—Dampmartin: flights of French Seigneurs; emigrant winged flights of French Evenemens qui se sont passes sous mes yeux, i. 105-127.) Game! Finished, one may say, or as good as finished, is the Through the middle of all which phenomena, is seen, on his Preservation of Game on this Earth; completed for endless Time.

triumphant transit, 'escorted,' through Befort for instance, 'by What part it had to play in the History of Civilisation is played fifty National Horsemen and all the military music of the plaudite; exeat!

place,'—M. Necker, returning from Bale! Glorious as the merid-In this manner does Sansculottism blaze up, illustrating many ian; though poor Necker himself partly guesses whither it is things;—producing, among the rest, as we saw, on the Fourth leading. (Biographie Universelle, para Necker (by Lally-of August, that semi-miraculous Night of Pentecost in the Tollendal).) One highest culminating day, at the Paris Townhall; National Assembly; semi miraculous, which had its causes, and with immortal vivats, with wife and daughter kneeling pub-its effects. Feudalism is struck dead; not on parchment only, licly to kiss his hand; with Besenval's pardon granted,—but and by ink; but in very fact, by fire; say, by self-combustion.

indeed revoked before sunset: one highest day, but then lower This conflagration of the South-East will abate; will be got days, and ever lower, down even to lowest! Such magic is in a scattered, to the West, or elsewhither: extinguish it will not, name; and in the want of a name. Like some enchanted till the fuel be all done.

Mambrino's Helmet, essential to victory, comes this 'Saviour of France;' beshouted, becymballed by the world:—alas, so ***Chapter 1.6.IV.***

soon, to be disenchanted, to be pitched shamefully over the lists as a Barber's Bason! Gibbon 'could wish to shew him' (in ***In Queue.***

this ejected, Barber's-Bason state) to any man of solidity, who were minded to have the soul burnt out of him, and become a If we look now at Paris, one thing is too evident: that the caput mortuum, by Ambition, unsuccessful or successful.

Baker's shops have got their Queues, or Tails; their long strings (Gibbon's Letters.)

of purchasers, arranged in tail, so that the first come be the Another small phasis we add, and no more: how, in the Au-first served,—were the shop once open! This waiting in tail, tumn months, our sharp-tempered Arthur has been 'pestered not seen since the early days of July, again makes its appear-for some days past,' by shot, lead-drops and slugs, 'rattling ance in August. In time, we shall see it perfected by practice 146

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to the rank almost of an art; and the art, or quasi-art, of stand-to which, as in this instance of the Flag, our National Guard ing in tail become one of the characteristics of the Parisian will 'reply with volleys of musketry,' Church and Cathedral People, distinguishing them from all other Peoples whatso-though it be; (See Hist. Parl. iii. 20; Mercier, Nouveau Paris, ever.

&c.) filling Notre Dame with such noisiest fuliginous Amen, But consider, while work itself is so scarce, how a man must significant of several things.

not only realise money; but stand waiting (if his wife is too On the whole, we will say our new Mayor Bailly; our new weak to wait and struggle) for half days in the Tail, till he get Commander Lafayette, named also 'Scipio-Americanus,' have it changed for dear bad bread! Controversies, to the length, bought their preferment dear. Bailly rides in gilt state-coach, sometimes of blood and battery, must arise in these exasper-with beefeaters and sumptuosity; Camille Desmoulins, and ated Queues. Or if no controversy, then it is but one accordant others, sniffing at him for it: Scipio bestrides the 'white charger,'

Pange Lingua of complaint against the Powers that be. France and waves with civic plumes in sight of all France. Neither of has begun her long Curriculum of Hungering, instructive and them, however, does it for nothing; but, in truth, at an exorbi-productive beyond Academic Curriculums; which extends over tant rate. At this rate, namely: of feeding Paris, and keeping it some seven most strenuous years. As Jean Paul says, of his from fighting. Out of the City-funds, some seventeen thou-own Life, 'to a great height shall the business of Hungering sand of the utterly destitute are employed digging on go.'

Montmartre, at tenpence a day, which buys them, at market Or consider, in strange contrast, the jubilee Ceremonies; for, price, almost two pounds of bad bread;—they look very yel-in general, the aspect of Paris presents these two features: low, when Lafayette goes to harangue them. The Townhall is jubilee ceremonials and scarcity of victual. Processions enough in travail, night and day; it must bring forth Bread, a Munici-walk in jubilee; of Young Women, decked and dizened, their pal Constitution, regulations of all kinds, curbs on the ribands all tricolor; moving with song and tabor, to the Shrine Sansculottic Press; above all, Bread, Bread.

of Sainte Genevieve, to thank her that the Bastille is down.

Purveyors prowl the country far and wide, with the appetite The Strong Men of the Market, and the Strong Women, fail not of lions; detect hidden grain, purchase open grain; by gentle with their bouquets and speeches. Abbe Fauchet, famed in means or forcible, must and will find grain. A most thankless such work (for Abbe Lefevre could only distribute powder) task; and so difficult, so dangerous,—even if a man did gain blesses tricolor cloth for the National Guard; and makes it a some trifle by it! On the 19th August, there is food for one National Tricolor Flag; victorious, or to be victorious, in the day. (See Bailly, Memoires, ii. 137-409.) Complaints there are cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world. Fauchet, that the food is spoiled, and produces an effect on the intes-we say, is the man for Te-Deums, and public Consecrations;—

tines: not corn but plaster-of-Paris! Which effect on the intes-147

tines, as well as that 'smarting in the throat and palate,' a Sansculottic one; and, beaten on by both, toil painfully, peril-Townhall Proclamation warns you to disregard, or even to con-ously,—doing, in sad literal earnest, 'the impossible.'

sider as drastic-beneficial. The Mayor of Saint-Denis, so black was his bread, has, by a dyspeptic populace, been hanged on ***Chapter 1.6.V.***

the Lanterne there. National Guards protect the Paris Corn-Market: first ten suffice; then six hundred. (Hist. Parl. ii. 421.) Busy ***The Fourth Estate.***

are ye, Bailly, Brissot de Warville, Condorcet, and ye others!

For, as just hinted, there is a Municipal Constitution to be Pamphleteering opens its abysmal throat wider and wider: never made too. The old Bastille Electors, after some ten days of to close more. Our Philosophes, indeed, rather withdraw; after psalmodying over their glorious victory, began to hear it asked, the manner of Marmontel, 'retiring in disgust the first day.'

in a splenetic tone, Who put you there? They accordingly had Abbe Raynal, grown gray and quiet in his Marseilles domicile, to give place, not without moanings, and audible growlings is little content with this work; the last literary act of the man on both sides, to a new larger Body, specially elected for that will again be an act of rebellion: an indignant Letter to the post. Which new Body, augmented, altered, then fixed finally Constituent Assembly; answered by 'the order of the day.' Thus at the number of Three Hundred, with the title of Town Repre-also Philosophe Morellet puckers discontented brows; being sentatives (Representans de la Commune), now sits there; indeed threatened in his benefices by that Fourth of August: rightly portioned into Committees; assiduous making a Con-it is clearly going too far. How astonishing that those 'hag-stitution; at all moments when not seeking flour.

gard figures in woollen jupes' would not rest as satisfied with And such a Constitution; little short of miraculous: one that Speculation, and victorious

Analysis, as we!

shall 'consolidate the Revolution'! The Revolution is finished, Alas, yes: Speculation, Philosophism, once the ornament and then? Mayor Bailly and all respectable friends of Freedom would wealth of the saloon, will now coin itself into mere Practical fain think so. Your Revolution, like jelly sufficiently boiled, Propositions, and circulate on street and highway, universally; needs only to be poured into shapes, of Constitution, and with results! A Fourth Estate, of Able Editors, springs up; in-

'consolidated' therein? Could it, indeed, contrive to cool; which creases and multiplies; irrepressible, incalculable. New Print-last, however, is precisely the doubtful thing, or even the not ers, new Journals, and ever new (so prurient is the world), let doubtful!

our Three Hundred curb and consolidate as they can! Loustalot, Unhappy friends of Freedom; consolidating a Revolution!

under the wing of Prudhomme dull-blustering Printer, edits They must sit at work there, their pavilion spread on very Chaos; weekly his Revolutions de Paris; in an acrid, emphatic manner.

between two hostile worlds, the Upper Court-world, the Nether Acrid, corrosive, as the spirit of sloes and copperas, is Marat, 148

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Friend of the People; struck already with the fact that the ray of genius greet thee, be sure it is Camille's. The thing that National Assembly, so full of Aristocrats, 'can do nothing,' ex-Camille teaches he, with his light finger, adorns: brightness cept dissolve itself, and make way for a better; that the plays, gentle, unexpected, amid horrible confusions; often is Townhall Representatives are little other than babblers and the word of Camille worth reading, when no other's is. Ques-imbeciles, if not even knaves. Poor is this man; squalid, and tionable Camille, how thou glitterest with a fallen, rebellious, dwells in garrets; a man unlovely to the sense, outward and yet still semi-celestial light; as is the star-light on the brow of inward; a man

forbid;—and is becoming fanatical, possessed Lucifer! Son of the Morning, into what times and what lands, with fixed-idea. Cruel lusus of Nature! Did Nature, O poor Marat, art thou fallen!

as in cruel sport, knead thee out of her leavings, and miscella-But in all things is good;—though not good for 'consolidat-neous waste clay; and fling thee forth stepdamelike, a Distracing Revolutions.' Thousand wagon-loads of this Pamphleteer-tion into this distracted Eighteenth Century? Work is appointed ing and Newspaper matter, lie rotting slowly in the Public Li-thee there; which thou shalt do. The Three Hundred have sum-braries of our Europe. Snatched from the great gulf, like oys-moned and will again summon Marat: but always he croaks ters by bibliomaniac pearl-divers, there must they first rot, forth answer sufficient; always he will defy them, or elude them; then what was pearl, in Camille or others, may be seen as such, and endure no gag.

and continue as such.

Carra, 'Ex-secretary of a decapitated Hospodar,' and then of Nor has public speaking declined, though Lafayette and his a Necklace-Cardinal; likewise pamphleteer, Adventurer in many Patrols look sour on it. Loud always is the Palais Royal, loud-scenes and lands,—draws nigh to Mercier, of the Tableau de est the Cafe de Foy; such a miscellany of Citizens and Paris; and, with foam on his lips, proposes an Annales Citizenesses circulating there. 'Now and then,' according to Patriotiques. The Moniteur goes its prosperous way; Barrere Camille, 'some Citizens employ the liberty of the press for a

'weeps,' on Paper as yet loyal; Rivarol, Royou are not idle. Deep private purpose; so that this or the other Patriot finds himself calls to deep: your Domine Salvum Fac Regem shall awaken short of his watch or pocket-handkerchief!' But, for the rest, Pange Lingua; with an Ami-du-Peuple there is a King's-Friend in Camille's opinion, nothing can be a livelier image of the Newspaper, Ami-du-Roi. Camille Desmoulins has appointed him-Roman Forum. 'A Patriot proposes his motion; if it finds any self Procureur-General de la Lanterne, Attorney-General of the supporters, they make him

mount on a chair, and speak. If he Lamp-iron; and pleads, not with atrocity, under an atrocious is applauded, he prospers and redacts; if he is hissed, he goes title; editing weekly his brilliant Revolutions of Paris and his ways.' Thus they, circulating and perorating. Tall shaggy Brabant. Brilliant, we say: for if, in that thick murk of Journal-Marquis Saint-Huruge, a man that has had losses, and has de-ism, with its dull blustering, with its fixed or loose fury, any served them, is seen eminent, and also heard. 'Bellowing' is 149

the character of his voice, like that of a Bull of Bashan; voice ***BOOK VII.***

which drowns all voices, which causes frequently the hearts of men to leap. Cracked or half-cracked is this tall Marquis's head; ***THE INSURRECTION OF WOMEN***

uncracked are his lungs; the cracked and the uncracked shall alike avail him.

Chapter 1.7.I.

Consider further that each of the Forty-eight Districts has its own Committee; speaking and motioning continually; aid-Patrollotism.

ing in the search for grain, in the search for a Constitution; checking and spurring the poor Three Hundred of the Townhall.

No, Friends, this Revolution is not of the consolidating kind.

That Danton, with a 'voice reverberating from the domes,' is Do not fires, fevers, sown seeds, chemical mixtures, men, events; President of the Cordeliers District; which has already become all embodiments of Force that work in this miraculous Com-a Goshen of Patriotism. That apart from the 'seventeen thou-plex of Forces, named Universe,—go on growing, through their sand utterly necessitous, digging on Montmartre,' most of natural phases and developments, each according to its kind; whom,

indeed, have got passes, and been dismissed into Space reach their height, reach their visible decline; finally sink un-

'with four shillings,'—there is a strike, or union, of Domestics der, vanishing, and what we call die? They all grow; there is out of place; who assemble for public speaking: next, a strike nothing but what grows, and shoots forth into its special ex-of Tailors, for even they will strike and speak; further, a strike pansion,—once give it leave to spring. Observe too that each of Journeymen Cordwainers; a strike of Apothecaries: so dear grows with a rapidity proportioned, in general, to the mad-is bread. (Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 359, 417, 423.) All these, ness and unhealthiness there is in it: slow regular growth, having struck, must speak; generally under the open canopy; though this also ends in death, is what we name health and and pass resolutions;—Lafayette and his Patrols watching them sanity.

suspiciously from the distance.

A Sansculottism, which has prostrated Bastilles, which has Unhappy mortals: such tugging and lugging, and throttling got pike and musket, and now goes burning Chateaus, passing of one another, to divide, in some not intolerable way, the resolutions and haranguing under roof and sky, may be said joint Felicity of man in this Earth; when the whole lot to be to have sprung; and, by law of Nature, must grow. To judge by divided is such a 'feast of shells!'—Diligent are the Three Hun-the madness and diseasedness both of itself, and of the soil dred; none equals Scipio Americanus in dealing with mobs.

and element it is in, one might expect the rapidity and mon-But surely all these things bode ill for the consolidating of a strosity would be extreme.

Revolution.

Many things too, especially all diseased things, grow by 150

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shoots and fits. The first grand fit and shooting forth of can: the very cordwainers have behaved munificently; one Sansculottism with that of Paris conquering its King; for Bailly's landed proprietor gives a forest; fashionable society gives its figure of rhetoric was all-too sad a reality. The King is con-shoebuckles, takes cheerfully to shoe-ties. Unfortunate females quered; going at large on his parole; on condition, say, of ab-give what they 'have amassed in loving.' (Histoire Parlementaire, solutely good behaviour, —which, in these circumstances, will ii. 427.) The smell of all cash, as Vespasian thought, is good.

unhappily mean no behaviour whatever. A quite untenable Beautiful, and yet inadequate! The Clergy must be 'invited'

position, that of Majesty put on its good behaviour! Alas, is it to melt their superfluous Church-plate,—in the Royal Mint.

not natural that whatever lives try to keep itself living? Where-Nay finally, a Patriotic Contribution, of the forcible sort, must upon his Majesty's behaviour will soon become exceptionable; be determined on, though unwillingly: let the fourth part of and so the Second grand Fit of Sansculottism, that of putting your declared yearly revenue, for this once only, be paid down; him in durance, cannot be distant.

so shall a National Assembly make the Constitution, Necker, in the National Assembly, is making moan, as usual undistracted at least by insolvency. Their own wages, as settled about his Deficit: Barriers and Customhouses burnt; the Tax-on the 17th of August, are but Eighteen Francs a day, each gatherer hunted, not hunting; his Majesty's Exchequer all but man; but the Public Service must have sinews, must have money.

empty. The remedy is a Loan of thirty millions; then, on still To appease the Deficit; not to 'combler, or choke the Deficit,' if more enticing terms, a Loan of eighty millions: neither of which you or mortal could! For withal, as Mirabeau was heard say-Loans, unhappily, will the Stockjobbers venture to lend. The ing, "it is the Deficit that saves us."

Stockjobber has no country, except his own black pool of Agio.

Towards the end of August, our National Assembly in its And yet, in those days, for men that have a country, what a constitutional labours, has got so far as the question of Veto: glow of patriotism burns in many a heart; penetrating inwards shall Majesty have a Veto on the National Enactments; or not to the very purse! So early as the 7th of August, a Don have a Veto? What speeches were spoken, within doors and Patriotique, 'a Patriotic Gift of jewels to a considerable extent,'

without; clear, and also passionate logic; imprecations, has been solemnly made by certain Parisian women; and sol-comminations; gone happily, for most part, to Limbo! Through emnly accepted, with honourable mention. Whom forthwith the cracked brain, and uncracked lungs of Saint-Huruge, the all the world takes to imitating and emulating. Patriotic Gifts, Palais Royal rebellows with Veto. Journalism is busy, France always with some heroic eloquence, which the President must rings with Veto. 'I shall never forget,' says Dumont, 'my going answer and the Assembly listen to, flow in from far and near: to Paris, one of these days, with Mirabeau; and the crowd of in such number that the honourable mention can only be per- people we found waiting for his carriage, about Le Jay the formed in 'lists published at stated epochs.' Each gives what he Bookseller's shop. They flung themselves before him; conjur-151

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ing him with tears in their eyes not to suffer the Veto Absolu.

Patriotic Gifts, Bakers'-queues; Abbe-Fauchet Harangues, with They were in a frenzy: "Monsieur le Comte, you are the people's their Amen of platoon-musketry! Scipio Americanus has de-father; you must save us; you must defend us against those served thanks from the National Assembly and France. They villains who are bringing back Despotism. If the King get this offer him stipends and emoluments, to a handsome extent; all Veto, what is the use of National Assembly? We are slaves, all which stipends and emoluments he, covetous of far other blessis done."' (Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, p. 156.) Friends, if the sky edness than mere money, does, in his

chivalrous way, without fall, there will be catching of larks! Mirabeau, adds Dumont, scruple, refuse.

was eminent on such occasions: he answered vaguely, with a To the Parisian common man, meanwhile, one thing remains Patrician imperturbability, and bound himself to nothing.

inconceivable: that now when the Bastille is down, and French Deputations go to the Hotel-de-Ville; anonymous Letters to Liberty restored, grain should continue so dear. Our Rights of Aristocrats in the National Assembly, threatening that fifteen Man are voted, Feudalism and all Tyranny abolished; yet be-thousand, or sometimes that sixty thousand, 'will march to hold we stand in queue! Is it Aristocrat forestallers; a Court illuminate you.' The Paris Districts are astir; Petitions signing: still bent on intrigues? Something is rotten, somewhere.

Saint-Huruge sets forth from the Palais Royal, with an escort And yet, alas, what to do? Lafayette, with his Patrols proof fifteen hundred individuals, to petition in person. Reso-hibits every thing, even complaint. Saint-Huruge and other lute, or seemingly so, is the tall shaggy Marquis, is the Cafe de heroes of the Veto lie in durance. People's-Friend Marat was Foy: but resolute also is Commandant-General Lafayette. The seized; Printers of Patriotic Journals are fettered and forbid-streets are all beset by Patrols: Saint-Huruge is stopped at the den; the very Hawkers cannot cry, till they get license, and Barriere des Bon Hommes; he may bellow like the bulls of leaden badges. Blue National Guards ruthlessly dissipate all Bashan; but absolutely must return. The brethren of the Palais groups; scour, with levelled bayonets, the Palais Royal itself.

Royal 'circulate all night,' and make motions, under the open Pass, on your affairs, along the Rue Taranne, the Patrol, pre-canopy; all Coffeehouses being shut. Nevertheless Lafayette senting his bayonet, cries, To the left! Turn into the Rue Saint-and the Townhall do prevail: Saint-Huruge is thrown into prison; Benoit, he cries, To the right! A judicious Patriot (like Camille Veto Absolu adjusts itself into Suspensive Veto, prohibition

Desmoulins, in this instance) is driven, for quietness's sake, to not forever, but for a term of time; and this doom's-clamour take the gutter.

will grow silent, as the others have done.

O much-suffering People, our glorious Revolution is evapo-So far has Consolidation prospered, though with difficulty; rating in tricolor ceremonies, and complimentary harangues!

repressing the Nether Sansculottic world; and the Constitu-Of which latter, as Loustalot acridly calculates, 'upwards of tion shall be made. With difficulty: amid jubilee and scarcity; two thousand have been delivered within the last month, at 152

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the Townhall alone.' (Revolutions de Paris Newspaper (cited in it would seem, the number of Bodyguards on duty has, by a Histoire Parlementaire, ii. 357).) And our mouths, unfilled with manoeuvre, been doubled: the new relieving Battalion of them bread, are to be shut, under penalties? The Caricaturist pro-arrived at its time; but the old relieved one does not depart!

mulgates his emblematic Tablature: Le Patrouillotisme chassant Actually, there runs a whisper through the best informed le Patriotisme, Patriotism driven out by Patrollotism. Ruthless Upper-Circles, or a nod still more potentous than whispering, Patrols; long superfine harangues; and scanty ill-baked loaves, of his Majesty's flying to Metz; of a Bond (to stand by him more like baked Bath bricks,—which produce an effect on the therein) which has been signed by Noblesse and Clergy, to the intestines! Where will this end? In consolidation?

incredible amount of thirty, or even of sixty thousand.

Lafayette coldly whispers it, and coldly asseverates it, to Count ***Chapter 1.7.II.***

d'Estaing at the Dinner-table; and d'Estaing, one of the bravest men, quakes to the core lest some lackey overhear it; and ***O Richard, O my King.***

tumbles thoughtful, without sleep, all night. (Brouillon de Lettre de M. d'Estaing a la Reine (in Histoire Parlementaire, iii.

For, alas, neither is the Townhall itself without misgivings. The 24.) Regiment Flandre, as we said, is clearly arrived. His Maj-Nether Sansculottic world has been suppressed hitherto: but esty, they say, hesitates about sanctioning the Fourth of Authen the Upper Court-world! Symptoms there are that the Oeil-gust; makes observations, of chilling tenor, on the very Rights de-Boeuf is rallying.

of Man! Likewise, may not all persons, the Bakers'-queues them-More than once in the Townhall Sanhedrim; often enough, selves discern on the streets of Paris, the most astonishing from those outspoken Bakers'-queues, has the wish uttered number of Officers on furlough, Crosses of St. Louis, and such itself: O that our Restorer of French Liberty were here; that he like? Some reckon 'from a thousand to twelve hundred.' Offic-could see with his own eyes, not with the false eyes of Queens ers of all uniforms; nay one uniform never before seen by eye: and Cabals, and his really good heart be enlightened! For false-green faced with red! The tricolor cockade is not always vis-hood still environs him; intriguing Dukes de Guiche, with Bodyible: but what, in the name of Heaven, may these black cock-guards; scouts of Bouille; a new flight of intriguers, now that ades, which some wear, foreshadow?

the old is flown. What else means this advent of the Regiment Hunger whets everything, especially Suspicion and Indigna-de Flandre; entering Versailles, as we hear, on the 23rd of Sep-tion. Realities themselves, in this Paris, have grown unreal: tember, with two pieces of cannon? Did not the Versailles Na-preternatural. Phantasms once more stalk through the brain tional Guard do duty at the Chateau? Had they not Swiss; of hungry France. O ye laggards and dastards, cry shrill voices Hundred Swiss; Gardes-du-Corps, Bodyguards so-called? Nay, from the Queues, if ye had the hearts of men, ye would take 153

your pikes and secondhand firelocks, and look into it; not dim elements of a plot, are always good. Did not the Versailles leave your wives and daughters to be starved, murdered, and Municipality (an old Monarchic one, not yet refounded into a worse!—Peace, women! The heart of man is bitter and heavy; Democratic) instantly second the proposal? Nay the very Patriotism, driven out by Patrollotism, knows not what to re-Versailles National Guard, wearied with continual duty at the solve on.

Chateau, did not object; only Draper Lecointre, who is now The truth is, the Oeil-de-Boeuf has rallied; to a certain un-Major Lecointre, shook his head. —Yes, Friends, surely it was known extent. A changed Oeil-de-Boeuf; with Versailles Na-natural this Regiment de Flandre should be sent for, since it tional Guards, in their tricolor cockades, doing duty there; a could be got. It was natural that, at sight of military bando-Court all flaring with tricolor! Yet even to a tricolor Court men leers, the heart of the rallied Oeil-de-Boeuf should revive; and will rally. Ye loyal hearts, burnt-out Seigneurs, rally round your Maids of Honour, and gentlemen of honour, speak comfort-Queen! With wishes; which will produce hopes; which will proable words to epauletted defenders, and to one another. Natural duce attempts!

also, and mere common civility, that the Bodyguards, a Regi-For indeed self-preservation being such a law of Nature, what ment of Gentlemen, should invite their Flandre brethren to a can a rallied Court do, but attempt and endeavour, or call it Dinner of welcome!—Such invitation, in the last days of Sep-plot,—with such wisdom and unwisdom as it has? They will tember, is given and accepted.

fly, escorted, to Metz, where brave Bouille commands; they Dinners are defined as 'the ultimate act of communion;' men will raise the Royal Standard: the Bond-signatures shall be-that can have communion in nothing else, can sympatheti-come armed men. Were not the King so languid! Their Bond, if cally eat together, can still rise into some glow of brother-at all signed, must be signed without his privity.—Unhappy hood over food and wine. The dinner is fixed on, for Thursday King, he has but

one resolution: not to have a civil war. For the First of October; and ought to have a fine effect. Further, the rest, he still hunts, having ceased lockmaking; he still dozes, as such Dinner may be rather extensive, and even the Noncom-and digests; is clay in the hands of the potter. Ill will it fare missioned and the Common man be introduced, to see and to with him, in a world where all is helping itself; where, as has hear, could not His Majesty's Opera Apartment, which has lain been written, 'whosoever is not hammer must be stithy;' and quite silent ever since Kaiser Joseph was here, be obtained for

'the very hyssop on the wall grows there, in that chink, be-the purpose?—The Hall of the Opera is granted; the Salon cause the whole Universe could not prevent its growing!'

d'Hercule shall be drawingroom. Not only the Officers of Flandre, But as for the coming up of this Regiment de Flandre, may it but of the Swiss, of the Hundred Swiss, nay of the Versailles not be urged that there were Saint-Huruge Petitions, and conNational Guard, such of them as have any loyalty, shall feast: tinual meal-mobs? Undebauched Soldiers, be there plot, or only it will be a Repast like few.

And now suppose this Repast, the solid part of it, transA natural Repast, in ordinary times, a harmless one: now acted; and the first bottle over. Suppose the customary loyal fatal, as that of Thyestes; as that of Job's Sons, when a strong toasts drunk; the King's health, the Queen's with deafening wind smote the four corners of their banquet-house! Poor ill-vivats;—that of the Nation 'omitted,' or even 'rejected.' Sup-advised Marie-Antoinette; with a woman's vehemence, not with pose champagne flowing; with pot-valorous speech, with in-a sovereign's foresight! It was so natural, yet so unwise. Next strumental music; empty feathered heads growing ever the day, in public speech of ceremony, her Majesty declares herself noisier, in their own emptiness, in each other's noise! Her Maj-

‘delighted with the Thursday.’

esty, who looks unusually sad tonight (his Majesty sitting The heart of the Oeil-de-Boeuf glows into hope; into daring, dulled with the day’s hunting), is told that the sight of it which is premature. Rallied Maids of Honour, waited on by would cheer her. Behold! She enters there, issuing from her Abbes, sew ‘white cockades;’ distribute them, with words, with State-rooms, like the Moon from the clouds, this fairest un-glances, to epauletted youths; who in return, may kiss, not happy Queen of Hearts; royal Husband by her side, young Dau-without fervour, the fair sewing fingers. Captains of horse and phin in her arms! She descends from the Boxes, amid splendour foot go swashing with ‘enormous white cockades;’ nay one and acclaim; walks queenlike, round the Tables; gracefully Versailles National Captain had mounted the like, so witching escorted, gracefully nodding; her looks full of sorrow, yet of were the words and glances; and laid aside his tricolor! Well gratitude and daring, with the hope of France on her mother-may Major Lecointre shake his head with a look of severity; bosom! And now, the band striking up, O Richard, O mon Roi, and speak audible resentful words. But now a swashbuckler, l’univers t’abandonne (O Richard, O my King, and world is all with enormous white cockade, overhearing the Major, invites forsaking thee)—could man do other than rise to height of him insolently, once and then again elsewhere, to recant; and pity, of loyal valour? Could featherheaded young ensigns do failing that, to duel. Which latter feat Major Lecointre declares other than, by white Bourbon Cockades, handed them from that he will not perform, not at least by any known laws of fair fingers; by waving of swords, drawn to pledge the Queen’s fence; that he nevertheless will, according to mere law of Na-health; by trampling of National Cockades; by scaling the Boxes, ture, by dirk and blade, ‘exterminate’ any ‘vile gladiator,’ who whence intrusive murmurs may come; by vociferation, may insult him or the Nation;—whereupon (for the Major is tripudiation, sound, fury and distraction, within doors and actually drawing his implement) ‘they are parted,’ and no without,—testify what tempest-tost state of vacuity they are weasands slit. (Moniteur (in Histoire Parlementaire, iii. 59); in? Till champagne and tripudiation do their work; and all lie Deux Amis (iii. 128-141); Campan (ii. 70-85), &c. &c.) silent, horizontal; passively slumbering, with meed-of-battle dreams!—

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Chapter 1.7.III.

Them Patrollotism itself will not protect. Nay, sharp-tempered

'M. Tassin,' at the Tuileries parade on Sunday morning, forgets ***Black Cockades.***

all National military rule; starts from the ranks, wrenches down one black cockade which is swashing ominous there; and But fancy what effect this Thyestes Repast and trampling on tramples it fiercely into the soil of France. Patrollotism itself is the National Cockade, must have had in the Salle des Menus; in not without suppressed fury. Also the Districts begin to stir; the famishing Bakers'-queues at Paris! Nay such Thyestes Re-the voice of President Danton reverberates in the Cordeliers: pasts, it would seem, continue. Flandre has given its Counter-People's-Friend Marat has flown to Versailles and back again;—

Dinner to the Swiss and Hundred Swiss; then on Saturday there swart bird, not of the halcyon kind! (Camille's Newspaper, Revo-has been another.

lutions de Paris et de Brabant (in Histoire Parlementaire, iii.

Yes, here with us is famine; but yonder at Versailles is food; 108.)

enough and to spare! Patriotism stands in queue, shivering And so Patriot meets promenading Patriot, this Sunday; and hungerstruck, insulted by Patrollotism; while bloodyminded sees his own grim care reflected on the face of another. Groups, Aristocrats, heated with excess of high living, trample on the in spite of Patrollotism, which is not so alert as usual, fluctu-National Cockade. Can the atrocity be true? Nay, look: green ate deliberative: groups on the Bridges, on the Quais, at the uniforms faced with red; black cockades,—the colour of Night!

patriotic Cafes. And ever as any black cockade may emerge, Are we to have military onfall; and death also by starvation?

rises the many-voiced growl and bark: A bas, Down! All black For behold the Corbeil Cornboat, which used to come twice a-cockades are ruthlessly plucked off: one individual picks his day, with its Plaster-of-Paris meal, now comes only once. And up again; kisses it, attempts to refix it; but a 'hundred canes the Townhall is deaf; and the men are laggard and dastard! —

start into the air,' and he desists. Still worse went it with an-At the Cafe de Foy, this Saturday evening, a new thing is seen, other individual; doomed, by extempore Plebiscitum, to the not the last of its kind: a woman engaged in public speaking.

Lanterne; saved, with difficulty, by some active Corps-de-Her poor man, she says, was put to silence by his District; Garde.—Lafayette sees signs of an effervescence; which he their Presidents and Officials would not let him speak. Where-doubles his Patrols, doubles his diligence, to prevent. So passes fore she here with her shrill tongue will speak; denouncing, Sunday, the 4th of October 1789.

while her breath endures, the Corbeil-Boat, the Plaster-of-Paris Sullen is the male heart, repressed by Patrollotism; vehe-bread, sacrilegious Opera-dinners, green uniforms, Pirate Aris-ment is the female, irrepressible. The public-speaking woman tocrats, and those black cockades of theirs!—

at the Palais Royal was not the only speaking one:—Men know Truly, it is time for the black cockades at least, to vanish.

not what the pantry is, when it grows empty, only house-156

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mothers know. O women, wives of men that will only calculate life to its finger-ends! That talent, were there no other, of and not act! Patrollotism is strong; but Death, by starvation spontaneously standing in queue,

distinguishes, as we said, and military onfall, is stronger. Patrollotism represses male the French People from all Peoples, ancient and modern.

Patriotism: but female Patriotism? Will Guards named National Let the Reader confess too that, taking one thing with an-thrust their bayonets into the bosoms of women? Such thought, other, perhaps few terrestrial Appearances are better worth or rather such dim unshaped raw-material of a thought, fer-considering than mobs. Your mob is a genuine outburst of ments universally under the female nightcap; and, by earliest Nature; issuing from, or communicating with, the deepest deep daybreak, on slight hint, will explode.

of Nature. When so much goes grinning and grimacing as a lifeless Formality, and under the stiff buckram no heart can be ***Chapter 1.7.IV.***

felt beating, here once more, if nowhere else, is a Sincerity and Reality. Shudder at it; or even shriek over it, if thou must; ***The Menads.***

nevertheless consider it. Such a Complex of human Forces and Individualities hurled forth, in their transcendental mood, to If Voltaire once, in splenetic humour, asked his countrymen: act and react, on circumstances and on one another; to work

"But you, Gualches, what have you invented?" they can now out what it is in them to work. The thing they will do is known answer: The Art of Insurrection. It was an art needed in these to no man; least of all to themselves. It is the inflammablest last singular times: an art, for which the French nature, so full immeasurable Firework, generating, consuming itself. With of vehemence, so free from depth, was perhaps of all others what phases, to what extent, with what results it will burn the fittest.

off, Philosophy and Perspicacity conjecture in vain.

Accordingly, to what a height, one may well say of perfec-

'Man,' as has been written, 'is for ever interesting to man; tion, has this branch of human industry been carried by France, nay properly there is

nothing else interesting.' In which light within the last half-century! Insurrection, which, Lafayette also, may we not discern why most Battles have become so thought, might be 'the most sacred of duties,' ranks now, for wearisome? Battles, in these ages, are transacted by mecha-the French people, among the duties which they can perform.

nism; with the slightest possible developement of human in-Other mobs are dull masses; which roll onwards with a dull dividuality or spontaneity: men now even die, and kill one fierce tenacity, a dull fierce heat, but emit no light-flashes of another, in an artificial manner. Battles ever since Homer's time, genius as they go. The French mob, again, is among the liveli-when they were Fighting Mobs, have mostly ceased to be worth est phenomena of our world. So rapid, audacious; so clear-looking at, worth reading of, or remembering. How many wea-sighted, inventive, prompt to seize the moment; instinct with risome bloody Battles does History strive to represent; or even, 157

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in a husky way, to sing:—and she would omit or carelessly gown; and, with besom-staves, fire-irons, and even rusty pis-slur-over this one Insurrection of Women?

tols (void of ammunition), is flowing on. Sound of it flies, A thought, or dim raw-material of a thought, was ferment-with a velocity of sound, to the outmost Barriers. By seven ing all night, universally in the female head, and might ex-o'clock, on this raw October morning, fifth of the month, the plode. In squalid garret, on Monday morning, Maternity Townhall will see wonders. Nay, as chance would have it, a awakes, to hear children weeping for bread. Maternity must male party are already there; clustering tumultuously round forth to the streets, to the herb-markets and Bakers'— queues; some National Patrol, and a Baker who has been seized with meets there with hunger-stricken Maternity, sympathetic, short weights. They are there; and have even lowered the rope exasperative. O we unhappy women! But, instead of Bakers'-

of the Lanterne. So that the official persons have to smuggle queues, why not to Aristocrats' palaces, the root of the mat-forth the short-weighing Baker by back doors, and even send ter? Allons! Let us assemble. To the Hotel-de-Ville; to Versailles;

'to all the Districts' for more force.

to the Lanterne!

Grand it was, says Camille, to see so many Judiths, from eight In one of the Guardhouses of the Quartier Saint-Eustache, 'a to ten thousand of them in all, rushing out to search into the young woman' seizes a drum,—for how shall National Guards root of the matter! Not unfrightful it must have been; ludicro-give fire on women, on a young woman? The young woman terrific, and most unmanageable. At such hour the overwatched seizes the drum; sets forth, beating it, 'uttering cries relative Three Hundred are not yet stirring: none but some Clerks, a to the dearth of grains.' Descend, O mothers; descend, ye company of National Guards; and M. de Gouvion, the Major-Judiths, to food and revenge!—All women gather and go; general. Gouvion has fought in America for the cause of civil crowds storm all stairs, force out all women: the female Insur-Liberty; a man of no inconsiderable heart, but deficient in head.

rectionary Force, according to Camille, resembles the English He is, for the moment, in his back apartment; assuaging Usher Naval one; there is a universal 'Press of women.' Robust Dames Maillard, the Bastille-serjeant, who has come, as too many do, of the Halle, slim Mantua-makers, assiduous, risen with the with 'representations.' The assuagement is still incomplete when dawn; ancient Virginity tripping to matins; the Housemaid, our Judiths arrive.

with early broom; all must go. Rouse ye, O women; the laggard The National Guards form on the outer stairs, with levelled men will not act; they say, we ourselves may act!

bayonets; the ten thousand Judiths press up, resistless; with And so, like snowbreak from the mountains, for every stair-obtestations, with outspread

hands,—merely to speak to the case is a melted brook, it storms; tumultuous, wild-shrilling, Mayor. The rear forces them; nay, from male hands in the rear, towards the Hotel-de-Ville. Tumultuous, with or without drum-stones already fly: the National Guards must do one of two music: for the Faubourg Saint-Antoine also has tucked up its things; sweep the Place de Greve with cannon, or else open to 158

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right and left. They open; the living deluge rushes in. Through ***Chapter 1.7.V.***

all rooms and cabinets, upwards to the topmost belfry: ravenous; seeking arms, seeking Mayors, seeking justice;—while, ***Usher Maillard.***

again, the better-cressed (dressed?) speak kindly to the Clerks; point out the misery of these poor women; also their ailments, In flames, truly,—were it not that Usher Maillard, swift of foot, some even of an interesting sort. (Deux Amis, iii. 141-166.) shifty of head, has returned!

Poor M. de Gouvion is shiftless in this extremity;—a man Maillard, of his own motion, for Gouvion or the rest would shiftless, perturbed; who will one day commit suicide. How not even sanction him,—snatches a drum; descends the Porch-happy for him that Usher Maillard, the shifty, was there, at stairs, ran-tan, beating sharp, with loud rolls, his Rogues'-march: the moment, though making representations! Fly back, thou To Versailles! Allons; a Versailles! As men beat on kettle or shifty Maillard; seek the Bastille Company; and O return fast warmingpan, when angry she-bees, or say, flying desperate with it; above all, with thy own shifty head! For, behold, the wasps, are to be hived; and the desperate insects hear it, and Judiths can find no Mayor or Municipal; scarcely, in the top-cluster round it,—simply as round a guidance, where there most belfry, can they find poor Abbe Lefevre the Powder-dis-was none: so now these Menads round shifty Maillard, Riding-tributor. Him, for want of a better, they suspend there; in the Usher of the Chatelet. The axe pauses uplifted; Abbe Lefevre is pale

morning light; over the top of all Paris, which swims in left half-hanged; from the belfry downwards all vomits itself.

one's failing eyes:—a horrible end? Nay, the rope broke, as What rub-a-dub is that? Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, will French ropes often did; or else an Amazon cut it. Abbe Lefevre lead us to Versailles? Joy to thee, Maillard; blessed art thou falls, some twenty feet, rattling among the leads; and lives above Riding-Ushers! Away then, away!

long years after, though always with 'a tremblement in the The seized cannon are yoked with seized cart-horses: brown-limbs.' (Dusaulx, Prise de la Bastille (note, p. 281.).) locked Demoiselle Theroigne, with pike and helmet, sits there And now doors fly under hatchets; the Judiths have broken as gunneress, 'with haughty eye and serene fair countenance;'

the Armoury; have seized guns and cannons, three money-comparable, some think, to the Maid of Orleans, or even recall-bags, paper-heaps; torches flare: in few minutes, our brave ing 'the idea of Pallas Athene.' (Deux Amis, iii. 157.) Maillard Hotel-de-Ville which dates from the Fourth Henry, will, with (for his drum still rolls) is, by heaven-rending acclamation, all that it holds, be in flames!

admitted General. Maillard hastens the languid march. Maillard, beating rhythmic, with sharp ran-tan, all along the Quais, leads forward, with difficulty his Menadic host. Such a host—marched not in silence! The bargeman pauses on the River; all wagoners 159

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and coachdrivers fly; men peer from windows,—not women, were not an accident, and History a distillation of Rumour, lest they be pressed. Sight of sights: Bacchantes, in these ulti-how remarkable wert thou!

mate Formalized Ages! Bronze Henri looks on, from his Pont-On the Elysian Fields, there is pause and fluctuation; but, for Neuf; the Monarchic Louvre, Medicean Tuileries see a day not Maillard, no return. He persuades his Menads, clamorous for theretofore seen.

arms and the Arsenal, that no arms are in the Arsenal; that an And now Maillard has his Menads in the Champs Elysees unarmed attitude, and petition to a National Assembly, will (Fields Tartarean rather); and the Hotel-de-Ville has suffered be the best: he hastily nominates or sanctions generalesses, comparatively nothing. Broken doors; an Abbe Lefevre, who captains of tens and fifties;—and so, in loosest-flowing order, shall never more distribute powder; three sacks of money, most to the rhythm of some 'eight drums' (having laid aside his part of which (for Sansculottism, though famishing, is not own), with the Bastille Volunteers bringing up his rear, once without honour) shall be returned: (Hist. Parl. iii. 310.) this is more takes the road.

all the damage. Great Maillard! A small nucleus of Order is round Chaillot, which will promptly yield baked loaves, is not plun-his drum; but his outskirts fluctuate like the mad Ocean: for dered; nor are the Sevres Potteries broken. The old arches of Rascality male and female is flowing in on him, from the four Sevres Bridge echo under Menadic feet; Seine River gushes on winds; guidance there is none but in his single head and two with his perpetual murmur; and Paris flings after us the boom drumsticks.

of tocsin and alarm-drum,—inaudible, for the present, amid O Maillard, when, since War first was, had General of Force shrill-sounding hosts, and the splash of rainy weather. To such a task before him, as thou this day? Walter the Penniless Meudon, to Saint Cloud, on both hands, the report of them is still touches the feeling heart: but then Walter had sanction; gone abroad; and hearths, this evening, will have a topic. The had space to turn in; and also his Crusaders were of the male press of women still continues, for it is the cause of all Eve's sex. Thou, this day, disowned of Heaven and Earth, art General Daughters, mothers that are, or that hope to be. No carriage-of Menads. Their inarticulate frenzy thou must on the spur of lady, were it with never such hysterics, but must dismount, in the instant, render into articulate words, into actions that are the mud roads, in her silk shoes, and walk. (Deux Amis, iii.

not frantic. Fail in it, this way or that! Pragmatical Officiality, 159.) In this manner, amid wild October weather, they a wild with its penalties and law-

books, waits before thee; Menads unwinged stork-flight, through the astonished country, wend storm behind. If such hewed off the melodious head of Orpheus, their way. Travellers of all sorts they stop; especially travellers and hurled it into the Peneus waters, what may they not make or couriers from Paris. Deputy Lechapelier, in his elegant ves-of thee,—thee rhythmic merely, with no music but a sheep-ture, from his elegant vehicle, looks forth amazed through his skin drum!—Maillard did not fail. Remarkable Maillard, if fame spectacles; apprehensive for life;—states eagerly that he is 160

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Patriot-Deputy Lechapelier, and even Old-President Lechapelier, our old Gardes Francaises, arrive, in quick sequence, on the who presided on the Night of Pentecost, and is original mem-Place de Greve. An 'immense people' is there; Saint-Antoine, ber of the Breton Club. Thereupon 'rises huge shout of Vive with pike and rusty firelock, is all crowding thither, be it wel-Lechapelier, and several armed persons spring up behind and come or unwelcome. The Centre Grenadiers are received with before to escort him.' (Ibid. iii. 177; Dictionnaire des Hommes cheering: "it is not cheers that we want," answer they gloom-Marquans, ii. 379.)

ily; "the nation has been insulted; to arms, and come with us Nevertheless, news, despatches from Lafayette, or vague noise for orders!" Ha, sits the wind so? Patriotism and Patrollotism of rumour, have pierced through, by side roads. In the Na-are now one!

tional Assembly, while all is busy discussing the order of the The Three Hundred have assembled; 'all the Committees are day; regretting that there should be Antinational Repasts in in activity;' Lafayette is dictating despatches for Versailles, Opera-Halls; that his Majesty should still hesitate about ac-when a Deputation of the Centre Grenadiers introduces itself cepting the Rights of Man, and hang conditions and to him. The Deputation makes military obeisance; and thus peradventures on them,—Mirabeau steps up to the President, speaks, not without a kind of thought in it: "Mon General, we experienced Mounier as it chanced to be; and articulates, in

are deputed by the Six Companies of Grenadiers. We do not bass under-tone: "Mounier, Paris marche sur nous (Paris is think you a traitor, but we think the Government betrays you; marching on us)."—"May be (Je n'en sais rien)!"—"Believe it it is time that this end. We cannot turn our bayonets against or disbelieve it, that is not my concern; but Paris, I say, is women crying to us for bread. The people are miserable, the marching on us. Fall suddenly unwell; go over to the Chateau; source of the mischief is at Versailles: we must go seek the tell them this. There is not a moment to lose.'—"Paris march-King, and bring him to Paris. We must exterminate (exterminer) ing on us?" responds Mounier, with an atrabiliar accent" "Well, the Regiment de Flandre and the Gardes-du-Corps, who have so much the better! We shall the sooner be a Republic."

dared to trample on the National Cockade. If the King be too Mirabeau quits him, as one quits an experienced President weak to wear his crown, let him lay it down. You will crown his getting blindfold into deep waters; and the order of the day Son, you will name a Council of Regency; and all will go bet-continues as before.

ter." (Deux Amis, iii. 161.) Reproachful astonishment paints Yes, Paris is marching on us; and more than the women of itself on the face of Lafayette; speaks itself from his eloquent Paris! Scarcely was Maillard gone, when M. de Gouvion's mes-chivalrous lips: in vain. "My General, we would shed the last sage to all the Districts, and such tocsin and drumming of the drop of our blood for you; but the root of the mischief is at generale, began to take effect. Armed National Guards from Versailles; we must go and bring the King to Paris; all the people every District; especially the Grenadiers of the Centre, who are wish it, tout le peuple le veut."

My General descends to the outer staircase; and harangues: Municipals: Whether or not he may go? A Letter is handed out once more in vain. "To Versailles! To Versailles!" Mayor Bailly, to him, over armed heads; sixty

thousand faces flash fixedly sent for through floods of Sansculottism, attempts academic on his, there is stillness and no bosom breathes, till he have oratory from his gilt state-coach; realizes nothing but infinite read. By Heaven, he grows suddenly pale! Do the Municipals hoarse cries of: "Bread! To Versailles!"—and gladly shrinks permit? 'Permit and even order,'—since he can no other. Clangour within doors. Lafayette mounts the white charger; and again of approval rends the welkin. To your ranks, then; let us march!

harangues and reharangues: with eloquence, with firmness, It is, as we compute, towards three in the afternoon. Indig-indignant demonstration; with all things but persuasion. "To nant National Guards may dine for once from their haversack: Versailles! To Versailles!" So lasts it, hour after hour; for the dined or undined, they march with one heart. Paris flings up space of half a day.

her windows, claps hands, as the Avengers, with their shrilling The great Scipio Americanus can do nothing; not so much as drums and shalms tramp by; she will then sit pensive, appre-escape. "Morbleu, mon General," cry the Grenadiers serrying hensive, and pass rather a sleepless night. (Deux Amis, iii. 165.) their ranks as the white charger makes a motion that way, On the white charger, Lafayette, in the slowest possible man-

"You will not leave us, you will abide with us!" A perilous junc-ner, going and coming, and eloquently haranguing among the ture: Mayor Bailly and the Municipals sit quaking within doors; ranks, rolls onward with his thirty thousand. Saint-Antoine, My General is prisoner without: the Place de Greve, with its with pike and cannon, has preceded him; a mixed multitude, thirty thousand Regulars, its whole irregular Saint-Antoine and of all and of no arms, hovers on his flanks and skirts; the coun-Saint-Marceau, is one minatory mass of clear or rusty steel; all try once more pauses agape: Paris marche sur nous.

hearts set, with a moody fixedness, on one object. Moody, fixed are all hearts: tranquil is no heart,—if it be not that of ***Chapter 1.7.VI.***

the white charger, who paws there, with arched neck, composedly champing his bit; as if no world, with its Dynasties and ***To Versailles.***

Eras, were now rushing down. The drizzly day tends westward; the cry is still: "To Versailles!"

For, indeed, about this same moment, Maillard has halted his Nay now, borne from afar, come quite sinister cries; hoarse, draggled Menads on the last hill-top; and now Versailles, and reverberating in longdrawn hollow murmurs, with syllables too the Chateau of Versailles, and far and wide the inheritance of like those of Lanterne! Or else, irregular Sansculottism may be Royalty opens to the wondering eye. From far on the right, marching off, of itself; with pikes, nay with cannon. The in-over Marly and Saint-Germains-en-Laye; round towards Ram-flexible Scipio does at length, by aide-de-camp, ask of the bouillet, on the left: beautiful all; softly embosomed; as if in 162

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sadness, in the dim moist weather! And near before us is Cunning Maillard's dispositions are obeyed. The draggled Versailles, New and Old; with that broad frondent Avenue de Insurrectionists advance up the Avenue, 'in three columns, Versailles between,—stately-frondent, broad, three hundred among the four Elm-rows; 'singing Henri Quatre,' with what feet as men reckon, with four Rows of Elms; and then the Cha-melody they can; and shouting Vive le Roi. Versailles, though teau de Versailles, ending in royal Parks and Pleasances, gleam-the Elm-rows are dripping wet, crowds from both sides, with: ing lakelets, arbours, Labyrinths, the Menagerie, and Great and

"Vivent nos Parisiennes, Our Paris ones for ever!"

Little Trianon. High-towered dwellings, leafy pleasant places; Prickers, scouts have been out towards Paris, as the rumour where the gods of this lower world abide: whence, neverthe-deepened: whereby his Majesty, gone to shoot in the Woods less, black Care cannot be excluded; whither

Menadic Hunger of Meudon, has been happily discovered, and got home; and is even now advancing, armed with pike-thyrsi!

the generale and tocsin set a-sounding. The Bodyguards are Yes, yonder, Mesdames, where our straight frondent Avenue, already drawn up in front of the Palace Grates; and look down joined, as you note, by Two frondent brother Avenues from the Avenue de Versailles; sulky, in wet buckskins. Flandre too this hand and from that, spreads out into Place Royale and is there, repentant of the Opera-Repast. Also Dragoons dis-Palace Forecourt; yonder is the Salle des Menus. Yonder an mounted are there. Finally Major Lecointre, and what he can august Assembly sits regenerating France. Forecourt, Grand gather of the Versailles National Guard; though, it is to be Court, Court of Marble, Court narrowing into Court you may observed, our Colonel, that same sleepless Count d'Estaing, discern next, or fancy: on the extreme verge of which that giving neither order nor ammunition, has vanished most im-glass-dome, visibly glittering like a star of hope, is the—Oeil-properly; one supposes, into the Oeil-de-Boeuf. Red-coated de-Boeuf! Yonder, or nowhere in the world, is bread baked for Swiss stand within the Grates, under arms. There likewise, in us. But, O Mesdames, were not one thing good: That our can-their inner room, 'all the Ministers,' Saint-Priest, Lamentation nons, with Demoiselle Theroigne and all show of war, be put to Pompignan and the rest, are assembled with M. Necker: they the rear? Submission beseems petitioners of a National As-sit with him there; blank, expecting what the hour will bring.

sembly; we are strangers in Versailles,—whence, too audibly, President Mounier, though he answered Mirabeau with a tant there comes even now sound as of tocsin and generale! Also to mieux, and affected to slight the matter, had his own fore-put on, if possible, a cheerful countenance, hiding our sor-bodings. Surely, for these four weary hours, he has reclined rows; and even to sing? Sorrow, pitied of the Heavens, is hate-not on roses! The order of the day is getting forward: a Depu-ful, suspicious to the Earth.—So counsels shifty Maillard; hatation to his Majesty seems proper, that it might please him ranguing his Menads, on the heights near Versailles. (See Hist.

to grant 'Acceptance pure and simple' to those Constitution-Parl. iii. 70-117; Deux Amis, iii. 166-177, &c.) Articles of ours; the 'mixed qualified Acceptance,' with its 163

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peradventures, is satisfactory to neither gods nor men.

crying Bread, Bread," adds, after such fashion: Will it not?—

So much is clear. And yet there is more, which no man speaks, Yes, Messieurs, if a Deputation to his Majesty, for the 'Accep-which all men now vaguely understand. Disquietude, absence tance pure and simple,' seemed proper,—how much more now, of mind is on every face; Members whisper, uneasily come and for 'the afflicting situation of Paris;' for the calming of this go: the order of the day is evidently not the day's want. Till at effervescence! President Mounier, with a speedy Deputation, length, from the outer gates, is heard a rustling and justling, among whom we notice the respectable figure of Doctor shrill uproar and squabbling, muffled by walls; which testifies Guillotin, gets himself forthwith on march. Vice-President shall that the hour is come! Rushing and crushing one hears now; continue the order of the day; Usher Maillard shall stay by him then enter Usher Maillard, with a Deputation of Fifteen muddy to repress the women. It is four o'clock, of the miserablest dripping Women,—having by incredible industry, and aid of afternoon, when Mounier steps out.

all the macers, persuaded the rest to wait out of doors. Na-O experienced Mounier, what an afternoon; the last of thy tional Assembly shall now, therefore, look its august task di-political existence! Better had it been to 'fall suddenly unwell,'

rectly in the face: regenerative Constitutionalism has an unre-while it was yet time. For, behold, the Esplanade, over all its generate Sansculottism bodily in front of it; crying, "Bread!

spacious expanse, is covered with groups of squalid dripping Bread!"

Women; of lankhaired male Rascality, armed with axes, rusty Shifty Maillard, translating frenzy into articulation; repres-pikes, old muskets, ironshod clubs (baton ferres, which end in sive with the one hand, expostulative with the other, does his knives or sword-blades, a kind of extempore billhook);—look-best; and really, though not bred to public speaking, manages ing nothing but hungry revolt. The rain pours: Gardes-du-Corps rather well:—In the present dreadful rarity of grains, a Depu-go caracoling through the groups 'amid hisses;' irritating and tation of Female Citizens has, as the august Assembly can dis-agitating what is but dispersed here to reunite there.

cern, come out from Paris to petition. Plots of Aristocrats are Innumerable squalid women beleaguer the President and too evident in the matter; for example, one miller has been Deputation; insist on going with him: has not his Majesty him-bribed 'by a banknote of 200 livres' not to grind,—name un-self, looking from the window, sent out to ask, What we known to the Usher, but fact provable, at least indubitable.

wanted? "Bread and speech with the King (Du pain, et parler Further, it seems, the National Cockade has been trampled on; au Roi)," that was the answer. Twelve women are clamorously also there are Black Cockades, or were. All which things will added to the Deputation; and march with it, across the Espla-not an august National Assembly, the hope of France, take nade; through dissipated groups, caracoling Bodyguards, and into its wise immediate consideration?

the pouring rain.

And Menadic Hunger, impressible, crying "Black Cockades,"

President Mounier, unexpectedly augmented by Twelve 164

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Women, copiously escorted by Hunger and Rascality, is him-hooks: driven thus far by popular fixed-idea. So many hirsute self mistaken for a group: himself and his Women are dispersed figures driven hither, in that manner:

figures that have come by caracolers; rally again with difficulty, among the mud.

to do they know not what; figures that have come to see it (Mounier, Expose Justificatif (cited in Deux Amis, iii. 185).) done! Distinguished among all figures, who is this, of gaunt Finally the Grates are opened: the Deputation gets access, with stature, with leaden breastplate, though a small one; (See the Twelve Women too in it; of which latter, Five shall even see Weber, ii. 185-231.) bushy in red grizzled locks; nay, with long the face of his Majesty. Let wet Menadism, in the best spirits it tile-beard? It is Jourdan, unjust dealer in mules; a dealer no can expect their return.

longer, but a Painter's Layfigure, playing truant this day. From the necessities of Art comes his long tile-beard; whence his ***Chapter 1.7.VII.***

leaden breastplate (unless indeed he were some Hawker licensed by leaden badge) may have come,—will perhaps re-At Versailles.

main for ever a Historical Problem. Another Saul among the people we discern: 'Pere Adam, Father Adam,' as the groups But already Pallas Athene (in the shape of Demoiselle name him; to us better known as bull-voiced Marquis Saint-Theroigne) is busy with Flandre and the dismounted Dragoons.

Huruge; hero of the Veto; a man that has had losses, and de-She, and such women as are fittest, go through the ranks; served them. The tall Marquis, emitted some days ago from speak with an earnest jocosity; clasp rough troopers to their limbo, looks peripatetically on this scene, from under his um-patriot bosom, crush down spontoons and musketoons with brella, not without interest. All which persons and things, soft arms: can a man, that were worthy of the name of man, hurled together as we see; Pallas Athene, busy with Flandre; attack famishing patriot women?

patriotic Versailles National Guards, short of ammunition, and One reads that Theroigne had bags of money, which she dis-deserted by d'Estaing their Colonel, and commanded by tributed over Flandre:—furnished by whom? Alas, with money-Lecointre their Major; then caracoling

Bodyguards, sour, dispir-bags one seldom sits on insurrectionary cannon. Calumnious ited, with their buckskins wet; and finally this flowing sea of Royalism! Theroigne had only the limited earnings of her pro-indignant Squalor,—may they not give rise to occurrences?

fession of unfortunate-female; money she had not, but brown Behold, however, the Twelve She-deputies return from the Cha-locks, the figure of a heathen Goddess, and an eloquent tongue teau. Without President Mounier, indeed; but radiant with joy, and heart.

shouting "Life to the King and his House." Apparently the news Meanwhile, Saint-Antoine, in groups and troops, is continu-are good, Mesdames? News of the best! Five of us were admit-ally arriving; wetted, sulky; with pikes and impromptu bill-ted to the internal splendours, to the Royal Presence. This slim 165

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damsel, 'Louison Chabray, worker in sculpture, aged only seven-is toward. Human patience, in wet buckskins, has its limits.

teen,' as being of the best looks and address, her we appointed Bodyguard Lieutenant, M. de Savonnieres, for one moment, speaker. On whom, and indeed on all of us, his Majesty looked lets his temper, long provoked, long pent, give way. He not nothing but graciousness. Nay, when Louison, addressing him, only dissipates these latter Menads; but caracoles and cuts, or was like to faint, he took her in his royal arms; and said gal-indignantly flourishes, at M. Brunout, the impressed-comman-lantly, "It was well worth while (Elle en valut bien la peine)."

dant; and, finding great relief in it, even chases him; Brunout Consider, O women, what a King! His words were of comfort, and flying nimbly, though in a pirouette manner, and now with that only: there shall be provision sent to Paris, if provision is in sword also drawn. At which sight of wrath and victory two the world; grains shall circulate free as air; millers shall grind, or other Bodyguards (for wrath is contagious, and to pent Body-do worse, while their millstones endure; and nothing be left guards is so solacing) do

likewise give way; give chase, with wrong which a Restorer of French Liberty can right.

brandished sabre, and in the air make horrid circles. So that Good news these; but, to wet Menads, all too incredible!

poor Brunout has nothing for it but to retreat with acceler-There seems no proof, then? Words of comfort are words only; ated nimbleness, through rank after rank; Parthian-like, fenc-which will feed nothing. O miserable people, betrayed by Arising as he flies; above all, shouting lustily, "On nous laisse tocrats, who corrupt thy very messengers! In his royal arms, assassiner, They are getting us assassinated?"

Mademoiselle Louison? In his arms? Thou shameless minx, Shameful! Three against one! Growls come from the worthy of a name—that shall be nameless! Yes, thy skin is Lecointrian ranks; bellowings,—lastly shots. Savonnieres' arm soft: ours is rough with hardship; and well wetted, waiting is raised to strike: the bullet of a Lecointrian musket shatters here in the rain. No children hast thou hungry at home; only it; the brandished sabre jingles down harmless. Brunout has alabaster dolls, that weep not! The traitress! To the Lanterne!—

escaped, this duel well ended: but the wild howl of war is ev-And so poor Louison Chabray, no asseveration or shrieks avail-erywhere beginning to pipe!

ing her, fair slim damsel, late in the arms of Royalty, has a The Amazons recoil; Saint-Antoine has its cannon pointed garter round her neck, and furibund Amazons at each end; is (full of grapeshot); thrice applies the lit flambeau; which thrice about to perish so,—when two Bodyguards gallop up, indig-refuses to catch,—the touchholes are so wetted; and voices nantly dissipating; and rescue her. The miscredited Twelve has-cry: "Arretez, il n'est pas temps encore, Stop, it is not yet time!"

ten back to the Chateau, for an 'answer in writing.'

(Deux Amis, iii. 192-201.) Messieurs of the Garde-du-Corps, Nay, behold, a new flight of Menads, with 'M. Brunout Bastille ye had orders not to fire; nevertheless two of you limp dis-Volunteer,' as impressed-commandant, at the head of it. These mounted, and one warhorse lies slain. Were it not well to draw also will advance to the Grate of the Grand Court, and see what back out of shot-range; finally to file off,—into the interior?

If in so filing off, there did a musketoon or two discharge ***Chapter 1.7.VIII.***

itself, at these armed shopkeepers, hooting and crowing, could man wonder? Draggled are your white cockades of an enor-The Equal Diet.

mous size; would to Heaven they were got exchanged for tricolor ones! Your buckskins are wet, your hearts heavy. Go, and But why lingers Mounier; returns not with his Deputation? It return not!

is six, it is seven o'clock; and still no Mounier, no Acceptance The Bodyguards file off, as we hint; giving and receiving pure and simple.

shots; drawing no life-blood; leaving boundless indignation.

And, behold, the dripping Menads, not now in deputation Some three times in the thickening dusk, a glimpse of them is but in mass, have penetrated into the Assembly: to the seen, at this or the other Portal: saluted always with execra-shamefullest interruption of public speaking and order of the tions, with the whew of lead. Let but a Bodyguard shew face, day. Neither Maillard nor Vice-President can restrain them, he is hunted by Rascality;— for instance, poor 'M. de Moucheton except within wide limits; not even, except for minutes, can of the Scotch Company,' owner of the slain warhorse; and has the lion-voice of Mirabeau, though they applaud it: but ever to be smuggled off by Versailles Captains. Or rusty firelocks and anon they break in upon the regeneration of France with belch after him, shivering asunder his—hat. In the end, by cries of: "Bread; not so much

discoursing! Du pain; pas tant de superior Order, the Bodyguards, all but the few on immediate longs discours!"—So insensible were these poor creatures to duty, disappear; or as it were abscond; and march, under cloud bursts of Parliamentary eloquence!

of night, to Rambouillet. (Weber, ubi supra.) One learns also that the royal Carriages are getting yoked, We remark also that the Versaillese have now got ammuni-as if for Metz. Carriages, royal or not, have verily showed them-tion: all afternoon, the official Person could find none; till, in selves at the back Gates. They even produced, or quoted, a these so critical moments, a patriotic Sublieutenant set a pis-written order from our Versailles Municipality,—which is a tol to his ear, and would thank him to find some,—which he Monarchic not a Democratic one. However, Versailles Patroles thereupon succeeded in doing. Likewise that Flandre, disarmed drove them in again; as the vigilant Lecointre had strictly by Pallas Athene, says openly, it will not fight with citizens; charged them to do.

and for token of peace, has exchanged cartridges with the A busy man, truly, is Major Lecointre, in these hours. For Versaillese.

Colonel d'Estaing loiters invisible in the Oeil-de-Boeuf; invis-Sansculottism is now among mere friends; and can 'circulate ible, or still more questionably visible, for instants: then also a freely;' indignant at Bodyguards;—complaining also consid-too loyal Municipality requires supervision: no order, civil or erably of hunger.

military, taken about any of these thousand things! Lecointre 167

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is at the Versailles Townhall: he is at the Grate of the Grand Esplanade there! Saint-Antoine, baulked, esurient, pounces on Court; communing with Swiss and Bodyguards. He is in the the slain warhorse; flays it; roasts it, with such fuel, of paling, ranks of Flandre; he is here, he is there: studious to prevent gates, portable timber as can be come at,—not without shout-bloodshed; to prevent the Royal Family from flying to Metz; ing: and, after

the manner of ancient Greek Heroes, they lifted the Menads from plundering Versailles.

their hands to the daintily readied repast; such as it might be.

At the fall of night, we behold him advance to those armed (Weber, Deux Amis, &c.) Other Rascality prowls discursive; seek-groups of Saint-Antoine, hovering all-too grim near the Salle ing what it may devour. Flandre will retire to its barracks; des Menus. They receive him in a half-circle; twelve speakers Lecointre also with his Versaillese,—all but the vigilant Pa-behind cannons, with lighted torches in hand, the cannon-trols, charged to be doubly vigilant.

mouths towards Lecointre: a picture for Salvator! He asks, in So sink the shadows of Night, blustering, rainy; and all paths temperate but courageous language: What they, by this their grow dark. Strangest Night ever seen in these regions,—per-journey to Versailles, do specially want? The twelve speakers haps since the Bartholomew Night, when Versailles, as reply, in few words inclusive of much: "Bread, and the end of Bassompierre writes of it, was a chetif chateau. O for the Lyre these brabbles, Du pain, et la fin des affaires." When the affairs of some Orpheus, to constrain, with touch of melodious strings, will end, no Major Lecointre, nor no mortal, can say; but as to these mad masses into Order! For here all seems fallen asunder, bread, he inquires, How many are you?—learns that they are in wide-yawning dislocation. The highest, as in downrushing six hundred, that a loaf each will suffice; and rides off to the of a World, is come in contact with the lowest: the Rascality of Municipality to get six hundred loaves.

France beleaguering the Royalty of France; 'ironshod batons'

Which loaves, however, a Municipality of Monarchic temper lifted round the diadem, not to guard it! With denunciations will not give. It will give two tons of rice rather,—could you of bloodthirsty Antinational Bodyguards, are heard dark but know whether it should be boiled or raw. Nay when this growlings against a Queenly Name.

too is accepted, the Municipals have disappeared;—ducked The Court sits tremulous, powerless; varies with the varying under, as the Six-and-Twenty Long-gowned of Paris did; and, temper of the Esplanade, with the varying colour of the rumours leaving not the smallest vestage of rice, in the boiled or raw from Paris. Thick-coming rumours; now of peace, now of war.

state, they there vanish from History!

Necker and all the Ministers consult; with a blank issue. The Rice comes not; one's hope of food is baulked; even one's Oeil-de-Boeuf is one tempest of whispers:—We will fly to Metz; hope of vengeance: is not M. de Moucheton of the Scotch Com-we will not fly. The royal Carriages again attempt egress;—

pany, as we said, deceitfully smuggled off? Failing all which, though for trial merely; they are again driven in by Lecointre's behold only M. de Moucheton's slain warhorse, lying on the Patrols. In six hours, nothing has been resolved on; not even 168

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the Acceptance pure and simple.

But finally, this Decree well passed, and the disorder conIn six hours? Alas, he who, in such circumstances, cannot tinuing; and Members melting away, and no President Mounier resolve in six minutes, may give up the enterprise: him Fate returning,—what can the Vice-President do but also melt away?

has already resolved for. And Menadism, meanwhile, and The Assembly melts, under such pressure, into deliquium; or, Sansculottism takes counsel with the National Assembly; grows as it is officially called, adjourns. Maillard is despatched to more and more tumultuous there. Mounier returns not; Au-Paris, with the 'Decree concerning Grains' in his pocket; he and thority nowhere shews itself: the Authority of France lies, for some women, in carriages belonging to the King. Thitherward the present, with Lecointre and Usher Maillard.—This then is slim Louison Chabray has already set

forth, with that 'written the abomination of desolation; come suddenly, though long answer,' which the Twelve She-deputies returned in to seek.

foreshadowed as inevitable! For, to the blind, all things are Slim sylph, she has set forth, through the black muddy coun-sudden. Misery which, through long ages, had no spokesman, try: she has much to tell, her poor nerves so flurried; and trav-no helper, will now be its own helper and speak for itself. The els, as indeed to-day on this road all persons do, with extreme dialect, one of the rudest, is, what it could be, this.

slowness. President Mounier has not come, nor the Acceptance At eight o'clock there returns to our Assembly not the Depu-pure and simple; though six hours with their events have come; tation; but Doctor Guillotin announcing that it will return; though courier on courier reports that Lafayette is coming.

also that there is hope of the Acceptance pure and simple. He Coming, with war or with peace? It is time that the Chateau himself has brought a Royal Letter, authorising and command-also should determine on one thing or another; that the Cha-ing the freest 'circulation of grains.' Which Royal Letter teau also should show itself alive, if it would continue living!

Menadism with its whole heart applauds. Conformably to which Victorious, joyful after such delay, Mounier does arrive at the Assembly forthwith passes a Decree; also received with last, and the hard-earned Acceptance with him; which now, rapturous Menadic plaudits:—Only could not an august As-alas, is of small value. Fancy Mounier's surprise to find his Sen-sembly contrive further to "fix the price of bread at eight sous ate, whom he hoped to charm by the Acceptance pure and the half-quartern; butchers'-meat at six sous the pound;" which simple,—all gone; and in its stead a Senate of Menads! For as seem fair rates? Such motion do 'a multitude of men and women,'

Erasmus's Ape mimicked, say with wooden splint, Erasmus shav-irrepressible by Usher Maillard, now make; does an august Asing, so do these Amazons hold, in mock majesty, some con-sembly hear made. Usher

Maillard himself is not always per-fused parody of National Assembly. They make motions; defectly measured in speech; but if rebuked, he can justly ex-liver speeches; pass enactments; productive at least of loud cuse himself by the peculiarity of the circumstances. (Moniteur laughter. All galleries and benches are filled; a strong Dame of (in Hist. Parl. ii. 105).)

the Market is in Mounier's Chair. Not without difficulty, Mounier, 169

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by aid of macers, and persuasive speaking, makes his way to

"What is use of the Penal Code? The thing we want is Bread."

the Female-President: the Strong Dame before abdicating sig-Mirabeau turns round with lion-voiced rebuke; Menadism ap-nifies that, for one thing, she and indeed her whole senate plauds him; but recommences.

male and female (for what was one roasted warhorse among Thus they, chewing tough sausages, discussing the Penal so many?) are suffering very considerably from hunger.

Code, make night hideous. What the issue will be? Lafayette Experienced Mounier, in these circumstances, takes a two-with his thirty thousand must arrive first: him, who cannot fold resolution: To reconvoke his Assembly Members by sound now be distant, all men expect, as the messenger of Destiny.

of drum; also to procure a supply of food. Swift messengers fly, to all bakers, cooks, pastrycooks, vintners, restorers; drums ***Chapter 1.7.IX.***

beat, accompanied with shrill vocal proclamation, through all streets. They come: the Assembly Members come; what is still ***Lafayette.***

better, the provisions come. On tray and barrow come these latter; loaves, wine, great store of sausages. The nourishing Towards midnight lights flare on the hill; Lafayette's lights!

baskets circulate harmoniously along the benches; nor, accord-The roll of his drums comes up the Avenue de Versailles. With ing to the Father of Epics, did any soul lack a fair share of peace, or with war? Patience, friends! With neither. Lafayette victual ((Greek), an equal diet); highly desirable, at the mo-is come, but not yet the catastrophe.

ment. (Deux Amis, iii. 208.)

He has halted and harangued so often, on the march; spent Gradually some hundred or so of Assembly members get nine hours on four leagues of road. At Montreuil, close on edged in, Menadism making way a little, round Mounier's Chair; Versailles, the whole Host had to pause; and, with uplifted listen to the Acceptance pure and simple; and begin, what is right hand, in the murk of Night, to these pouring skies, swear the order of the night, 'discussion of the Penal Code.' All benches solemnly to respect the King's Dwelling; to be faithful to King are crowded; in the dusky galleries, duskier with unwashed and National Assembly. Rage is driven down out of sight, by heads, is a strange 'coruscation,'—of impromptu billhooks.

the laggard march; the thirst of vengeance slaked in weariness (Courier de Provence (Mirabeau's Newspaper), No. 50, p. 19.) and soaking clothes. Flandre is again drawn out under arms: It is exactly five months this day since these same galleries but Flandre, grown so patriotic, now needs no 'exterminating.'

were filled with high-plumed jewelled Beauty, raining bright The wayworn Batallions halt in the Avenue: they have, for the influences; and now? To such length have we got in regenerat-present, no wish so pressing as that of shelter and rest.

ing France. Methinks the travail-throes are of the sharpest!—

Anxious sits President Mounier; anxious the Chateau. There Menadism will not be restrained from occasional remarks; asks, is a message coming from the Chateau, that M. Mounier would 170

please return thither with a fresh Deputation, swiftly; and so he can answer only, Yes or No; would so gladly answer, Yes and at least unite our two anxieties. Anxious Mounier does of him-No!—But, in any case, are not their dispositions, thank Heaven, self send, meanwhile, to apprise the General that his Majesty so entirely pacific? There is time for deliberation. The brunt of has been so gracious as to grant us the Acceptance pure and the danger seems past!

simple. The General, with a small advance column, makes an-Lafayette and d'Estaing settle the watches; Centre Grena-swer in passing; speaks vaguely some smooth words to the diers are to take the Guard-room they of old occupied as Gardes National President,—glances, only with the eye, at that so Francaises;—for indeed the Gardes du Corps, its late ill-ad-mixtiform National Assembly; then fares forward towards the vised occupants, are gone mostly to Rambouillet. That is the Chateau. There are with him two Paris Municipals; they were order of this night; sufficient for the night is the evil thereof.

chosen from the Three Hundred for that errand. He gets ad-Whereupon Lafayette and the two Municipals, with highflown mittance through the locked and padlocked Grates, through chivalry, take their leave.

sentries and ushers, to the Royal Halls.

So brief has the interview been, Mounier and his Deputation The Court, male and female, crowds on his passage, to read were not yet got up. So brief and satisfactory. A stone is rolled their doom on his face; which exhibits, say Historians, a mix-from every heart. The fair Palace Dames publicly declare that ture 'of sorrow, of fervour and valour,' singular to behold.

this Lafayette, detestable though he be, is their saviour for (Memoire de M. le Comte de Lally-Tollendal (Janvier 1790), p.

once. Even the ancient vinaigrous Tantes admit it; the King's 161-165.) The King, with Monsieur, with Ministers and Mar-Aunts, ancient Graille and Sisterhood, known to us of old. Queen shals, is waiting to receive him: He

“is come,” in his highflown Marie-Antoinette has been heard often say the like. She alone, chivalrous way, “to offer his head for the safety of his Majesty’s.”

among all women and all men, wore a face of courage, of lofty The two Municipals state the wish of Paris: four things, of calmness and resolve, this day. She alone saw clearly what she quite pacific tenor. First, that the honour of Guarding his sa-meant to do; and Theresa’s Daughter dares do what she means, cred person be conferred on patriot National Guards;— say, were all France threatening her: abide where her children are, the Centre Grenadiers, who as Gardes Francaises were wont to where her husband is.

have that privilege. Second, that provisions be got, if pos-Towards three in the morning all things are settled: the sible. Third, that the Prisons, all crowded with political delin-watches set, the Centre Grenadiers put into their old Guard-quents, may have judges sent them. Fourth, that it would please room, and harangued; the Swiss, and few remaining Bodyguards his Majesty to come and live in Paris. To all which four wishes, harangued. The wayworn Paris Batallions, consigned to ‘the except the fourth, his Majesty answers readily, Yes; or indeed hospitality of Versailles,’ lie dormant in spare-beds, spare-bar-may almost say that he has already answered it. To the fourth racks, coffeehouses, empty churches. A troop of them, on their
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way to the Church of Saint-Louis, awoke poor Weber, dream-they can report; which again, with early dawn, large comfort-ing troublous, in the Rue Sartory. Weber has had his waist-able Placards, shall impart to all men.

coat-pocket full of balls all day; ‘two hundred balls, and two Lafayette, in the Hotel de Noailles, not far from the Cha-pears of powder!’ For waistcoats were waistcoats then, and teau, having now finished haranguing, sits with his Officers had flaps down to mid-thigh. So many balls he has had

all day; consulting: at five o'clock the unanimous best counsel is, that but no opportunity of using them: he turns over now, execrat-a man so tost and toiled for twenty-four hours and more, fling ing disloyal bandits; swears a prayer or two, and straight to himself on a bed, and seek some rest.

sleep again.

Thus, then, has ended the First Act of the Insurrection of Finally, the National Assembly is harangued; which there-Women. How it will turn on the morrow? The morrow, as al-upon, on motion of Mirabeau, discontinues the Penal Code, ways, is with the Fates! But his Majesty, one may hope, will and dismisses for this night. Menadism, Sansculottism has cow-consent to come honourably to Paris; at all events, he can visit ered into guardhouses, barracks of Flandre, to the light of Paris. Antinational Bodyguards, here and elsewhere, must take cheerful fire; failing that, to churches, office-houses, sentry-the National Oath; make reparation to the Tricolor; Flandre boxes, wheresoever wretchedness can find a lair. The troublous will swear. There may be much swearing; much public speaking Day has brawled itself to rest: no lives yet lost but that of one there will infallibly be: and so, with harangues and vows, may warhorse. Insurrectionary Chaos lies slumbering round the Pal-the matter in some handsome way, wind itself up.

ace, like Ocean round a Diving-bell,—no crevice yet disclosing Or, alas, may it not be all otherwise, unhandsome: the con-itself.

sent not honourable, but extorted, ignominious? Boundless Deep sleep has fallen promiscuously on the high and on the Chaos of Insurrection presses slumbering round the Palace, like low; suspending most things, even wrath and famine. Dark-Ocean round a Diving-bell; and may penetrate at any crevice.

ness covers the Earth. But, far on the Northeast, Paris flings Let but that accumulated insurrectionary mass find entrance!

up her great yellow gleam; far into the wet black Night. For all Like the infinite inburst of water; or say rather, of inflammable, is illuminated there,

as in the old July Nights; the streets de-self-igniting fluid; for example, 'turpentine-and-phosphorus serted, for alarm of war; the Municipals all wakeful; Patrols oil,'—fluid known to Spinola Santerre!

hailing, with their hoarse Who-goes. There, as we discover, our poor slim Louison Chabray, her poor nerves all fluttered, is arriving about this very hour. There Usher Maillard will arrive, about an hour hence, 'towards four in the morning.' They report, successively, to a wakeful Hotel-de-Ville what comfort 172

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and brains!—Allelew! Wilder than Irish wakes, rises the howl: of pity; of infinite revenge. In few moments, the Grate of the ***The Grand Entries.***

inner and inmost Court, which they name Court of Marble, this too is forced, or surprised, and burst open: the Court of Marble The dull dawn of a new morning, drizzly and chill, had but too is overflowed: up the Grand Staircase, up all stairs and broken over Versailles, when it pleased Destiny that a Body-entrances rushes the living Deluge! Deshuttes and Varigny, the guard should look out of window, on the right wing of the two sentry Bodyguards, are trodden down, are massacred with Chateau, to see what prospect there was in Heaven and in a hundred pikes. Women snatch their cutlasses, or any weapon, Earth. Rascality male and female is prowling in view of him.

and stormin Menadic:—other women lift the corpse of shot His fasting stomach is, with good cause, sour; he perhaps can-Jerome; lay it down on the Marble steps; there shall the livid not forbear a passing malison on them; least of all can he face and smashed head, dumb for ever, speak.

forbear answering such.

Wo now to all Bodyguards, mercy is none for them!

Ill words breed worse: till the worst word came; and then the Miomandre de Sainte-Marie pleads with soft words, on the Grand ill deed. Did the maledicent Bodyguard, getting (as was too Staircase, 'descending four steps:'—to the roaring tornado. His inevitable) better malediction than he gave, load his comrades snatch him up, by the skirts and belts; literally, from musketoon, and threaten to fire; and actually fire? Were wise the jaws of Destruction; and slam-to their Door. This also will who wist! It stands asserted; to us not credibly. Be this as it stand few instants; the panels shivering in, like potsherds.

may, menaced Rascality, in whinnying scorn, is shaking at all Barricading serves not: fly fast, ye Bodyguards; rabid Insurrec-Grates: the fastening of one (some write, it was a chain merely) tion, like the hellhound Chase, uproaring at your heels!

gives way; Rascality is in the Grand Court, whinnying louder The terrorstruck Bodyguards fly, bolting and barricading; it still.

follows. Whitherward? Through hall on hall: wo, now! towards The maledicent Bodyguard, more Bodyguards than he do the Queen's Suite of Rooms, in the furtherest room of which now give fire; a man's arm is shattered. Lecointre will depose the Queen is now asleep. Five sentinels rush through that long (Deposition de Lecointre (in Hist. Parl. iii. 111-115.) that 'the Suite; they are in the Anteroom knocking loud: "Save the Sieur Cardaine, a National Guard without arms, was stabbed.'

Queen!" Trembling women fall at their feet with tears; are an-But see, sure enough, poor Jerome l'Heritier, an unarmed Na-swered: "Yes, we will die; save ye the Queen!"

tional Guard he too, 'cabinet-maker, a saddler's son, of Paris,'

Tremble not, women, but haste: for, lo, another voice shouts with the down of youthhood still on his chin,—he reels death-far through the outermost door, "Save the Queen!" and the stricken; rushes to the pavement, scattering it with his blood door shut. It is brave Miomandre's voice that shouts this sec-173

ond warning. He has stormed across imminent death to do it; No, he was fractured, slashed, lacerated, left for dead; he has fronts imminent death, having done it. Brave Tardivet du nevertheless crawled hither; and shall live, honoured of loyal Repaire, bent on the same desperate service, was borne down France. Remark also, in flat contradiction to much which has with pikes; his comrades hardly snatched him in again alive.

been said and sung, that Insurrection did not burst that door Miomandre and Tardivet: let the names of these two Body-he had defended; but hurried elsewhither, seeking new bodyguards, as the names of brave men should, live long.

guards. (Campan, ii. 75-87.)

Trembling Maids of Honour, one of whom from afar caught Poor Bodyguards, with their Thyestes' Opera-Repast! Well glimpse of Miomandre as well as heard him, hastily wrap the for them, that Insurrection has only pikes and axes; no right Queen; not in robes of State. She flies for her life, across the sieging tools! It shakes and thunders. Must they all perish Oeil-de-Boeuf; against the main door of which too Insurrec-miserably, and Royalty with them? Deshuttes and Varigny, tion batters. She is in the King's Apartment, in the King's arms; massacred at the first inbreak, have been beheaded in the she clasps her children amid a faithful few. The Imperial-hearted Marble Court: a sacrifice to Jerome's manes: Jourdan with the bursts into mother's tears: "O my friends, save me and my chil-tile-beard did that duty willingly; and asked, If there were no dren, O mes amis, sauvez moi et mes enfans!" The battering of more? Another captive they are leading round the corpse, with Insurrectionary axes clangs audible across the Oeil-de-Boeuf.

howl-chauntings: may not Jourdan again tuck up his sleeves?

What an hour!

And louder and louder rages Insurrection within, plundering Yes, Friends: a hideous fearful hour; shameful alike to Gov-if it cannot kill; louder and louder it thunders at the Oeil-de-erned and Governor; wherein Governed and Governor ignomini-Boeuf: what can now hinder its bursting in?—On a sudden it ously testify that their relation is at an end. Rage, which had ceases; the battering has ceased! Wild rushing: the cries grow brewed itself in twenty thousand hearts, for the last four-and-fainter: there is silence, or the tramp of regular steps; then a twenty hours, has taken fire: Jerome's brained corpse lies there friendly knocking: "We are the Centre Grenadiers, old Gardes as live-coal. It is, as we said, the infinite Element bursting in: Francaises: Open to us, Messieurs of the Garde-du-Corps; we wild-surging through all corridors and conduits.

have not forgotten how you saved us at Fontenoy!"

Meanwhile, the poor Bodyguards have got hunted mostly (Toulongeon, i. 144.) The door is opened; enter Captain Gondran into the Oeil-de-Boeuf. They may die there, at the King's and the Centre Grenadiers: there are military embracings; there threshhold; they can do little to defend it. They are heaping is sudden deliverance from death into life.

tabourets (stools of honour), benches and all moveables, Strange Sons of Adam! It was to 'exterminate' these Gardes-against the door; at which the axe of Insurrection thunders.—

du-Corps that the Centre Grenadiers left home: and now they But did brave Miomandre perish, then, at the Queen's door?

have rushed to save them from extermination. The memory of 174

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common peril, of old help, melts the rough heart; bosom is others! When the Chateau Clock last struck, they two were clasped to bosom, not in war. The King shews himself, one pacing languid, with poised musketoon; anxious mainly that moment, through the door of his Apartment, with: "Do not the next hour would strike. It has struck; to them inaudible.

hurt my Guards!"—"Soyons freres, Let us be brothers!" cries Their trunks lie mangled: their heads parade, 'on pikes twelve Captain Gondran; and again dashes off, with levelled bayo-feet long,' through the streets of Versailles; and shall, about nets, to sweep the Palace clear.

noon reach the Barriers of Paris,—a too ghastly contradiction Now too Lafayette, suddenly roused, not from sleep (for his to the large comfortable Placards that have been posted there!

eyes had not yet closed), arrives; with passionate popular elo-The other captive Bodyguard is still circling the corpse of quence, with prompt military word of command. National Jerome, amid Indian war-whooping; bloody Tilebeard, with Guards, suddenly roused, by sound of trumpet and alarm-drum, tucked sleeves, brandishing his bloody axe; when Gondran and are all arriving. The death-melly ceases: the first sky-lambent the Grenadiers come in sight. "Comrades, will you see a man blaze of Insurrection is got damped down; it burns now, if massacred in cold blood?"—"Off, butchers!" answer they; and unextinguished, yet flameless, as charred coals do, and not the poor Bodyguard is free. Busy runs Gondran, busy run Guards inextinguishable. The King's Apartments are safe. Ministers, and Captains; scouring at all corridors; dispersing Rascality Officials, and even some loyal National deputies are assem-and Robbery; sweeping the Palace clear. The mangled carnage bling round their Majesties. The consternation will, with sobs is removed; Jerome's body to the Townhall, for inquest: the and confusion, settle down gradually, into plan and counsel, fire of Insurrection gets damped, more and more, into measur-better or worse.

able, manageable heat.

But glance now, for a moment, from the royal windows! A Transcendent things of all sorts, as in the general outburst roaring sea of human heads, inundating both Courts; billow-of multitudinous Passion, are huddled together; the ludicrous, ing against all passages: Menadic women; infuriated men, mad nay the ridiculous, with the horrible. Far over the billowy sea with revenge, with love of mischief, love of plunder! Rascality of

heads, may be seen Rascality, caprioling on horses from the has slipped its muzzle; and now bays, three-throated, like the Royal Stud. The Spoilers these; for Patriotism is always infected Dog of Erebus. Fourteen Bodyguards are wounded; two mas-so, with a proportion of mere thieves and scoundrels. Gondran sacred, and as we saw, beheaded; Jourdan asking, "Was it worth snatched their prey from them in the Chateau; whereupon they while to come so far for two?" Hapless Deshuttes and Varigny!

hurried to the Stables, and took horse there. But the generous Their fate surely was sad. Whirled down so suddenly to the Diomedes' steeds, according to Weber, disdained such scoun-abyss; as men are, suddenly, by the wide thunder of the Moun-drel-burden; and, flinging up their royal heels, did soon project tain Avalanche, awakened not by them, awakened far off by most of it, in parabolic curves, to a distance, amid peals of 175

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laughter: and were caught. Mounted National Guards secured Her Majesty too, on demand, shows herself, though there is the rest.

peril in it: she steps out on the balcony, with her little boy Now too is witnessed the touching last-flicker of Etiquette; and girl. "No children, Point d'enfans!" cry the voices. She gen-which sinks not here, in the Cimmerian World-wreckage, with-tly pushes back her children; and stands alone, her hands se-out a sign, as the house-cricket might still chirp in the pealing renely crossed on her breast: "should I die," she had said, "I of a Trump of Doom. "Monsieur," said some Master of Ceremo-will do it." Such serenity of heroism has its effect. Lafayette, nies (one hopes it might be de Breze), as Lafayette, in these with ready wit, in his highflown chivalrous way, takes that fair fearful moments, was rushing towards the inner Royal Apart-queenly hand; and reverently kneeling, kisses it: thereupon ments, "Monsieur, le Roi vous accorde les grandes entrees, the people do shout Vive la Reine. Nevertheless, poor Weber Monsieur, the King grants you the Grand Entries,"—not find-

‘saw’ (or even thought he saw; for hardly the third part of ing it convenient to refuse them!” (Toulongeon, 1 App. 120.) poor Weber’s experiences, in such hysterical days, will stand scrutiny) ‘one of these brigands level his musket at her Maj-Chapter 1.7.XI.

esty,’—with or without intention to shoot; for another of the brigands ‘angrily struck it down.’

From Versailles.

So that all, and the Queen herself, nay the very Captain of the Bodyguards, have grown National! The very Captain of the However, the Paris National Guard, wholly under arms, has Bodyguards steps out now with Lafayette. On the hat of the cleared the Palace, and even occupies the nearer external spaces; repentant man is an enormous tricolor; large as a soup-plat-extruding miscellaneous Patriotism, for most part, into the ter, or sun-flower; visible to the utmost Forecourt. He takes Grand Court, or even into the Forecourt.

the National Oath with a loud voice, elevating his hat; at which The Bodyguards, you can observe, have now of a verity, ‘hoisted sight all the army raise their bonnets on their bayonets, with the National Cockade:’ for they step forward to the windows or shouts. Sweet is reconcilement to the heart of man. Lafayette balconies, hat aloft in hand, on each hat a huge tricolor; and has sworn Flandre; he swears the remaining Bodyguards, down fling over their bandoleers in sign of surrender; and shout Vive in the Marble Court; the people clasp them in their arms:—O, la Nation. To which how can the generous heart respond but my brothers, why would ye force us to slay you? Behold there with, Vive le Roi; vivent les Gardes-du-Corps? His Majesty him-is joy over you, as over returning prodigal sons!—The poor self has appeared with Lafayette on the balcony, and again ap-Bodyguards, now National and tricolor, exchange bonnets, pears: Vive le Roi greets him from all throats; but also from exchange arms; there shall be peace and fraternity. And still some one throat is heard “Le Roi a Paris, The King to Paris!”

“Vive le Roi;” and also “Le Roi a Paris,” not now from one throat, 176

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but from all throats as one, for it is the heart’s wish of all pitifully than before. Thus Broglie’s whiff of grapeshot, which mortals.

might have been something, has dwindled to the pot-valour Yes, The King to Paris: what else? Ministers may consult, and of an Opera Repast, and O Richard, O mon Roi. Which again we National Deputies wag their heads: but there is now no other shall see dwindle to a Favras’ Conspiracy, a thing to be settled possibility. You have forced him to go willingly. “At one o’clock!”

by the hanging of one Chevalier.

Lafayette gives audible assurance to that purpose; and uni-Poor Monarchy! But what save foulest defeat can await that versal Insurrection, with immeasurable shout, and a discharge man, who wills, and yet wills not? Apparently the King either of all the firearms, clear and rusty, great and small, that it has, has a right, assertible as such to the death, before God and returns him acceptance. What a sound; heard for leagues: a man; or else he has no right. Apparently, the one or the other; doom peal!—That sound too rolls away, into the Silence of could he but know which! May Heaven pity him! Were Louis Ages. And the Chateau of Versailles stands ever since vacant, wise he would this day abdicate.—Is it not strange so few hushed still; its spacious Courts grassgrown, responsive to the Kings abdicate; and none yet heard of has been known to hoe of the weeder. Times and generations roll on, in their commit suicide? Fritz the First, of Prussia, alone tried it; and confused Gulf-current; and buildings like builders have their they cut the rope.

destiny.

As for the National Assembly, which decrees this morning Till one o’clock, then, there will be three parties, National that it ‘is inseparable from his Majesty,’ and will follow him to Assembly, National Rascality, National

Royalty, all busy Paris, there may one thing be noted: its extreme want of bodily enough. Rascality rejoices; women trim themselves with tri-health. After the Fourteenth of July there was a certain sickli-color. Nay motherly Paris has sent her Avengers sufficient ness observable among honourable Members; so many demand-

'cartloads of loaves;' which are shouted over, which are grate-ing passports, on account of infirm health. But now, for these fully consumed. The Avengers, in return, are searching for grain-following days, there is a perfect murrian: President Mounier, stores; loading them in fifty waggons; that so a National King, Lally Tollendal, Clermont Tonnere, and all Constitutional Two-probable harbinger of all blessings, may be the evident bringer Chamber Royalists needing change of air; as most No-Chamber of plenty, for one.

Royalists had formerly done.

And thus has Sansculottism made prisoner its King; revok-For, in truth, it is the second Emigration this that has now ing his parole. The Monarchy has fallen; and not so much as come; most extensive among Commons Deputies, Noblesse, honourably: no, ignominiously; with struggle, indeed, oft re-Clergy: so that 'to Switzerland alone there go sixty thousand.'

peated; but then with unwise struggle; wasting its strength They will return in the day of accounts! Yes, and have hot in fits and paroxysms; at every new paroxysm, foiled more welcome.—But Emigration on Emigration is the peculiarity of 177

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France. One Emigration follows another; grounded on reason-Historian and Deputy, feels constrained to admit that it was able fear, unreasonable hope, largely also on childish pet. The both. (Toulongeon, i. 150.)

highflyers have gone first, now the lower flyers; and ever the Alas, my Friends, credulous incredulity is a strange matter.

lower will go down to the crawlers. Whereby, however, cannot But when a whole Nation is smitten with Suspicion, and sees a our National Assembly so much the more commodiously make dramatic miracle in the very operation of the gastric juices, the Constitution; your Two-Chamber Anglomaniacs being all what help is there? Such Nation is already a mere hypochon-safe, distant on foreign shores? Abbe Maury is seized, and driac bundle of diseases; as good as changed into glass; sent back again: he, tough as tanned leather, with eloquent atrabiliar, decadent; and will suffer crises. Is not Suspicion it-Captain Cazales and some others, will stand it out for another self the one thing to be suspected, as Montaigne feared only year.

fear?

But here, meanwhile, the question arises: Was Philippe Now, however, the short hour has struck. His Majesty is in d'Orleans seen, this day, 'in the Bois de Boulogne, in grey his carriage, with his Queen, sister Elizabeth, and two royal surtout;' waiting under the wet sere foliage, what the day might children. Not for another hour can the infinite Procession get bring forth? Alas, yes, the Eidolon of him was,—in Weber's and marshalled, and under way. The weather is dim drizzling; the other such brains. The Chatelet shall make large inquisition mind confused; and noise great.

into the matter, examining a hundred and seventy witnesses, Processional marches not a few our world has seen; Roman and Deputy Chabroud publish his Report; but disclose noth-triumphs and ovations, Cabiric cymbal-beatings, Royal ing further. (Rapport de Chabroud (Moniteur, du 31 Decem-progresses, Irish funerals: but this of the French Monarchy ber, 1789).) What then has caused these two unparalleled Oc-marching to its bed remained to be seen. Miles long, and of tober Days? For surely such dramatic exhibition never yet en-breadth losing itself in vagueness, for all the neighbouring acted itself without Dramatist and Machinist. Wooden Punch country crowds to see. Slow; stagnating along, like shoreless emerges not, with his domestic sorrows, into the light of day, Lake, yet with a noise like Niagara, like Babel and Bedlam. A unless the wire be pulled: how can human mobs? Was it not splashing and a tramping; a hurrahing,

uproaring, musket-vol-d'Orleans then, and Laclos, Marquis Sillery, Mirabeau and the leying;—the truest segment of Chaos seen in these latter Ages!

sons of confusion, hoping to drive the King to Metz, and gather Till slowly it disembogue itself, in the thickening dusk, into the spoil? Nay was it not, quite contrariwise, the Oeil-de-Boeuf, expectant Paris, through a double row of faces all the way Bodyguard Colonel de Guiche, Minister Saint-Priest and from Passy to the Hotel-de-Ville.

highflying Loyalists; hoping also to drive him to Metz; and try Consider this: Vanguard of National troops; with trains of it by the sword of civil war? Good Marquis Toulongeon, the artillery; of pikemen and pikewomen, mounted on cannons, 178

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on carts, hackney-coaches, or on foot;—tripudiating, in triging of the shoulders, by looks directed to Heaven, the emo-color ribbons from head to heel; loaves stuck on the points of tions they felt.' Thus, like frail cockle, floats the Royal Life-bayonets, green boughs stuck in gun barrels. (Mercier, Nouveau boat, helmless, on black deluges of Rascality.

Paris, iii. 21.) Next, as main-march, 'fifty cartloads of corn,'

Mercier, in his loose way, estimates the Procession and assis-which have been lent, for peace, from the stores of Versailles.

tants at two hundred thousand. He says it was one boundless Behind which follow stragglers of the Garde-du-Corps; all hu-inarticulate Haha;—transcendent World-Laughter; comparable miliated, in Grenadier bonnets. Close on these comes the Royal to the Saturnalia of the Ancients. Why not? Here too, as we Carriage; come Royal Carriages: for there are an Hundred Na-said, is Human Nature once more human; shudder at it whoso tional Deputies too, among whom sits Mirabeau,—his remarks is of shuddering humour: yet behold it is human. It has 'swal-not given. Then finally, pellmell, as rearguard, Flandre, Swiss, lowed all formulas;' it tripudiates

even so. For which reason Hundred Swiss, other Bodyguards, Brigands, whosoever can-they that collect Vases and Antiques, with figures of Dancing not get before. Between and among all which masses, flows Bacchantes 'in wild and all but impossible positions,' may look without limit Saint-Antoine, and the Menadic Cohort. Menadic with some interest on it.

especially about the Royal Carriage; tripudiating there, cov-Thus, however, has the slow-moving Chaos or modern ered with tricolor; singing 'allusive songs;' pointing with one Saturnalia of the Ancients, reached the Barrier; and must halt, hand to the Royal Carriage, which the illusions hit, and point-to be harangued by Mayor Bailly. Thereafter it has to lumber ing to the Provision-wagons, with the other hand, and these along, between the double row of faces, in the transcendent words: "Courage, Friends! We shall not want bread now; we are heaven-lashing Haha; two hours longer, towards the Hotel-bringing you the Baker, the Bakeress, and Baker's Boy (le deVille. Then again to be harangued there, by several persons; Boulanger, la Boulangere, et le petit Mitron)." (Toulongeon, i.

by Moreau de Saint-Mery, among others; Moreau of the Three-134-161; Deux Amis (iii. c. 9); &c. &c.) thousand orders, now National Deputy for St. Domingo. To all The wet day draggles the tricolor, but the joy is which poor Louis, who seemed to 'experience a slight emo-unextinguishable. Is not all well now? "Ah, Madame, notre tion' on entering this Townhall, can answer only that he "comes bonne Reine," said some of these Strong-women some days with pleasure, with confidence among his people." Mayor Bailly, hence, "Ah Madame, our good Queen, don't be a traitor any in reporting it, forgets 'confidence;' and the poor Queen says more (ne soyez plus traitre), and we will all love you!" Poor eagerly: "Add, with confidence."—"Messieurs," rejoins Bailly, Weber went splashing along, close by the Royal carriage, with

"You are happier than if I had not forgot."

the tear in his eye: 'their Majesties did me the honour,' or I Finally, the King is shewn on an upper balcony, by torch-thought they did it, 'to testify,

from time to time, by shrug-light, with a huge tricolor in his hat: 'And all the "people,"

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says Weber, grasped one another's hands;—thinking now surely ***VOLUME II.***

the New Era was born.' Hardly till eleven at night can Royalty get to its vacant, long-deserted Palace of the Tuileries: to lodge ***THE CONSTITUTION***

there, somewhat in strolling-player fashion. It is Tuesday, the sixth of October, 1789.

BOOK 2.I.

Poor Louis has Two other Paris Processions to make: one ludicrous-ignominious like this; the other not ludicrous nor ***THE FEAST OF PIKES***

ignominious, but serious, nay sublime.

Chapter 2.1.I.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

In the Tuileries.

The victim having once got his stroke-of-grace, the catastrophe can be considered as almost come. There is small interest now in watching his long low moans: notable only are his sharper agonies, what convulsive struggles he may take to cast the torture off from him; and then finally the last departure of life itself, and how he lies extinct and ended, either wrapt like Caesar in decorous mantle-folds, or unseemly sunk together, like one that had not the force even to die.

Was French Royalty, when wrenched forth from its tapestries in that fashion, on that Sixth of October 1789, such a victim? Universal France, and Royal Proclamation to all the Provinces, answers anxiously, No; nevertheless one may fear the worst. Royalty was beforehand so decrepit, moribund, there is little life in it to heal an injury. How much of its strength, which was of the imagination merely, has fled; Rascality having looked plainly in the King's face, and not died! When the assembled crows can pluck up their scarecrow, and say to it, 180

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Here shalt thou stand and not there; and can treat with it, and Thither may the wrecks of rehabilitated Loyalty gather; if it make it, from an infinite, a quite finite Constitutional scare-will become Constitutional; for Constitutionalism thinks no crow,—what is to be looked for? Not in the finite Constitu-evil; Sansculottism itself rejoices in the King's countenance.

tional scarecrow, but in what still unmeasured, infinite-seem-The rubbish of a Menadic Insurrection, as in this ever-kindly ing force may rally round it, is there thenceforth any hope. For world all rubbish can and must be, is swept aside; and so again, it is most true that all available Authority is mystic in its con-on clear arena, under new conditions, with something even of ditions, and comes 'by the grace of God.'

a new stateliness, we begin a new course of action.

Cheerfuller than watching the death-struggles of Royalism Arthur Young has witnessed the strangest scene: Majesty will it be to watch the growth and gambollings of walking unattended in the Tuileries Gardens; and miscellaneous Sansculottism; for, in human things, especially in human soci-tricolor crowds, who cheer it, and reverently make way for it: ety, all death is but a death-birth: thus if the sceptre is de-the very Queen commands at lowest respectful silence, regret-parting from Louis, it is only that, in other forms, other ful avoidance. (Arthur Young's Travels, i. 264-280.) Simple sceptres, were it even pike-sceptres, may bear sway. In a pru-ducks, in those royal waters, quackle for crumbs from young rient element,

rich with nutritive influences, we shall find that royal fingers: the little Dauphin has a little railed garden, where Sansculottism grows lustily, and even frisks in not ungraceful he is seen delving, with ruddy cheeks and flaxen curled hair; sport: as indeed most young creatures are sportful; nay, may also a little hutch to put his tools in, and screen himself against it not be noted further, that as the grown cat, and cat-species showers. What peaceable simplicity! Is it peace of a Father generally, is the cruellest thing known, so the merriest is pre-restored to his children? Or of a Taskmaster who has lost his cisely the kitten, or growing cat?

whip? Lafayette and the Municipality and universal Constitu-But fancy the Royal Family risen from its trucklebeds on tionalism assert the former, and do what is in them to realise the morrow of that mad day: fancy the Municipal inquiry, "How it. Such Patriotism as snarls dangerously, and shows teeth, would your Majesty please to lodge?"—and then that the Patrollotism shall suppress; or far better, Royalty shall soothe King's rough answer, "Each may lodge as he can, I am well down the angry hair of it, by gentle pattings; and, most effec-enough," is congeed and bowed away, in expressive grins, by tual of all, by fuller diet. Yes, not only shall Paris be fed, but the Townhall Functionaries, with obsequious upholsterers at the King's hand be seen in that work. The household goods of their back; and how the Chateau of the Tuileries is repainted, the Poor shall, up to a certain amount, by royal bounty, be regarnished into a golden Royal Residence; and Lafayette with disengaged from pawn, and that insatiable Mont de Piete dishis blue National Guards lies encompassing it, as blue Nep-gorge: rides in the city with their vive-le-roi need not fail; and tune (in the language of poets) does an island, wooingly.

so by substance and show, shall Royalty, if man's art can 181

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popularise it, be popularised. (Deux Amis, iii. c. 10.) Poor Louis is not without insight, nor even without the ele-Or, alas, is it neither restored Father nor diswhipped Task-ments of will; some sharpness of temper, spurting at times master that walks there; but an anomalous complex of

both from a stagnating character. If harmless inertness could save these, and of innumerable other heterogeneities; reducible to him, it were well; but he will slumber and painfully dream, and no rubric, if not to this newly devised one: King Louis Restorer to do aught is not given him. Royalist Antiquarians still shew of French Liberty? Man indeed, and King Louis like other men, the rooms where Majesty and suite, in these extraordinary lives in this world to make rule out of the ruleless; by his circumstances, had their lodging. Here sat the Queen; read-living energy, he shall force the absurd itself to become less ing,—for she had her library brought hither, though the King absurd. But then if there be no living energy; living passivity refused his; taking vehement counsel of the vehement only? King Serpent, hurled into his unexpected watery do-uncounselled; sorrowing over altered times; yet with sure hope minion, did at least bite, and assert credibly that he was there: of better: in her young rosy Boy, has she not the living em-but as for the poor King Log, tumbled hither and thither as blem of hope! It is a murky, working sky; yet with golden thousandfold chance and other will than his might direct, how gleams—of dawn, or of deeper meteoric night? Here again happy for him that he was indeed wooden; and, doing noth-this chamber, on the other side of the main entrance, was the ing, could also see and suffer nothing! It is a distracted busi-King's: here his Majesty breakfasted, and did official work; ness.

here daily after breakfast he received the Queen; sometimes in For his French Majesty, meanwhile, one of the worst things pathetic friendliness; sometimes in human sulkiness, for flesh is that he can get no hunting. Alas, no hunting henceforth; is weak; and, when questioned about business would answer: only a fatal being-hunted! Scarcely, in the next June weeks,

"Madame, your business is with the children." Nay, Sire, were shall he taste again the joys of the game-destroyer; in next it not better you, your Majesty's self, took the children? So June, and never more. He sends for his smith-tools; gives, in asks impartial History; scornful that the thicker vessel was the course of the day, official or ceremonial business being not also the stronger; pity-struck for the porcelain-clay of ended, 'a few strokes of the file, quelques coups de lime. (Le humanity rather than for the tile-clay,—

though indeed both Chateau des Tuileries, ou recit, &c., par Roussel (in Hist. Parl.

were broken!

iv. 195-219).) Innocent brother mortal, why wert thou not an So, however, in this Medicean Tuileries, shall the French King obscure substantial maker of locks; but doomed in that other and Queen now sit, for one-and-forty months; and see a wild-far-seen craft, to be a maker only of world-follies, unrealities; fermenting France work out its own destiny, and theirs. Months things self destructive, which no mortal hammering could rivet bleak, ungenial, of rapid vicissitude; yet with a mild pale into coherence!

splendour, here and there: as of an April that were leading to 182

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leafiest Summer; as of an October that led only to everlasting sheer with it. Simple seemest thou, O solid Dutch-built Petion; Frost. Medicean Tuileries, how changed since it was a peaceful if solid, surely dull. Nor lifegiving in that tone of thine, livelier Tile field! Or is the ground itself fate-stricken, accursed: an polemical Rabaut. With ineffable serenity sniffs great Sieyes, Atreus' Palace; for that Louvre window is still nigh, out of aloft, alone; his Constitution ye may babble over, ye may mar, which a Capet, whipt of the Furies, fired his signal of the Saint but can by no possibility mend: is not Polity a science he has Bartholomew! Dark is the way of the Eternal as mirrored in exhausted? Cool, slow, two military Lameths are visible, with this world of Time: God's way is in the sea, and His path in the their quality sneer, or demi-sneer; they shall gallantly refund great deep.

their Mother's Pension, when the Red Book is produced; gallantly be wounded in duels. A Marquis Toulongeon, whose Pen ***Chapter 2.1.II.***

we yet thank, sits there; in stoical meditative humour, oftenest silent, accepts what destiny will send. Thouret and Parlementary ***In the Salle de Manege.***

Duport produce mountains of Reformed Law; liberal, Anglomaniac, available and unavailable. Mortals rise and fall.

To believing Patriots, however, it is now clear, that the Consti-Shall goose Gobel, for example,—or Go(with an umlaut)bel, tution will march, marcher, —had it once legs to stand on. Quick, for he is of Strasburg German breed, be a Constitutional Arch-then, ye Patriots, bestir yourselves, and make it; shape legs bishop?

for it! In the Archeveche, or Archbishop's Palace, his Grace him-Alone of all men there, Mirabeau may begin to discern clearly self having fled; and afterwards in the Riding-hall, named whither all this is tending. Patriotism, accordingly, regrets that Manege, close on the Tuileries: there does a National Assem-his zeal seems to be getting cool. In that famed Pentecost-bly apply itself to the miraculous work. Successfully, had there Night of the Fourth of August, when new Faith rose suddenly been any heaven-scaling Prometheus among them; not suc-into miraculous fire, and old Feudality was burnt up, men re-cessfully since there was none! There, in noisy debate, for the marked that Mirabeau took no hand in it; that, in fact, he sessions are occasionally 'scandalous,' and as many as three luckily happened to be absent. But did he not defend the speakers have been seen in the Tribune at once,—let us con-Veto, nay Veto Absolu; and tell vehement Barnave that six tinue to fancy it wearing the slow months.

hundred irresponsible senators would make of all tyrannies Tough, dogmatic, long of wind is Abbe Maury; Ciceronian the insupportablest? Again, how anxious was he that the King's pathetic is Cazales. Keen-trenchant, on the other side, glitters Ministers should have seat and voice in the National Assem-a young Barnave; abhorrent of sophistry; sheering, like keen bly;—doubtless with an eye to being Minister himself! Where-Damascus sabre, all sophistry asunder,—reckless what else he upon the National Assembly decides, what is very momen-183

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tous, that no Deputy shall be Minister; he, in his haughty diture? House in the Chaussee d'Antin; Country-house at stormful manner, advising us to make it, 'no Deputy called Argenteuil; splendours, sumptuosities, orgies;—living as if he Mirabeau.' (Moniteur, Nos. 65, 86 (29th September, 7th No-had a mint! All saloons barred against Adventurer Mirabeau, vember, 1789).) A man of perhaps inveterate Feudalisms; of are flung wide open to King Mirabeau, the cynosure of Europe, stratagems; too often visible leanings towards the Royalist whom female France flutters to behold,—though the Man side: a man suspect; whom Patriotism will unmask! Thus, in Mirabeau is one and the same. As for money, one may conjec-these June days, when the question Who shall have right to ture that Royalism furnishes it; which if Royalism do, will not declare war? comes on, you hear hoarse Hawkers sound dole-the same be welcome, as money always is to him?

fully through the streets, "Grand Treason of Count Mirabeau,

'Sold,' whatever Patriotism thinks, he cannot readily be: the price only one sou;"—because he pleads that it shall be not spiritual fire which is in that man; which shining through such the Assembly but the King! Pleads; nay prevails: for in spite of confusions is nevertheless Conviction, and makes him strong, the hoarse Hawkers, and an endless Populace raised by them and without which he had no strength,—is not buyable nor to the pitch even of 'Lanterne,' he mounts the Tribune next saleable; in such transference of barter, it would vanish and day; grim-resolute; murmuring aside to his friends that speak not be. Perhaps 'paid and not sold, paye pas vendu:' as poor of danger: "I know it: I must come hence either in triumph, or Rivarol, in the unhappier converse way, calls himself 'sold and else torn in fragments;" and it was in triumph that he came.

not paid!' A man travelling, comet-like, in splendour and nebu-A man of stout heart; whose popularity is not of the popu-losity, his wild way; whom telescopic Patriotism may long lace, 'pas populaciere;' whom no clamour of unwashed mobs watch, but, without higher mathematics, will not make out. A without doors, or of washed mobs within, can scarce from his questionable most blameable man; yet to us the far notablest way! Dumont

remembers hearing him deliver a Report on of all. With rich munificence, as we often say, in a most blinkard, Marseilles; 'every word was interrupted on the part of the Cote bespectacled, logic-chopping generation, Nature has gifted this Droit by abusive epithets; calumniator, liar, assassin, scoun-man with an eye. Welcome is his word, there where he speaks drel (scelerat): Mirabeau pauses a moment, and, in a honeyed and works; and growing ever welcomer; for it alone goes to tone, addressing the most furious, says: "I wait, Messieurs, till the heart of the business: logical cobwebbery shrinks itself these amenities be exhausted."' (Dumont, Souvenirs, p. 278.) together; and thou seest a thing, how it is, how is may be A man enigmatic, difficult to unmask! For example, whence worked with.

comes his money? Can the profit of a Newspaper, sorely eaten Unhappily our National Assembly has much to do: a France into by Dame Le Jay; can this, and the eighteen francs a-day to regenerate; and France is short of so many requisites; short your National Deputy has, be supposed equal to this expen-even of cash! These same Finances give trouble enough; no 184

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choking of the Deficit; which gapes ever, Give, give! To ap-den shifting of the Earth's axis, no mortal knows his new lati-pease the Deficit we venture on a hazardous step, sale of the tude at once. The Twelve old Parlements too, what is to be Clergy's Lands and superfluous Edifices; most hazardous. Nay, done with them? The old Parlements are declared to be all 'in given the sale, who is to buy them, ready-money having fled?

permanent vacation,'—till once the new equal-justice, of De-Wherefore, on the 19th day of December, a paper-money of partmental Courts, National Appeal-Court, of elective Justices,

'Assignats,' of Bonds secured, or assigned, on that Clerico-Na-Justices of Peace, and other Thouret-and-Duport apparatus be tional Property, and unquestionable at least in payment of got ready. They have to sit there, these old Parlements, uneas-that,—is decreed: the first of a long series of like financial ily waiting; as it were, with the rope round their neck; crying

performances, which shall astonish mankind. So that now, while as they can, Is there none to deliver us? But happily the an-old rags last, there shall be no lack of circulating medium; swer being, None, none, they are a manageable class, these whether of commodities to circulate thereon is another ques-Parlements. They can be bullied, even into silence; the Paris tion. But, after all, does not this Assignat business speak vol-Parliament, wiser than most, has never whimpered. They will umes for modern science? Bankruptcy, we may say, was come, and must sit there; in such vacation as is fit; their Chamber of as the end of all Delusions needs must come: yet how gently, Vacation distributes in the interim what little justice is going.

in softening diffusion, in mild succession, was it hereby made With the rope round their neck, their destiny may be succinct!

to fall;—like no all-destroying avalanche; like gentle showers On the 13th of November 1790, Mayor Bailly shall walk to the of a powdery impalpable snow, shower after shower, till all was Palais de Justice, few even heeding him; and with municipal indeed buried, and yet little was destroyed that could not be seal-stamp and a little hot wax, seal up the Parlementary Pa- replaced , be dispensed with! To such length has modern maper-rooms,— and the dread Parlement of Paris pass away, into chinery reached. Bankruptcy, we said, was great; but indeed Chaos, gently as does a Dream! So shall the Parlements perish, Money itself is a standing miracle.

succinctly; and innumerable eyes be dry.

On the whole, it is a matter of endless difficulty, that of the Not so the Clergy. For granting even that Religion were dead; Clergy. Clerical property may be made the Nation's, and the that it had died, half-centuries ago, with unutterable Dubois; Clergy hired servants of the State; but if so, is it not an altered or emigrated lately, to Alsace, with Necklace-Cardinal Rohan; Church? Adjustment enough, of the most confused sort, has or that it now walked as goblin revenant with Bishop Talleyrand become unavoidable. Old landmarks, in any sense, avail not in of Autun; yet does not the Shadow of Religion, the Cant of a new France. Nay literally, the very Ground is new divided; Religion, still linger? The Clergy have means

and material: your old party-coloured Provinces become new uniform Demeans, of number, organization, social weight; a material, at partments, Eighty-three in number;—whereby, as in some sud-lowest, of public ignorance, known to be the mother of devo-185

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tion. Nay, withal, is it incredible that there might, in simple tion, arrangement or detail, from their nerveless fingers all hearts, latent here and there like gold grains in the mud-beach, drops undone; all lights at last on the toiled shoulders of an still dwell some real Faith in God, of so singular and tenacious august Representative Body. Heavy-laden National Assembly!

a sort that even a Maury or a Talleyrand, could still be the It has to hear of innumerable fresh revolts, Brigand expedi-symbol for it?—Enough, and Clergy has strength, the Clergy tions; of Chateaus in the West, especially of Charter-chests, has craft and indignation. It is a most fatal business this of Chartiers, set on fire; for there too the overloaded Ass fright-the Clergy. A weltering hydra-coil, which the National Assem-fully recalcitrates. Of Cities in the South full of heats and jeal-bly has stirred up about its ears; hissing, stinging; which can-ousies; which will end in crossed sabres, Marseilles against not be appeased, alive; which cannot be trampled dead! Fatal, Toulon, and Carpentras beleaguered by Avignon;—such Roy-from first to last! Scarcely after fifteen months' debating, can alist collision in a career of Freedom; nay Patriot collision, a Civil Constitution of the Clergy be so much as got to paper; which a mere difference of velocity will bring about! Of a and then for getting it into reality? Alas, such Civil Constitu-Jourdan Coup-tete, who has skulked thitherward, from the tion is but an agreement to disagree. It divides France from claws of the Chatelet; and will raise whole scoundrel-regiments.

end to end, with a new split, infinitely complicating all the Also it has to hear of Royalist Camp of Jales: Jales moun-other splits;—Catholicism, what of it there is left, with the tain-girdled Plain, amid the rocks of the Cevennes; whence Cant of Catholicism, raging on the one side, and sceptic

Hea-Royalism, as is feared and hoped, may dash down like a moun-thenism on the other; both, by contradiction , waxing fanatic.

tain deluge, and submerge France! A singular thing this camp What endless jarring, of Refractory hated Priests, and Consti-of Jales; existing mostly on paper. For the Soldiers at Jales, tutional despised ones; of tender consciences, like the King's, being peasants or National Guards, were in heart sworn and consciences hot-seared, like certain of his People's: the Sansculottes; and all that the Royalist Captains could do was, whole to end in Feasts of Reason and a War of La Vendee! So with false words, to keep them, or rather keep the report of deep-seated is Religion in the heart of man, and holds of all them, drawn up there, visible to all imaginations, for a terror infinite passions. If the dead echo of it still did so much, what and a sign,—if peradventure France might be reconquered by could not the living voice of it once do?

theatrical machinery, by the picture of a Royalist Army done Finance and Constitution, Law and Gospel: this surely were to the life! (Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 208.) Not till the third work enough; yet this is not all. In fact, the Ministry, and summer was this portent, burning out by fits and then fading, Necker himself whom a brass inscription 'fastened by the people got finally extinguished; was the old Castle of Jales, no Camp over his door-lintel' testifies to be the 'Ministre adore,' are being visible to the bodily eye, got blown asunder by some dwindling into clearer and clearer nullity. Execution or legisla-National Guards.

Also it has to hear not only of Brissot and his Friends of the the vehement obstinacy characteristic of that; a generation Blacks, but by and by of a whole St. Domingo blazing sky-which will not learn. Falling Bastilles, Insurrections of Women, ward; blazing in literal fire, and in far worse metaphorical; thousands of smoking Manorhouses, a country bristling with beaconing the nightly main. Also of the shipping interest, and no crop but

that of Sansculottic steel: these were tolerably the landed-interest, and all manner of interests, reduced to didactic lessons; but them they have not taught. There are distress. Of Industry every where manacled, bewildered; and still men, of whom it was of old written, Bray them in a mor-only Rebellion thriving. Of sub-officers, soldiers and sailors in tar! Or, in milder language, They have wedded their delusions: mutiny by land and water. Of soldiers, at Nanci, as we shall see, fire nor steel, nor any sharpness of Experience, shall sever the needing to be cannonaded by a brave Bouille. Of sailors, nay bond; till death do us part! Of such may the Heavens have the very galley-slaves, at Brest, needing also to be cannon-mercy; for the Earth, with her rigorous Necessity, will have aded; but with no Bouille to do it. For indeed, to say it in a none.

word, in those days there was no King in Israel, and every man Admit, at the same time, that it was most natural. Man lives did that which was right in his own eyes. (See Deux Amis, iii. c.

by Hope: Pandora when her box of gods'-gifts flew all out, and 14; iv. c. 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 14. Expedition des Volontaires de Brest became gods'-curses, still retained Hope. How shall an irratio-sur Lannion; Les Lyonnais Sauveurs des Dauphinois; Massacre nal mortal, when his high-place is never so evidently pulled au Mans; Troubles du Maine (Pamphlets and Excerpts, in Hist.

down, and he, being irrational, is left resourceless,—part with Parl. iii. 251; iv. 162-168), &c.)

the belief that it will be rebuilt? It would make all so straight Such things has an august National Assembly to hear of, as again; it seems so unspeakably desirable; so reasonable,—

it goes on regenerating France. Sad and stern: but what rem-would you but look at it aright! For, must not the thing which edy? Get the Constitution ready; and all men will swear to it: was continue to be; or else the solid World dissolve? Yes, perfor do not 'Addresses of adhesion' arrive by the cartload? In sist, O infatuated Sansculottes of France! Revolt against con-

this manner, by Heaven's blessing, and a Constitution got ready, stituted Authorities; hunt out your rightful Seigneurs, who at shall the bottomless fire-gulf be vaulted in, with rag-paper; bottom so loved you, and readily shed their blood for you,—

and Order will wed Freedom, and live with her there,—till it in country's battles as at Rossbach and elsewhere; and, even in grow too hot for them. O Cote Gauche, worthy are ye, as the preserving game, were preserving you, could ye but have un-adhesive Addresses generally say, to 'fix the regards of the derstood it: hunt them out, as if they were wild wolves; set Universe;' the regards of this one poor Planet, at lowest!—

fire to their Chateaus and Chartiers as to wolf-dens; and what Nay, it must be owned, the Cote Droit makes a still madder then? Why, then turn every man his hand against his fellow! In figure. An irrational generation; irrational, imbecile, and with confusion, famine, desolation, regret the days that are gone; 187

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rueful recall them, recall us with them. To repentant prayers State-servants who shall have wages; vote Suspensive Vetos, we will not be deaf.

new Law-Courts; vote or decree what contested thing it will; So, with dimmer or clearer consciousness, must the Right have it responded to from the four corners of France, nay get Side reason and act. An inevitable position perhaps; but a most King's Sanction, and what other Acceptance were conceivable,—

false one for them. Evil, be thou our good: this henceforth the Right Side, as we find, persists, with imperturbablest te-must virtually be their prayer. The fiercer the effervescence nacity, in considering, and ever and anon shews that it still grows, the sooner will it pass; for after all it is but some mad considers, all these so-called Decrees as mere temporary whims, effervescence; the World is solid, and cannot dissolve.

which indeed stand on paper, but in practice and fact are not, For the rest, if they have any positive industry, it is that of and cannot be. Figure the brass head of an Abbe Maury flood-plots, and backstairs conclaves. Plots which cannot be executed; ing forth Jesuitic eloquence in this strain; dusky d'Espremenil, which are mostly theoretic on their part;—for which never-Barrel Mirabeau (probably in liquor), and enough of others, theless this and the other practical Sieur Augeard, Sieur cheering him from the Right; and, for example, with what vis-Maillebois, Sieur Bonne Savardin, gets into trouble, gets image a seagreen Robespierre eyes him from the Left. And how prisoned, and escapes with difficulty. Nay there is a poor prac-Sieyes ineffably sniffs on him, or does not deign to sniff; and tical Chevalier Favras who, not without some passing reflex on how the Galleries groan in spirit, or bark rabid on him: so that Monsieur himself, gets hanged for them, amid loud uproar of to escape the Lanterne, on stepping forth, he needs presence the world. Poor Favras, he keeps dictating his last will at the of mind, and a pair of pistols in his girdle! For he is one of the

'Hotel-de-Ville, through the whole remainder of the day,' a weary toughest of men.

February day; offers to reveal secrets, if they will save him; Here indeed becomes notable one great difference between handsomely declines since they will not; then dies, in the flare our two kinds of civil war; between the modern lingual or Par-of torchlight, with politest composure; remarking, rather than liamentary-logical kind, and the ancient, or manual kind, in exclaiming, with outspread hands: "People, I die innocent; pray the steel battle-field;—much to the disadvantage of the former.

for me." (See Deux Amis, iv. c. 14, 7; Hist. Parl. vi. 384.) Poor In the manual kind, where you front your foe with drawn Favras;—type of so much that has prowled indefatigable over weapon, one right stroke is final; for, physically speaking, when France, in days now ending; and, in freer field, might have the brains are out the man does honestly die, and trouble you earned instead of prowling,—to thee it is no theory!

no more. But how different when it is with arguments you In the Senate-house again, the attitude of the Right Side is fight! Here no victory yet definable can be considered as final.

that of calm unbelief. Let an august National Assembly make Beat him down, with Parliamentary invective, till sense be fled; a Fourth-of-August Abolition of Feudality; declare the Clergy cut him in two, hanging one half in this dilemma-horn, the 188

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other on that; blow the brains or thinking-faculty quite out the People's-friend, in his cold way, when young Barbaroux, of him for the time: it skills not; he rallies and revives on the once his pupil in a course of what was called Optics, went to morrow; tomorrow he repairs his golden fires! The think that see him, "Give me two hundred Naples Bravoes, armed each will logically extinguish him is perhaps still a desideratum in with a good dirk, and a muff on his left arm by way of shield: Constitutional civilisation. For how, till a man know, in some with them I will traverse France, and accomplish the Revolu-measure, at what point he becomes logically defunct, can Par-tion." (Memoires de Barbaroux (Paris, 1822), p. 57.) Nay, be liamentary Business be carried on, and Talk cease or slake?

brave, young Barbaroux; for thou seest, there is no jesting in Doubtless it was some feeling of this difficulty; and the clear those rheumy eyes; in that soot-bleared figure, most earnest insight how little such knowledge yet existed in the French of created things; neither indeed is there madness, of the strait-Nation, new in the Constitutional career, and how defunct Aris-waistcoat sort.

tocrats would continue to walk for unlimited periods, as Par-Such produce shall the Time ripen in cavernous Marat, the tridge the Alamanack-maker did,—that had sunk into the deep man forbid; living in Paris cellars, lone as fanatic Anchorite in mind of People's-friend Marat, an eminently practical mind; his Thebaid; say, as farseen Simon on his Pillar,—taking pe-and had grown there, in that richest putrescent soil, into the culiar views therefrom.

Patriots may smile; and, using him as most original plan of action ever submitted to a People. Not bandog now to be muzzled, now to be let bark, name him, as yet has it grown; but it has germinated, it is growing; rooting Desmoulins does, 'Maximum of Patriotism' and 'Cassandra-itself into Tartarus, branching towards Heaven: the second sea-Marat:' but were it not singular if this dirk-and-muff plan of son hence, we shall see it risen out of the bottomless Dark-his (with superficial modifications) proved to be precisely the ness, full-grown, into disastrous Twilight,—a Hemlock-tree, plan adopted?

great as the world; on or under whose boughs all the People's-After this manner, in these circumstances, do august Sena-friends of the world may lodge. 'Two hundred and sixty thou-tors regenerate France. Nay, they are, in very deed, believed to sand Aristocrat heads:' that is the precisest calculation, though be regenerating it; on account of which great fact, main fact of one would not stand on a few hundreds; yet we never rise as their history, the wearied eye can never be permitted wholly high as the round three hundred thousand. Shudder at it, O

to ignore them.

People; but it is as true as that ye yourselves, and your People's-But looking away now from these precincts of the Tuileries, friend, are alive. These prating Senators of yours hover ineffec-where Constitutional Royalty, let Lafayette water it as he will, tual on the barren letter, and will never save the Revolution. A languishes too like a cut branch; and august Senators are per-Cassandra-Marat cannot do it, with his single shrunk arm; but haps at bottom only perfecting their 'theory of defective with a few determined men it were possible. "Give me," said verbs,'—how does the young Reality, young Sansculottism 189

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thrive? The attentive observer can answer: It thrives bravely; most just on one proviso: that all Patrollotism be of God, and putting forth new buds;

expanding the old buds into leaves, all mob-assembling be of the Devil;—otherwise not so just.

into boughs. Is not French Existence, as before, most prurient, Mayor Bailly be unwilling to use it! Hang not out that new all loosened, most nutrient for it? Sansculottism has the prop-Oriflamme, flame not of gold but of the want of gold! The erty of growing by what other things die of: by agitation, thrice-blessed Revolution is done, thou thinkest? If so it will contention, disarrangement; nay in a word, by what is the be well with thee.

symbol and fruit of all these: Hunger.

But now let no mortal say henceforth that an august Na-In such a France as this, Hunger, as we have remarked, can tional Assembly wants riot: all it ever wanted was riot enough hardly fail. The Provinces, the Southern Cities feel it in their to balance Court-plotting; all it now wants, of Heaven or of turn; and what it brings: Exasperation, preternatural Suspi-Earth, is to get its theory of defective verbs perfected.

cion. In Paris some halcyon days of abundance followed the Menadic Insurrection, with its Versailles grain-carts, and re-Chapter 2.1.III.

covered Restorer of Liberty; but they could not continue. The month is still October when famishing Saint-Antoine, in a moThe Muster.

ment of passion, seizes a poor Baker, innocent 'Francois the Baker;' (21st October, 1789 (Moniteur, No. 76).) and hangs With famine and a Constitutional theory of defective verbs him, in Constantinople wise;—but even this, singular as it my going on, all other excitement is conceivable. A universal shak-seem, does not cheapen bread! Too clear it is, no Royal bounty, ing and sifting of French Existence this is: in the course of no Municipal dexterity can adequately feed a Bastille-destroy-which, for one thing, what a multitude of lowlying figures are ing Paris. Wherefore, on view of the hanged Baker, Constitu-sifted to the top, and set busily to work there!

tionalism in sorrow and anger demands 'Loi Martiale,' a kind of Dogleech Marat, now for-seen as Simon Stylites, we already Riot Act;—and indeed gets it, most readily, almost before the know; him and others, raised aloft. The mere sample, these, of sun goes down.

what is coming, of what continues coming, upwards from the This is that famed Martial law, with its Red Flag, its 'Drapeau realm of Night!— Chaumette, by and by Anaxagoras Chaumette, Rouge:' in virtue of which Mayor Bailly, or any Mayor, has but one already descries: mellifluous in street-groups; not now a henceforth to hang out that new Oriflamme of his; then to sea-boy on the high and giddy mast: a mellifluous tribune of read or mumble something about the King's peace; and, after the common people, with long curling locks, on bournestone certain pauses, serve any undispersing Assemblage with mus-of the thoroughfares; able subeditor too; who shall rise—to ket-shot, or whatever shot will disperse it. A decisive Law; and the very gallows. Clerk Tallien, he also is become subeditor; 190

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shall become able editor; and more. Bibliopolic Momoro, Typo-greater waxes President Danton in his Cordeliers Section; his graphic Pruhomme see new trades opening. Collot d'Herbois, rhetorical tropes are all 'gigantic:' energy flashes from his black tearing a passion to rags, pauses on the Thespian boards; lis-brows, menaces in his athletic figure, rolls in the sound of his tens, with that black bushy head, to the sound of the world's voice 'reverberating from the domes;' this man also, like drama: shall the Mimetic become Real? Did ye hiss him, O men Mirabeau, has a natural eye, and begins to see whither Consti-of Lyons? (Buzot, Memoires (Paris, 1823), p. 90.) Better had tutionalism is tending, though with a wish in it different from ye clapped!

Mirabeau's.

Happy now, indeed, for all manner of mimetic, half-original Remark, on the other hand, how General Dumouriez has quit-men! Tumid blustering, with

more or less of sincerity, which ted Normandy and the Cherbourg Breakwater, to come—

need not be entirely sincere, yet the sincerer the better, is like whither we may guess. It is his second or even third trial at to go far. Shall we say, the Revolution-element works itself Paris, since this New Era began; but now it is in right earnest, rarer and rarer; so that only lighter and lighter bodies will for he has quitted all else. Wiry, elastic unwearied man; whose float in it; till at last the mere blown-bladder is your only life was but a battle and a march! No, not a creature of swimmer? Limitation of mind, then vehemence, promptitude, Choiseul's; "the creature of God and of my sword,"—he fiercely audacity, shall all be available; to which add only these two: answered in old days. Overfalling Corsican batteries, in the cunning and good lungs. Good fortune must be presupposed.

deadly fire-hail; wriggling invincible from under his horse, at Accordingly, of all classes the rising one, we observe, is now Closterkamp of the Netherlands, though tethered with 'crushed the Attorney class: witness Bazires, Carriers, Fouquier-Tinvilles, stirrup-iron and nineteen wounds;' tough, minatory, standing Bazoche-Captain Bourdons: more than enough. Such figures at bay, as forlorn hope, on the skirts of Poland; intriguing, shall Night, from her wonder-bearing bosom, emit; swarm af-battling in cabinet and field; roaming far out, obscure, as King's ter swarm. Of another deeper and deepest swarm, not yet spial, or sitting sealed up, enchanted in Bastille; fencing, pam-dawned on the astonished eye; of pilfering Candle-snuffers, phleteering, scheming and struggling from the very birth of Thief-valets, disfrocked Capuchins, and so many Heberts, him, (Dumouriez, Memoires, i. 28, &c.)—the man has come Henriots, Ronsins, Rossignols, let us, as long as possible, for-thus far. How repressed, how irrepressible! Like some incar-bear speaking.

nate spirit in prison, which indeed he was; hewing on granite Thus, over France, all stirs that has what the Physiologists walls for deliverance; striking fire flashes from them. And now call irritability in it: how much more all wherein irritability has has the general earthquake rent his cavern too? Twenty years perfected itself into vitality; into actual vision, and force

that younger, what might he not have done! But his hair has a can will! All stirs; and if not in Paris, flocks thither. Great and shade of gray: his way of thought is all fixed, military. He can 191

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grow no further, and the new world is in such growth. We will raculous shrine. Nay how many come as vacant Strollers, aim-name him, on the whole, one of Heaven's Swiss; without faith; less, of whom Europe is full merely towards something! For wanting above all things work, work on any side. Work also is benighted fowls, when you beat their bushes, rush towards appointed him; and he will do it.

any light. Thus Frederick Baron Trenck too is here; mazed, Not from over France only are the unrestful flocking towards purblind, from the cells of Magdeburg; Minotauric cells, and Paris; but from all sides of Europe. Where the carcase is, thither his Ariadne lost! Singular to say, Trenck, in these years, sells will the eagles gather. Think how many a Spanish Guzman, wine; not indeed in bottle, but in wood.

Martinico Fournier named 'Fournier l'Americain,' Engineer Nor is our England without her missionaries. She has her Miranda from the very Andes, were flocking or had flocked!

live-saving Needham; to whom was solemnly presented a 'civic Walloon Pereyra might boast of the strangest parentage: him, sword,'—long since rusted into nothingness. Her Paine: rebel-they say, Prince Kaunitz the Diplomatist heedlessly dropped;'

lious Staymaker; unkempt; who feels that he, a single like ostrich-egg, to be hatched of Chance—into an ostrich-Needleman, did by his 'Common Sense' Pamphlet, free eater! Jewish or German Freys do business in the great Cess-America;—that he can and will free all this World; perhaps pool of Agio; which Cesspool this Assignat-fiat has quickened, even the other. Price-Stanhope Constitutional Association into a Mother of dead dogs. Swiss Claviere could found no sends over to congratulate; (Moniteur, 10 Novembre, 7

Socinian Genevese Colony in Ireland; but he paused, years ago, Decembre, 1789.) welcomed by National Assembly, though they prophetic before the Minister's Hotel at Paris; and said, it was are but a London Club; whom Burke and Toryism eye askance.

borne on his mind that he one day was to be Minister, and On thee too, for country's sake, O Chevalier John Paul, be a laughed. (Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, p. 399.) Swiss word spent, or misspent! In faded naval uniform, Paul Jones Pachc, on the other hand, sits sleekheaded, frugal; the wonder lingers visible here; like a wine-skin from which the wine is all of his own alley, and even of neighbouring ones, for humility drawn. Like the ghost of himself! Low is his once loud bruit; of mind, and a thought deeper than most men's: sit there, scarcely audible, save, with extreme tedium in ministerial ante-Tartuffe, till wanted! Ye Italian Dufournys, Flemish Prolys, flit chambers; in this or the other charitable dining-room, mindful hither all ye bipeds of prey! Come whosesoever head is hot; of the past. What changes; culminatings and declinings! Not thou of mind ungoverned, be it chaos as of undevelopment or now, poor Paul, thou lookest wistful over the Solway brine, by chaos as of ruin; the man who cannot get known, the man who the foot of native Criffel, into blue mountainous Cumberland, is too well known; if thou have any vendible faculty, nay if into blue Infinitude; environed with thrift, with humble friend-thou have but edacity and loquacity, come! They come; with liness; thyself, young fool, longing to be aloft from it, or even hot unutterabilities in their heart; as Pilgrims towards a mi-to be away from it. Yes, beyond that sapphire Promontory, 192

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which men name St. Bees, which is not sapphire either, but cious Reader. Thou hast known his Uncle, sharp-sighted thor-dull sandstone, when one gets close to it, there is a world.

oughgoing Cornelius de Pauw, who mercilessly cuts down cher-Which world thou too shalt taste of!—From yonder White ished illusions; and of the finest antique Spartans, will make Haven rise his smoke-clouds; ominous though ineffectual.

mere modern cutthroat Mainots. (De Pauw, Recherches sur les Proud Forth quakes at his bellying sails; had not the wind Grecs, &c.) The like stuff is in Anacharsis: hot metal; full of suddenly shifted. Flamborough reapers, homegoing, pause on scoriae, which should and could have been smelted out, but the hillside: for what sulphur-cloud is that that defaces the which will not. He has wandered over this terraqueous Planet; sleek sea; sulphur-cloud spitting streaks of fire? A sea cock-seeking, one may say, the Paradise we lost long ago. He has fight it is, and of the hottest; where British Serapis and French-seen English Burke; has been seen of the Portugal Inquisition; American Bon Homme Richard do lash and throttle each other, has roamed, and fought, and written; is writing, among other in their fashion; and lo the desperate valour has suffocated things, 'Evidences of the Mahometan Religion.' But now, like the deliberate, and Paul Jones too is of the Kings of the Sea!

his Scythian adoptive godfather, he finds himself in the Paris The Euxine, the Meotian waters felt thee next, and long-Athens; surely, at last, the haven of his soul. A dashing man, skirted Turks, O Paul; and thy fiery soul has wasted itself in beloved at Patriotic dinner-tables; with gaiety, nay with thousand contradictions;—to no purpose. For, in far lands, with humour; headlong, trenchant, of free purse; in suitable cos-scarlet Nassau-Siegens, with sinful Imperial Catherines, is not tume; though what mortal ever more despised costumes? Un-the heart-broken, even as at home with the mean? Poor Paul!

der all costumes Anacharsis seeks the man; not Stylites Marat hunger and dispiritment track thy sinking footsteps: once or will more freely trample costumes, if they hold no man. This is at most twice, in this Revolution-tumult the figure of thee the faith of Anacharsis: That there is a Paradise discoverable; emerges; mute, ghost-like, as 'with stars dim-twinkling that all costumes ought to hold men. O Anacharsis, it is a head-through.' And then, when the light is gone quite out, a Na-long, swift-going faith. Mounted thereon, meseems, thou art tional Legislature grants 'ceremonial funeral!' As good had been bound hastily for the City of Nowhere; and wilt arrive! At best, the natural Presbyterian Kirk-bell, and six feet of Scottish we may say,

arrive in good riding attitude; which indeed is earth, among the dust of thy loved ones.—Such world lay be-something.

yond the Promontory of St. Bees. Such is the life of sinful So many new persons, and new things, have come to occupy mankind here below.

this France. Her old Speech and Thought, and Activity which But of all strangers, far the notablest for us is Baron Jean springs from those, are all changing; fermenting towards un-Baptiste de Clootz;—or, dropping baptisms and feudalisms, known issues. To the dullest peasant, as he sits sluggish, World-Citizen Anacharsis Clootz, from Cleves. Him mark, judi- overtoiled, by his evening hearth, one idea has come: that of 193

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Chateaus burnt; of Chateaus combustible. How altered all Cof-yet can grow no sincerer than sincere-cant: sincere-cant of many feehouses, in Province or Capital! The Antre de Procope has forms, ending in the devotional form. For the present, on a now other questions than the Three Stagyrite Unities to settle; neck still of moderate whiteness, she wears as jewel a minia-not theatre-controversies, but a world-controversy: there, in ture Bastille, cut on mere sandstone, but then actual Bastille the ancient pigtail mode, or with modern Brutus' heads, do sandstone. M. le Marquis is one of d'Orleans's errandmen; in well-frizzed logicians hold hubbub, and Chaos umpire sits. The National Assembly, and elsewhere. Madame, for her part, trains ever-enduring Melody of Paris Saloons has got a new ground- up a youthful d'Orleans generation in what superfinest moral-tone: ever- enduring; which has been heard, and by the listen-ity one can; gives meanwhile rather enigmatic account of fair ing Heaven too, since Julian the Apostate's time and earlier; Mademoiselle Pamela, the Daughter whom she has adopted.

mad now as formerly.

Thus she, in Palais Royal saloon;—whither, we remark, d'Orleans Ex- Censor Suard, Ex-Censor, for we have freedom of the Press; himself, spite

of Lafayette, has returned from that English he may be seen there; impartial, even neutral. Tyrant Grimm

'mission' of his: surely no pleasant mission: for the English rolls large eyes, over a questionable coming Time. Atheist would not speak to him; and Saint Hannah More of England, Naigeon, beloved disciple of Diderot, crows, in his small diffi-so unlike Saint Sillery-Genlis of France, saw him shunned, in cult way, heralding glad dawn. (Naigeon: Addresse a l'Assemblee Vauxhall Gardens, like one pest-struck, (Hannah More's Life Nationale (Paris, 1790) sur la liberte des opinions.) But, on and Correspondence, ii. c. 5.) and his red-blue impassive visage the other hand, how many Morellets, Marmontels, who had sat waxing hardly a shade bluer.

all their life hatching Philosophe eggs, cackle now, in a state bordering on distraction, at the brood they have brought out!

Chapter 2.1.IV.

(See Marmontel, Memoires, passim; Morellet, Memoires, &c.) It was so delightful to have one's Philosophe Theorem demon-Journalism.

strated, crowned in the saloons: and now an infatuated people will not continue speculative, but have Practice?

As for Constitutionalism, with its National Guards, it is doing There also observe Preceptress Genlis, or Sillery, or Sillery-what it can; and has enough to do: it must, as ever, with one Genlis,—for our husband is both Count and Marquis, and we hand wave persuasively, repressing Patriotism; and keep the have more than one title. Pretentious, frothy; a puritan yet other clenched to menace Royalty plotters. A most delicate creedless; darkening counsel by words without wisdom! For, it task; requiring tact.

is in that thin element of the Sentimentalist and Distinguished-Thus, if People's-friend Marat has to-day his writ of 'prise de Female that Sillery-Genlis works; she would gladly be sincere, corps, or seizure of body,' served on him, and dives out of 194

sight, tomorrow he is left at large; or is even encouraged, as a in hysterics?' To a Children's Parliament would I gladly consort of bandog whose baying may be useful. President Danton, sent; or even lower if ye wished it. Beloved Brothers! Liberty, in open Hall, with reverberating voice, declares that, in a case one might fear, is actually, as the ancient wise men said, of like Marat's, "force may be resisted by force." Whereupon the Heaven. On this Earth, where, thinks the enlightened public, Chatelet serves Danton also with a writ;—which, however, as did a brave little Dame de Staal (not Necker's Daughter, but a the whole Cordeliers District responds to it, what Constable far shrewder than she) find the nearest approach to Liberty?

will be prompt to execute? Twice more, on new occasions, does After mature computation, cool as Dilworth's, her answer is, the Chatelet launch its writ; and twice more in vain: the body In the Bastille. (See De Staal: Memoires (Paris, 1821), i. 169-of Danton cannot be seized by Chatelet; he unseized, should 280.) "Of Heaven?" answer many, asking. Wo that they should he even fly for a season, shall behold the Chatelet itself flung ask; for that is the very misery! "Of Heaven" means much; share into limbo.

in the National Palaver it may, or may as probably not mean.

Municipality and Brissot, meanwhile, are far on with their One Sansculottic bough that cannot fail to flourish is Jour-Municipal Constitution. The Sixty Districts shall become Forty-nalism. The voice of the People being the voice of God, shall eight Sections; much shall be adjusted, and Paris have its Con-not such divine voice make itself heard? To the ends of France; stitution. A Constitution wholly Elective; as indeed all French and in as many dialects as when the first great Babel was to be Government shall and must be. And yet, one fatal element has built! Some loud as the lion; some small as the sucking dove.

been introduced: that of citoyen actif. No man who does not Mirabeau himself has his instructive Journal or Journals, with pay the marc d'argent, or yearly tax equal to three days' labour, Geneva hodmen working in them;

and withal has quarrels shall be other than a passive citizen: not the slightest vote for enough with Dame le Jay, his Female Bookseller, so ultra-com-him; were he acting, all the year round, with sledge hammer, pliant otherwise. (See Dumont: Souvenirs, 6.) with forest-levelling axe! Unheard of! cry Patriot Journals. Yes King's-friend Royou still prints himself. Barrere sheds tears truly, my Patriot Friends, if Liberty, the passion and prayer of of loyal sensibility in Break of Day Journal, though with de-all men's souls, means Liberty to send your fifty-thousandth clining sale. But why is Freron so hot, democratic; Freron, the part of a new Tongue-fencer into National Debating-club, then, King's-friend's Nephew? He has it by kind, that heat of his: be the gods witness, ye are hardly entreated. Oh, if in National wasp Freron begot him; Voltaire's Frelon; who fought sting-Palaver (as the Africans name it), such blessedness is verily ing, while sting and poison-bag were left, were it only as Refound, what tyrant would deny it to Son of Adam! Nay, might viewer, and over Printed Waste-paper. Constant, illuminative, there not be a Female Parliament too, with 'screams from the as the nightly lamplighter, issues the useful Moniteur, for it is Opposition benches,' and 'the honourable Member borne out now become diurnal: with facts and few commentaries; offi-195

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cial, safe in the middle:—its able Editors sunk long since, Great is Journalism. Is not every Able Editor a Ruler of the recoverably or irrecoverably, in deep darkness. Acid Loustalot, World, being a persuader of it; though self-elected, yet sanc-with his 'vigour,' as of young sloes, shall never ripen, but die tioned, by the sale of his Numbers? Whom indeed the world untimely: his Prudhomme, however, will not let that Revolu-has the readiest method of deposing, should need be: that of tions de Paris die; but edit it himself, with much else,—dull-merely doing nothing to him; which ends in starvation!

blustering Printer though he be.

Nor esteem it small what those Billstickers had to do in Of Cassandra-Marat we have spoken often; yet the most sur-Paris: above Three Score of

them: all with their crosspoles, hav-prising truth remains to be spoken: that he actually does not ersacks, pastepots; nay with leaden badges, for the Municipal-want sense; but, with croaking gelid throat, croaks out masses ity licenses them. A Sacred College, properly of World-rulers'

of the truth, on several things. Nay sometimes, one might al-Heralds, though not respected as such, in an Era still incipient most fancy he had a perception of humour, and were laughing and raw. They made the walls of Paris didactic, suasive, with an a little, far down in his inner man. Camille is wittier than ever, ever fresh Periodical Literature, wherein he that ran might read: and more outspoken, cynical; yet sunny as ever. A light melo- Placard Journals, Placard Lampoons, Municipal Ordinances, dious creature; 'born,' as he shall yet say with bitter tears, 'to Royal Proclamations; the whole other or vulgar Placard-de-write verses;' light Apollo, so clear, soft-lucent, in this war of partment super-added,—or omitted from contempt! What the Titans, wherein he shall not conquer!

unutterable things the stone-walls spoke, during these five Folded and hawked Newspapers exist in all countries; but, years! But it is all gone; To-day swallowing Yesterday, and in such a Journalistic element as this of France, other and then being in its turn swallowed of Tomorrow, even as Speech stranger sorts are to be anticipated. What says the English ever is. Nay what, O thou immortal Man of Letters, is Writing reader to a Journal- Affiche, Placard Journal; legible to him itself but Speech conserved for a time? The Placard Journal that has no halfpenny; in bright prismatic colours, calling the conserved it for one day; some Books conserve it for the mat-eye from afar? Such, in the coming months, as Patriot Associater of ten years; nay some for three thousand: but what then?

tions, public and private, advance, and can subscribe funds, Why, then, the years being all run, it also dies, and the world is shall plenteously hang themselves out: leaves, limed leaves, rid of it. Oh, were there not a spirit in the word of man, as in to catch what they can! The very Government shall have its man himself, that survived the audible bodied word, and tended Pasted Journal; Louvet, busy yet with a new 'charming ro-either Godward, or else Devilward for evermore, why should he mance,' shall write

Sentinelles, and post them with effect; nay trouble himself much with the truth of it, or the falsehood of Bertrand de Moleville, in his extremity, shall still more cun-it, except for commercial purposes? His immortality indeed, ningly try it. (See Bertrand-Moleville: Memoires, ii. 100, &c.) and whether it shall last half a lifetime, or a lifetime and half; 196

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is not that a very considerable thing? As mortality, was to the ***Chapter 2.1.V.***

runaway, whom Great Fritz bullied back into the battle with a:

"R—, wollt ihr ewig leben, Unprintable Off-scouring of Scoun-Clubbism.

drels, would ye live for ever!"

This is the Communication of Thought: how happy when Where the heart is full, it seeks, for a thousand reasons, in a there is any Thought to communicate! Neither let the simpler thousand ways, to impart itself. How sweet, indispensable, in old methods be neglected, in their sphere. The Palais-Royal such cases, is fellowship; soul mystically strengthening soul!

Tent, a tyrannous Patrollotism has removed; but can it remove The meditative Germans, some think, have been of opinion the lungs of man? Anaxagoras Chaumette we saw mounted on that Enthusiasm in the general means simply excessive Con-bourne-stones, while Tallien worked sedentary at the gregating—Schwarmerey, or Swarming. At any rate, do we not subeditorial desk. In any corner of the civilised world, a tub see glimmering half-red embers, if laid together, get into the can be inverted, and an articulate-speaking biped mount brightest white glow?

thereon. Nay, with contrivance, a portable trestle, or folding-In such a France, gregarious Reunions will needs multiply, stool, can be procured, for love or money; this the peripatetic intensify; French Life will step out of doors, and, from domes-Orator can take in his hand, and, driven out here, set it up tic, become a public Club Life. Old Clubs, which already germi-

again there; saying mildly, with a Sage Bias, Omnia mea mecum nated, grow and flourish; new every where bud forth. It is the porto.

sure symptom of Social Unrest: in such way, most infallibly of Such is Journalism, hawked, pasted, spoken. How changed all, does Social Unrest exhibit itself; find solacement, and also since One old Metra walked this same Tuileries Garden, in gilt nutriment. In every French head there hangs now, whether for cocked hat, with Journal at his nose, or held loose-folded be-terror or for hope, some prophetic picture of a New France: hind his back; and was a notability of Paris, 'Metra the News-prophecy which brings, nay which almost is, its own fulfilment; man;' (Dulaure, Histoire de Paris, viii. 483; Mercier, Nouveau and in all ways, consciously and unconsciously, works towards Paris, &c.) and Louis himself was wont to say: Qu'en dit Metra?

that.

Since the first Venetian News-sheet was sold for a gazza, or Observe, moreover, how the Aggregative Principle, let it be farthing, and named Gazette! We live in a fertile world.

but deep enough, goes on aggregating, and this even in a geometrical progression: how when the whole world, in such a plastic time, is forming itself into Clubs, some One Club, the strongest or luckiest, shall, by friendly attracting, by victorious compelling, grow ever stronger, till it become immeasur-197

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ably strong; and all the others, with their strength, be either These Friends of the Constitution have met mainly, as their lovingly absorbed into it, or hostilely abolished by it! This if name may foreshadow, to look after Elections when an Elec-the Club-spirit is universal; if the time is plastic. Plastic enough tion comes, and procure fit men; but likewise to consult genis the time, universal the Club-spirit: such an all absorbing, erally that the Commonweal take no damage; one as yet sees paramount One Club cannot be wanting.

not how. For indeed let two or three gather together any where, What a progress, since the first salient-point of the Breton if it be not in Church, where all are bound to the passive state; Committee! It worked long in secret, not languidly; it has come no mortal can say accurately, themselves as little as any, for with the National Assembly to Paris; calls itself Club; calls it-what they are gathered. How often has the broached barrel self in imitation, as is thought, of those generous Price-proved not to be for joy and heart effusion, but for duel and Stanhope English, French Revolution Club; but soon, with more head-breakage; and the promised feast become a Feast of the originality, Club of Friends of the Constitution. Moreover it Lapithae! This Jacobins Club, which at first shone resplendent, has leased, for itself, at a fair rent, the Hall of the Jacobin's and was thought to be a new celestial Sun for enlightening Convent, one of our 'superfluous edifices;' and does therefrom the Nations, had, as things all have, to work through its ap-now, in these spring months, begin shining out on an admir- pointed phases: it burned unfortunately more and more lurid, ing Paris. And so, by degrees, under the shorter popular title more sulphurous, distracted;—and swam at last, through the of Jacobins' Club, it shall become memorable to all times and astonished Heaven, like a Tartarean Portent, and lurid-burn-lands. Glance into the interior: strongly yet modestly benched ing Prison of Spirits in Pain.

and seated; as many as Thirteen Hundred chosen Patriots; AsIts style of eloquence? Rejoice, Reader, that thou knowest it sembly Members not a few. Barnave, the two Lameths are seen not, that thou canst never perfectly know. The Jacobins pub-there; occasionally Mirabeau, perpetually Robespierre; also the lished a Journal of Debates, where they that have the heart ferret-visage of Fouquier-Tinville with other attorneys; may examine: Impassioned, full-droning Patriotic-eloquence; Anacharsis of Prussian Scythia, and miscellaneous Patriots,—

implacable, unfertile—save for Destruction, which was indeed though all is yet in the most perfectly clean-washed state; its work: most wearisome, though most deadly. Be thankful decent, nay dignified. President on platform, President's bell that Oblivion covers so much; that all carrion is by and by are not wanting; oratorical Tribune high-raised; nor strangers'

buried in the green Earth's bosom, and even makes her grow galleries, wherein also sit women. Has any French Antiquarian the greener. The Jacobins are buried; but their work is not; it Society preserved that written Lease of the Jacobins Convent continues 'making the tour of the world,' as it can. It might be Hall? Or was it, unluckier even than Magna Charta, clipt by seen lately, for instance, with bared bosom and death-defiant sacrilegious Tailors? Universal History is not indifferent to it.

eye, as far on as Greek Missolonghi; and, strange enough, old 198

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slumbering Hellas was resuscitated, into somnambulism which tent all Patriots. Already it must throw off, so to speak, two will become clear wakefulness, by a voice from the Rue St.

dissatisfied swarms; a swarm to the right, a swarm to the left.

Honore! All dies, as we often say; except the spirit of man, of One party, which thinks the Jacobins lukewarm, constitutes what man does. Thus has not the very House of the Jacobins itself into Club of the Cordeliers; a hotter Club: it is Danton's vanished; scarcely lingering in a few old men's memories? The element: with whom goes Desmoulins. The other party, again, St. Honore Market has brushed it away, and now where dull-which thinks the Jacobins scalding-hot, flies off to the right, droning eloquence, like a Trump of Doom, once shook the world, and becomes 'Club of 1789, Friends of the Monarchic Constitu-there is pacific chaffering for poultry and greens. The sacred tion.' They are afterwards named 'Feuillans Club;' their place of National Assembly Hall itself has become common ground; meeting being the Feuillans Convent. Lafayette is, or becomes, President's platform permeable to wain and dustcart; for the their chief-man; supported by the respectable Patriot every-Rue de Rivoli runs there. Verily, at Cockcrow (of this Cock or where, by the mass of Property and Intelligence,—with the the other), all Apparitions do melt and dissolve in space.

most flourishing prospects. They, in these June days of 1790, The Paris Jacobins became 'the Mother-Society, Societe-Mere;'

do, in the Palais Royal, dine solemnly with open windows; to and had as many as 'three hundred' shrill-tongued daughters the cheers of the people; with toasts, with inspiriting songs,—

in 'direct correspondence' with her. Of indirectly correspond-with one song at least, among the feeblest ever sung. (Hist.

ing, what we may call grand-daughters and minute progeny, Parl. vi. 334.) They shall, in due time be hooted forth, over the she counted 'forty-four thousand!'—But for the present we borders, into Cimmerian Night.

note only two things: the first of them a mere anecdote. One Another expressly Monarchic or Royalist Club, 'Club des night, a couple of brother Jacobins are doorkeepers; for the Monarchiens,' though a Club of ample funds, and all sitting in members take this post of duty and honour in rotation, and damask sofas, cannot realise the smallest momentary cheer; admit none that have not tickets: one doorkeeper was the realises only scoffs and groans;—till, ere long, certain Patriots worthy Sieur Lais, a patriotic Opera-singer, stricken in years, in disorderly sufficient number, proceed thither, for a night or whose windpipe is long since closed without result; the other, for nights, and groan it out of pain. Vivacious alone shall the young, and named Louis Philippe, d'Orleans's firstborn, has in Mother-Society and her family be. The very Cordeliers may, as it this latter time, after unheard-of destinies, become Citizen-were, return into her bosom, which will have grown warm enough.

King, and struggles to rule for a season. All-flesh is grass; higher Fatal-looking! Are not such Societies an incipient New Order reedgrass or creeping herb.

of Society itself? The Aggregative Principle anew at work in a The second thing we have to note is historical: that the Society grown obsolete, cracked asunder, dissolving into rub-Mother-Society, even in this its effulgent period, cannot con-bish and primary atoms?

ever for the month may have convinced the royal mind. If flight to Bouille, and (horrible to think!) a drawing of the civil sword ***Je le jure.***

do hang as theory, portentous in the background, much nearer is this fact of these Twelve Hundred Kings, who sit in the Salle With these signs of the times, is it not surprising that the de Manege. Kings uncontrollable by him, not yet irreverent to dominant feeling all over France was still continually Hope? O

him. Could kind management of these but prosper, how much blessed Hope, sole boon of man; whereby, on his strait prison better were it than armed Emigrants, Turin-intrigues, and the walls, are painted beautiful far-stretching landscapes; and into help of Austria! Nay, are the two hopes inconsistent? Rides in the night of very Death is shed holiest dawn! Thou art to all the suburbs, we have found, cost little; yet they always brought an indefeasible possession in this God's-world: to the wise a vivats. (See Bertrand-Moleville, i. 241, &c.) Still cheaper is a sacred Constantine's-banner, written on the eternal skies; un-soft word; such as has many times turned away wrath. In these der which they shall conquer, for the battle itself is victory: to rapid days, while France is all getting divided into Depart-the foolish some secular mirage, or shadow of still waters, ments, Clergy about to be remodelled, Popular Societies ris-painted on the parched Earth; whereby at least their dusty ing, and Feudalism and so much ever is ready to be hurled into pilgrimage, if devious, becomes cheerfuller, becomes possible.

the meltingpot,—might one not try?

In the death-tumults of a sinking Society, French Hope sees On the 4th of February, accordingly, M. le President reads to only the birth-struggles of a new unspeakably better Society; his National Assembly a short autograph,

announcing that his and sings, with full assurance of faith, her brisk Melody, which Majesty will step over, quite in an unceremonious way, prob-some inspired fiddler has in these very days composed for her,—

ably about noon. Think, therefore, Messieurs, what it may the world-famous ca-ira. Yes; 'that will go:' and then there will mean; especially, how ye will get the Hall decorated a little.

come—? All men hope: even Marat hopes—that Patriotism The Secretaries' Bureau can be shifted down from the plat-will take muff and dirk. King Louis is not without hope: in the form; on the President's chair be slipped this cover of velvet, chapter of chances; in a flight to some Bouille; in getting popu-

'of a violet colour sprigged with gold fleur-de-lys;'—for in-larized at Paris. But what a hoping People he had, judge by deed M. le President has had previous notice underhand, and the fact, and series of facts, now to be noted.

taken counsel with Doctor Guillotin. Then some fraction of Poor Louis, meaning the best, with little insight and even

'velvet carpet,' of like texture and colour, cannot that be spread less determination of his own, has to follow, in that dim wayin front of the chair, where the Secretaries usually sit? So has faring of his, such signal as may be given him; by backstairs judicious Guillotin advised: and the effect is found satisfac-Royalism, by official or backstairs Constitutionalism, which-tory. Moreover, as it is probable that his Majesty, in spite of 200

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the fleur-de-lys-velvet, will stand and not sit at all, the Presi-word seldom was; magic Fugleman of a whole National Assem-dent himself, in the interim, presides standing. And so, while bly, which sat there bursting to do somewhat; Fugleman of a some honourable Member is discussing, say, the division of a whole onlooking France! The President swears; declares that Department, Ushers announce: "His Majesty!" In person, with every one

shall swear, in distinct je le jure. Nay the very Gallery small suite, enter Majesty: the honourable Member stops short; sends him down a written slip signed, with their Oath on it; the Assembly starts to its feet; the Twelve Hundred Kings 'aland as the Assembly now casts an eye that way, the Gallery all most all,' and the Galleries no less, do welcome the Restorer of stands up and swears again. And then out of doors, consider French Liberty with loyal shouts. His Majesty's Speech, in di-at the Hotel-de-Ville how Bailly, the great Tennis-Court swearer, luted conventional phraseology, expresses this mainly: That again swears, towards nightful, with all the Municipals, and he, most of all Frenchmen, rejoices to see France getting reHeads of Districts assembled there. And 'M. Danton suggests generated; is sure, at the same time, that they will deal gently that the public would like to partake:' whereupon Bailly, with with her in the process, and not regenerate her roughly. Such escort of Twelve, steps forth to the great outer staircase; sways was his Majesty's Speech: the feat he performed was coming the ebullient multitude with stretched hand: takes their oath, to speak it, and going back again.

with a thunder of 'rolling drums,' with shouts that rend the Surely, except to a very hoping People, there was not much welkin. And on all streets the glad people, with moisture and here to build upon. Yet what did they not build! The fact that fire in their eyes, 'spontaneously formed groups, and swore the King has spoken, that he has voluntarily come to speak, one another,' (Newspapers (in Hist. Parl. iv. 445.)—and the how inexpressibly encouraging! Did not the glance of his royal whole City was illuminated. This was the Fourth of February countenance, like concentrated sunbeams, kindle all hearts in 1790: a day to be marked white in Constitutional annals.

an august Assembly; nay thereby in an inflammable enthusi-Nor is the illumination for a night only, but partially or to-astic France? To move 'Deputation of thanks' can be the happy tally it lasts a series of nights. For each District, the Electors of lot of but one man; to go in such Deputation the lot of not each District, will swear specially; and always as the District many. The Deputed have gone, and returned with what high-swears; it illuminates itself. Behold them, District after Dis-est-flown compliment they

could; whom also the Queen met, trict, in some open square, where the Non-Electing People can Dauphin in hand. And still do not our hearts burn with insa-all see and join: with their uplifted right hands, and je le jure: tiable gratitude; and to one other man a still higher blessed-with rolling drums, with embracings, and that infinite hurrah ness suggests itself: To move that we all renew the National of the enfranchised,—which any tyrant that there may be can Oath.

consider! Faithful to the King, to the Law, to the Constitution Happiest honourable Member, with his word so in season as which the National Assembly shall make.

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Fancy, for example, the Professors of Universities parading such that a mere spoken or sworn Contract would bind them, the streets with their young France, and swearing, in an en-all men were then true men, and Government a superfluity.

thusiastic manner, not without tumult. By a larger exercise of Not what thou and I have promised to each other, but what fancy, expand duly this little word: The like was repeated in the balance of our forces can make us perform to each other: every Town and District of France! Nay one Patriot Mother, in that, in so sinful a world as ours, is the thing to be counted Lagnon of Brittany, assembles her ten children; and, with her on. But above all, a People and a Sovereign promising to one own aged hand, swears them all herself, the highsouled vener-another; as if a whole People, changing from generation to able woman. Of all which, moreover, a National Assembly must generation, nay from hour to hour, could ever by any method be eloquently apprised. Such three weeks of swearing! Saw be made to speak or promise; and to speak mere solecisms: the sun ever such a swearing people? Have they been bit by a

"We, be the Heavens witness, which Heavens however do no swearing tarantula? No: but they are men and Frenchmen; they miracles now; we,

ever-changing Millions, will allow thee, have Hope; and, singular to say, they have Faith, were it only changeful Unit, to force us or govern us!" The world has perin the Gospel according to Jean Jacques. O my Brothers! would haps seen few faiths comparable to that.

to Heaven it were even as ye think and have sworn! But there So nevertheless had the world then construed the matter.

are Lovers' Oaths, which, had they been true as love itself, Had they not so construed it, how different had their hopes cannot be kept; not to speak of Dicers' Oaths, also a known been, their attempts, their results! But so and not otherwise sort.

did the Upper Powers will it to be. Freedom by Social Contract: such was verily the Gospel of that Era. And all men had be-Chapter 2.1.VII.

lieved in it, as in a Heaven's Glad-tidings men should; and with overflowing heart and uplifted voice clave to it, and stood ***Prodigies.***

fronting Time and Eternity on it. Nay smile not; or only with a smile sadder than tears! This too was a better faith than the To such length had the Contrat Social brought it, in believing one it had replaced : than faith merely in the Everlasting Noth-hearts. Man, as is well said, lives by faith; each generation has ing and man's Digestive Power; lower than which no faith can its own faith, more or less; and laughs at the faith of its prede-go.

cessor,—most unwisely. Grant indeed that this faith in the Not that such universally prevalent, universally jurant, feel-Social Contract belongs to the stranger sorts; that an unborn ing of Hope, could be a unanimous one. Far from that! The generation may very wisely, if not laugh, yet stare at it, and time was ominous: social dissolution near and certain; social piously consider. For, alas, what is Contrat? If all men were renovation still a problem, difficult and distant even though 202

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sure. But if ominous to some clearest onlooker, whose faith enly Sun himself will hang out a Sign, or Mock-Sun,—which, stood not with one side or with the other, nor in the ever-many say, shall be stamped with the Head of hanged Favras.

vexed jarring of Greek with Greek at all,—how unspeakably List, Dom Gerle, with that poor addled poll of thine; list, O

ominous to dim Royalist participators; for whom Royalism was list;—and hear nothing. (Deux Amis, v. c. 7.) Mankind's palladium; for whom, with the abolition of Most-Notable however was that 'magnetic vellum, velin Christian Kingship and Most-Talleyrand Bishopship, all loyal magnetique,' of the Sieurs d'Hozier and Petit-Jean, obedience, all religious faith was to expire, and final Night Parlementeers of Rouen. Sweet young d'Hozier, 'bred in the envelope the Destinies of Man! On serious hearts, of that per- faith of his Missal, and of parchment genealogies,' and of parch-suasion, the matter sinks down deep; prompting, as we have ment generally: adust, melancholic, middle-aged Petit-Jean: seen, to backstairs Plots, to Emigration with pledge of war, to why came these two to Saint-Cloud, where his Majesty was Monarchic Clubs; nay to still madder things.

hunting, on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul; and waited The Spirit of Prophecy, for instance, had been considered there, in antechambers, a wonder to whispering Swiss, the live-extinct for some centuries: nevertheless these last-times, as long day; and even waited without the Grates, when turned indeed is the tendency of last-times, do revive it; that so, of out; and had dismissed their valets to Paris, as with purpose French mad things, we might have sample also of the maddest.

of endless waiting? They have a magnetic vellum, these two; In remote rural districts, whither Philosophism has not yet whereon the Virgin, wonderfully clothing herself in Mesmerean radiated, where a heterodox Constitution of the Clergy is bring-Cagliostric Occult-Philosophy, has inspired them to jot down ing strife round the altar itself, and the very Church-bells are instructions and predictions for a much-straitened King. To getting melted into small money-coin, it appears probable that whom, by

Higher Order, they will this day present it; and save the End of the World cannot be far off. Deep-musing atrabiliar the Monarchy and World. Unaccountable pair of visual-objects!

old men, especially old women, hint in an obscure way that Ye should be men, and of the Eighteenth Century; but your they know what they know. The Holy Virgin, silent so long, magnetic vellum forbids us so to interpret. Say, are ye aught?

has not gone dumb;—and truly now, if ever more in this world, Thus ask the Guardhouse Captains, the Mayor of St. Cloud; were the time for her to speak. One Prophetess, though care-nay, at great length, thus asks the Committee of Researches, less Historians have omitted her name, condition, and and not the Municipal, but the National Assembly one. No whereabout, becomes audible to the general ear; credible to distinct answer, for weeks. At last it becomes plain that the not a few: credible to Friar Gerle, poor Patriot Chartreux, in right answer is negative. Go, ye Chimeras, with your magnetic the National Assembly itself! She, in Pythoness' recitative, with vellum; sweet young Chimera, adust middle-aged one! The wildstaring eye, sings that there shall be a Sign; that the heav-Prison-doors are open. Hardly again shall ye preside the Rouen 203

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Chamber of Accounts; but vanish obscurely into Limbo. (See ots: nay rather, why not cure it? Grains do grow, they lie ex-Deux Amis, v. 199.)

tant there in sheaf or sack; only that regraters and Royalist plotters, to provoke the people into illegality, obstruct the ***Chapter 2.1.VIII.***

transport of grains. Quick, ye organised Patriot Authorities, armed National Guards, meet together; unite your goodwill; ***Solemn League and Covenant.***

in union is tenfold strength: let the concentred flash of your Patriotism strike stealthy Scoundrelism blind, paralytic, as with Such dim masses, and specks of even deepest black, work in a coup de soleil.

that white-hot glow of the French mind, now wholly in fusion, Under which hat or nightcap of the Twenty-five millions, and confusion. Old women here swearing their ten children on this pregnant Idea first rose, for in some one head it did rise, the new Evangel of Jean Jacques; old women there looking up no man can now say. A most small idea, near at hand for the for Favras' Heads in the celestial Luminary: these are preter-whole world: but a living one, fit; and which waxed, whether natural signs, prefiguring somewhat.

into greatness or not, into immeasurable size. When a Nation In fact, to the Patriot children of Hope themselves, it is un-is in this state that the Fugleman can operate on it, what will deniable that difficulties exist: emigrating Seigneurs; the word in season, the act in season, not do! It will grow Parlements in sneaking but most malicious mutiny (though verily, like the Boy's Bean in the Fairy-Tale, heaven-high, with the rope is round their neck); above all, the most decided 'de-habitations and adventures on it, in one night. It is neverthe-ficiency of grains.' Sorrowful: but, to a Nation that hopes, not less unfortunately still a Bean (for your long-lived Oak grows irremediable. To a Nation which is in fusion and ardent com-not so); and, the next night, it may lie felled, horizontal, trod-munion of thought; which, for example, on signal of one den into common mud.—But remark, at least, how natural to Fugleman, will lift its right hand like a drilled regiment, and any agitated Nation, which has Faith, this business of swear and illuminate, till every village from Ardennes to the Covenanting is. The Scotch, believing in a righteous Heaven Pyrenees has rolled its village-drum, and sent up its little oath, above them, and also in a Gospel, far other than the Jean-and glimmer of tallow-illumination some fathoms into the reign Jacques one, swore, in their extreme need, a Solemn League of Night!

and Covenant,—as Brothers on the forlorn-hope, and immi-If grains are defective, the fault is not of Nature or National nence of battle, who embrace looking Godward; and got the Assembly, but of Art and Antinational Intriguers. Such malign whole Isle to swear it; and even, in their tough Old-Saxon He-individuals, of the scoundrel species, have power to vex us, brew-Presbyterian way, to keep it more or less;—for the thing, while the Constitution is a-making. Endure it, ye heroic Patrias such things are, was heard in Heaven, and partially ratified 204

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there; neither is it yet dead, if thou wilt look, nor like to die.

able improvements, as unanimously resolved on there. First The French too, with their Gallic-Ethnic excitability and effer-that the men of Montelimart do federate with the already fed-vescence, have, as we have seen, real Faith, of a sort; they are erated men of Etoile. Second, that, implying not expressing hard bestead, though in the middle of Hope: a National Sol-the circulation of grain, they 'swear in the face of God and emn League and Covenant there may be in France too; under their Country' with much more emphasis and comprehensive-how different conditions; with how different developement ness, 'to obey all decrees of the National Assembly, and see and issue!

them obeyed, till death, jusqu'a la mort.' Third, and most im-Note, accordingly, the small commencement; first spark of a portant, that official record of all this be solemnly delivered in mighty firework: for if the particular hat cannot be fixed upon, to the National Assembly, to M. de Lafayette, and 'to the Re-the particular District can. On the 29th day of last November, storer of French Liberty;' who shall all take what comfort from were National Guards by the thousand seen filing, from far it they can. Thus does larger Montelimart vindicate its Patriot and near, with military music, with Municipal officers in tri-importance, and maintain its rank in the municipal scale. (Hist.

color sashes, towards and along the Rhone-stream, to the little Parl. vii. 4.)

town of Etoile. There with ceremonial evolution and manoeu-And so, with the Newyear, the signal is hoisted; for is not a vre, with fanfaronading, musketry-salvoes, and what else the National Assembly, and solemn deliverance there, at lowest a Patriot genius could devise, they made oath and obtestation National Telegraph? Not only grain shall circulate, while there to stand faithfully by one another, under Law and King; in is grain, on highways or the Rhone-waters, over all that South-particular, to have all manner of grains, while grains there were, Eastern region,—where also if

Monseigneur d'Artois saw good freely circulated, in spite both of robber and regrater. This was to break in from Turin, hot welcome might wait him; but what-the meeting of Etoile, in the mild end of November 1789.

soever Province of France is straitened for grain, or vexed with But now, if a mere empty Review, followed by Review-dinner, a mutinous Parlement, unconstitutional plotters, Monarchic ball, and such gesticulation and flirtation as there may be, Clubs, or any other Patriot ailment,—can go and do likewise, interests the happy County-town, and makes it the envy of or even do better. And now, especially, when the February surrounding County-towns, how much more might this! In a swearing has set them all agog! From Brittany to Burgundy, fortnight, larger Montelimart, half ashamed of itself, will do on most plains of France, under most City-walls, it is a blaring as good, and better. On the Plain of Montelimart, or what is of trumpets, waving of banners, a constitutional manoeuvring: equally sonorous, 'under the Walls of Montelimart,' the thir-under the vernal skies, while Nature too is putting forth her teenth of December sees new gathering and obtestation; six green Hopes, under bright sunshine defaced by the stormful thousand strong; and now indeed, with these three remark-East; like Patriotism victorious, though with difficulty, over 205

Aristocracy and defect of grain! There march and constitution-ther Bretons nor Angevins but French,' Why all France has not ally wheel, to the ca-ira-ing mood of fife and drum, under their one Federation, and universal Oath of Brotherhood, once for tricolor Municipals, our clear-gleaming Phalanxes; or halt, with all? (Reports, &c. (in Hist. Parl. ix. 122-147).) A most perti-uplifted right-hand, and artillery-salvoes that imitate Jove's nent suggestion; dating from the end of March. Which perti-thunder; and all the Country, and metaphorically all 'the Uninent suggestion the whole Patriot world cannot but catch, verse,' is looking on. Wholly, in their best apparel, brave men, and reverberate and agitate till it become loud;—which, in and beautifully dizened women, most of whom have lovers that case, the Townhall Municipals had better take up, and there; swearing, by the eternal Heavens and this green-grow-meditate.

ing all-nutritive Earth, that France is free!

Some universal Federation seems inevitable: the Where is Sweetest days, when (astonishing to say) mortals have ac-given; clearly Paris: only the When, the How? These also pro-tually met together in communion and fellowship; and man, ductive Time will give; is already giving. For always as the Fed-were it only once through long despicable centuries, is for erative work goes on, it perfects itself, and Patriot genius adds moments verily the brother of man!—And then the Deputa-contribution after contribution. Thus, at Lyons, in the end of tions to the National Assembly, with highflown descriptive the May month, we behold as many as fifty, or some say sixty harangue; to M. de Lafayette, and the Restorer; very frequently thousand, met to federate; and a multitude looking on, which moreover to the Mother of Patriotism sitting on her stout it would be difficult to number. From dawn to dusk! For our benches in that Hall of the Jacobins! The general ear is filled Lyons Guardsmen took rank, at five in the bright dewy morn-with Federation. New names of Patriots emerge, which shall ing; came pouring in, bright-gleaming, to the Quai de Rhone, one day become familiar: Boyer-Fonfrede eloquent denunciator to march thence to the Federation-field; amid wavings of hats of a rebellious Bourdeaux Parlement; Max Isnard eloquent re-and lady-handkerchiefs; glad shoutings of some two hundred porter of the Federation of Draguignan; eloquent pair, sepa-thousand Patriot voices and hearts; the beautiful and brave!

rated by the whole breadth of France, who are nevertheless to Among whom, courting no notice, and yet the notablest of meet. Ever wider burns the flame of Federation; ever wider and all, what queenlike Figure is this; with her escort of house-also brighter. Thus the Brittany and Anjou brethren mention a friends and Champagneux the Patriot Editor; come abroad with Fraternity of all true Frenchmen; and go the length of invok-the earliest? Radiant with enthusiasm are those dark eyes, is ing 'perdition and death' on any renegade: moreover, if in their that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy; National-Assembly harangue, they glance plaintively at the joyfullest she where all are joyful. It is Roland de la

Platriere's marc d'argent which makes so many citizens passive, they, over Wife! (Madame Roland, Memoires, i. (Discours Preliminaire, p.

in the Mother-Society, ask, being henceforth themselves 'nei-23).) Strict elderly Roland, King's Inspector of Manufactures 206

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here; and now likewise, by popular choice, the strictest of our (Hist. Parl. xii. 274.) And so the Lyons Federation vanishes new Lyons Municipals: a man who has gained much, if worth too, swallowed of darkness;—and yet not wholly, for our brave and faculty be gain; but above all things, has gained to wife fair Roland was there; also she, though in the deepest privacy, Phlipon the Paris Engraver's daughter. Reader, mark that writes her Narrative of it in Champagneux's Courier de Lyons; a queenlike burgher-woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to piece which 'circulates to the extent of sixty thousand;' which the eye; more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all one would like now to read.

worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, But on the whole, Paris, we may see, will have little to de-the creature of Sincerity and Nature, in an age of Artificiality, vise; will only have to borrow and apply. And then as to the Pollution and Cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still day, what day of all the calendar is fit, if the Bastille Anniver- invincibility, she, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living sary be not? The particular spot too, it is easy to see, must be Frenchwomen,—and will be seen, one day. O blessed rather the Champ-de-Mars; where many a Julian the Apostate has while unseen, even of herself! For the present she gazes, noth-been lifted on bucklers, to France's or the world's sovereignty; ing doubting, into this grand theatricality; and thinks her and iron Franks, loud-clanging, have responded to the voice of young dreams are to be fulfilled.

a Charlemagne; and from of old mere sublimities have been From dawn to dusk, as we said, it lasts; and truly a sight like familiar.

few. Flourishes of drums and trumpets are something: but think of an 'artificial Rock fifty feet high,' all cut into crag-steps, not ***Chapter 2.1.IX.***

without the similitude of 'shrubs!' The interior cavity, for in sooth it is made of deal,—stands solemn, a 'Temple of Con-Symbolic.

cord:' on the outer summit rises 'a Statue of Liberty,' colossal, seen for miles, with her Pike and Phrygian Cap, and civic col-How natural, in all decisive circumstances, is Symbolic Repre-umn; at her feet a Country's Altar, 'Autel de la Patrie:'—on all sentation to all kinds of men! Nay, what is man's whole terres-which neither deal-timber nor lath and plaster, with paint of trial Life but a Symbolic Representation, and making visible, various colours, have been spared. But fancy then the banners of the Celestial invisible Force that is in him? By act and world all placed on the steps of the Rock; high-mass chaunted; and he strives to do it; with sincerity, if possible; failing that, with the civic oath of fifty thousand: with what volcanic outburst theatricality, which latter also may have its meaning. An of sound from iron and other throats, enough to frighten back Almack's Masquerade is not nothing; in more genial ages, your the very Saone and Rhone; and how the brightest fireworks, Christmas Guisings, Feasts of the Ass, Abbots of Unreason, were and balls, and even repasts closed in that night of the gods!

a considerable something: since sport they were; as Almacks 207

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may still be sincere wish for sport. But what, on the other reckon natural, then and there. Nor perhaps was the respec-hand, must not sincere earnest have been: say, a Hebrew Feast tive keeping of these two Oaths far out of due proportion to of Tabernacles have been! A whole Nation gathered, in the such respective display in taking them: inverse proportion, name of the Highest, under the eye of the Highest; imagina-namely. For the theatricality of a People goes in a compound-tion herself flagging under the reality; and all noblest Cer-ratio: ratio indeed of their trustfulness, sociability, fervency; emony as yet not grown ceremonial, but solemn, significant but then also of

their excitability, of their porosity, not conti-to the outmost fringe! Neither, in modern private life, are thenent; or say, of their explosiveness, hot-flashing, but which atrical scenes, of tearful women wetting whole ells of cambric does not last.

in concert, of impassioned bushy-whiskered youth threaten-How true also, once more, is it that no man or Nation of ing suicide, and such like, to be so entirely detested: drop men, conscious of doing a great thing, was ever, in that thing, thou a tear over them thyself rather.

doing other than a small one! O Champ-de-Mars Federation, At any rate, one can remark that no Nation will throw-by its with three hundred drummers, twelve hundred wind-musicians, work, and deliberately go out to make a scene, without mean-and artillery planted on height after height to boom the tiding something thereby. For indeed no scenic individual, with ings of it all over France, in few minutes! Could no Atheist-knavish hypocritical views, will take the trouble to soliloquise Naigeon contrive to discern, eighteen centuries off, those Thir-a scene: and now consider, is not a scenic Nation placed pre-teen most poor mean-dressed men, at frugal Supper, in a mean cisely in that predicament of soliloquising; for its own behoof Jewish dwelling, with no symbol but hearts god-initiated into alone; to solace its own sensibilities, maudlin or other?—Yet the 'Divine depth of Sorrow,' and a Do this in remembrance of in this respect, of readiness for scenes, the difference of Na-me;—and so cease that small difficult crowing of his, if he tions, as of men, is very great. If our Saxon-Puritanic friends, were not doomed to it?

for example, swore and signed their National Covenant, without discharge of gunpowder, or the beating of any drum, in a ***Chapter 2.1.X.***

dingy Covenant-Close of the Edinburgh High-street, in a mean room, where men now drink mean liquor, it was consistent ***Mankind.***

with their ways so to swear it. Our Gallic-Encyclopedic friends, again, must have a Champ-de-Mars, seen of all the world, or Pardonable are human theatricalities; nay perhaps touching, universe; and such a Scenic

Exhibition, to which the Coliseum like the passionate utterance of a tongue which with sincerity Amphitheatre was but a stroller's barn, as this old Globe of stammers; of a head which with insincerity babbles,—having ours had never or hardly ever beheld. Which method also we gone distracted. Yet, in comparison with unpremeditated out-208

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bursts of Nature, such as an Insurrection of Women, how val and Military King's Forces, shall Deputed quotas come; such foisonless, unedifying, undelightful; like small ale palled, like Federation of National with Royal Soldier has, taking place an effervescence that has effervesced! Such scenes, coming of spontaneously, been already seen and sanctioned. For the rest, forethought, were they world-great, and never so cunningly it is hoped, as many as forty thousand may arrive: expenses to devised, are at bottom mainly pasteboard and paint. But the be borne by the Deputing District; of all which let District and others are original; emitted from the great everliving heart of Department take thought, and elect fit men,—whom the Paris Nature herself: what figure they will assume is unspeakably brethren will fly to meet and welcome.

significant. To us, therefore, let the French National Solemn Now, therefore, judge if our Patriot Artists are busy; taking League, and Federation, be the highest recorded triumph of deep counsel how to make the Scene worthy of a look from the Thespian Art; triumphant surely, since the whole Pit, which the Universe! As many as fifteen thousand men, spademen, was of Twenty-five Millions, not only claps hands, but does barrow-men, stone-builders, rammers, with their engineers, are itself spring on the boards and passionately set to playing at work on the Champ-de-Mars; hollowing it out into a natural there. And being such, be it treated as such: with sincere cur-Amphitheatre, fit for such solemnity. For one may hope it will sory admiration; with wonder from afar. A whole Nation gone be annual and perennial; a 'Feast of Pikes, Fete des Piques,'

mumming deserves so much; but deserves not that loving mi-notablest among the high-tides of the year: in any case ought nuteness a Menadic

Insurrection did. Much more let prior, and not a Scenic free Nation to have some permanent National as it were, rehearsal scenes of Federation come and go, hence-Amphitheatre? The Champ-de-Mars is getting hollowed out; forward, as they list; and, on Plains and under City-walls, in-and the daily talk and the nightly dream in most Parisian heads numerable regimental bands blare off into the Inane, without is of Federation, and that only. Federate Deputies are already note from us.

under way. National Assembly, what with its natural work, One scene, however, the hastiest reader will momentarily what with hearing and answering harangues of Federates, of pause on: that of Anacharsis Clootz and the Collective sinful this Federation, will have enough to do! Harangue of 'Ameri-Posterity of Adam.—For a Patriot Municipality has now, on can Committee,' among whom is that faint figure of Paul Jones the 4th of June, got its plan concocted, and got it sanctioned

'as with the stars dim-twinkling through it,'—come to con-by National Assembly; a Patriot King assenting; to whom, were gratulate us on the prospect of such auspicious day. Harangue he even free to dissent, Federative harangues, overflowing with, of Bastille Conquerors, come to 'renounce' any special recom-have doubtless a transient sweetness. There shall come De-pense, any peculiar place at the solemnity;—since the Centre puted National Guards, so many in the hundred, from each of Grenadiers rather grumble. Harangue of 'Tennis-Court Club,' who the Eighty-three Departments of France. Likewise from all Na-enter with far-gleaming Brass-plate, aloft on a pole, and the 209

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Tennis-Court Oath engraved thereon; which far gleaming Brass-Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia: behold them plate they purpose to affix solemnly in the Versailles original all; they have come to claim place in the grand Federation, locality, on the 20th of this month, which is the anniversary, having an undoubted interest in it.

as a deathless memorial, for some years: they will then dine, as

"Our ambassador titles," said the fervid Clootz, "are not writ-they come back, in the Bois de Boulogne; (See Deux Amis, v.

ten on parchment, but on the living hearts of all men." These 122; Hist. Parl. &c.)—cannot, however, do it without appris-whiskered Polacks, long-flowing turbaned Ishmaelites, astro-ing the world. To such things does the august National Assem-logical Chaldeans, who stand so mute here, let them plead with bly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenera-you, august Senators, more eloquently than eloquence could.

tive labours; and with some touch of impromptu eloquence, They are the mute representatives of their tongue-tied, make friendly reply;—as indeed the wont has long been; for it befettered, heavy-laden Nations; who from out of that dark is a gesticulating, sympathetic People, and has a heart, and bewilderment gaze wistful, amazed, with half-incredulous hope, wears it on its sleeve.

towards you, and this your bright light of a French Federa-In which circumstances, it occurred to the mind of Anacharsis tion: bright particular day-star, the herald of universal day.

Clootz that while so much was embodying itself into Club or We claim to stand there, as mute monuments, pathetically ad-Committee, and perorating applauded, there yet remained a umbrative of much.—From bench and gallery comes 'repeated greater and greatest; of which, if it also took body and per-applause;' for what august Senator but is flattered even by orated, what might not the effect be: Humankind namely, le the very shadow of Human Species depending on him? From Genre Humain itself! In what rapt creative moment the Thought President Sieyes, who presides this remarkable fortnight, in rose in Anacharsis's soul; all his throes, while he went about spite of his small voice, there comes eloquent though shrill giving shape and birth to it; how he was sneered at by cold reply. Anacharsis and the 'Foreigners Committee' shall have worldlings; but did sneer again, being a man of polished sar-place at the Federation; on condition of telling their respec-casm; and moved to and fro persuasive in coffeehouse and tive Peoples what they see there. In the mean time, we

invite soiree, and dived down assiduous-obscure in the great deep of them to the 'honours of the sitting, honneur de la seance.' A Paris, making his Thought a Fact: of all this the spiritual biog-long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, raphies of that period say nothing. Enough that on the 19th and utters articulate sounds: but owing to his imperfect knowl-evening of June 1790, the Sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle edge of the French dialect, (Moniteur, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xii.

such as our foolish little Planet has not often had to show: 283).) his words are like spilt water; the thought he had in Anacharsis Clootz entering the august Salle de Manege, with him remains conjectural to this day.

the Human Species at his heels. Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks; Anacharsis and Mankind accept the honours of the sitting; 210

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and have forthwith, as the old Newspapers still testify, the incidental 'Speaker of the Foreign-Nations Committee,' claim satisfaction to see several things. First and chief, on the mo-to be official permanent 'Speaker, Orateur, of the Human Spe-tion of Lameth, Lafayette, Saint-Fargeau and other Patriot cies,' which he only deserved to be; and alleging, calumniously, Nobles, let the others repugn as they will: all Titles of Nobil- that his astrological Chaldeans, and the rest, were a mere French ity, from Duke to Esquire, or lower, are henceforth abolished.

tag-rag-and-bobtail disguised for the nonce; and, in short, Then, in like manner, Livery Servants, or rather the Livery of sneering and fleering at him in her cold barren way; all which, Servants. Neither, for the future, shall any man or woman, self-however, he, the man he was, could receive on thick enough styled noble, be 'incensed,'—foolishly fumigated with incense, panoply, or even rebound therefrom, and also go his way.

in Church; as the wont has been. In a word, Feudalism being Most extensive of Public Bodies, we may call it; and also the dead these ten months, why should her empty trappings and most unexpected: for who could have thought to see All Na-scutcheons survive? The very Coats-of-

arms will require to be tions in the Tuileries Riding-Hall? But so it is; and truly as obliterated;—and yet Cassandra Marat on this and the other strange things may happen when a whole People goes coach-panel notices that they 'are but painted-over,' and mumming and miming. Hast not thou thyself perchance seen threaten to peer through again.

diademed Cleopatra, daughter of the Ptolemies, pleading, al-So that henceforth de Lafayette is but the Sieur Motier, and most with bended knee, in unheroic tea-parlour, or dimlit re-Saint-Fargeau is plain Michel Lepelletier; and Mirabeau soon tail-shop, to inflexible gross Burghal Dignitary, for leave to after has to say huffingly, "With your Riquetti you have set reign and die; being dressed for it, and moneyless, with small Europe at cross-purposes for three days." For his Counthood is children;—while suddenly Constables have shut the Thespian not indifferent to this man; which indeed the admiring People barn, and her Antony pleaded in vain? Such visual spectra flit treat him with to the last. But let extreme Patriotism rejoice, across this Earth, if the Thespian Stage be rudely interfered and chiefly Anacharsis and Mankind; for now it seems to be with: but much more, when, as was said, Pit jumps on Stage, taken for granted that one Adam is Father of us all!—

then is it verily, as in Herr Tieck's Drama, a Verkehrte Welt, of Such was, in historical accuracy, the famed feat of Anacharsis.

World Topsyturvied!

Thus did the most extensive of Public Bodies find a sort of Having seen the Human Species itself, to have seen the 'Dean spokesman. Whereby at least we may judge of one thing: what of the Human Species,' ceased now to be a miracle. Such 'Doyen a humour the once sniffing mocking City of Paris and Baron du Genre Humain, Eldest of Men,' had shewn himself there, in Clootz had got into; when such exhibition could appear a pro-these weeks: Jean Claude Jacob, a born Serf, deputed from his priety, next door to a sublimity. It is true, Envy did in after native Jura Mountains to thank the National Assembly for times, pervert this success of Anacharsis; making him, from enfranchising them. On his bleached worn face are ploughed 211

the furrowings of one hundred and twenty years. He has heard arches), we count same thousand yards of length; and for dim patois-talk, of immortal Grand-Monarch victories; of a burnt breadth, from this umbrageous Avenue of eight rows, on the Palatinate, as he toiled and moiled to make a little speck of South side, to that corresponding one on the North, some this Earth greener; of Cevennes Dragoonings; of Marlborough thousand feet, more or less. All this to be scooped out, and going to the war. Four generations have bloomed out, and wheeled up in slope along the sides; high enough; for it must loved and hated, and rustled off: he was forty-six when Louis be rammed down there, and shaped stair-wise into as many as Fourteenth died. The Assembly, as one man, spontaneously

'thirty ranges of convenient seats,' firm-trimmed with turf, rose, and did reverence to the Eldest of the World; old Jean is covered with enduring timber;—and then our huge pyramidal to take seance among them, honourably, with covered head.

Fatherland's-Altar, Autel de la Patrie, in the centre, also to be He gazes feebly there, with his old eyes, on that new wonder-raised and stair-stepped! Force-work with a vengeance; it is a scene; dreamlike to him, and uncertain, wavering amid frag-World's Amphitheatre! There are but fifteen days good; and at ments of old memories and dreams. For Time is all growing this languid rate, it might take half as many weeks. What is unsubstantial, dreamlike; Jean's eyes and mind are weary, and singular too, the spademen seem to work lazily; they will not about to close,—and open on a far other wonder-scene, which work double-tides, even for offer of more wages, though their shall be real. Patriot Subscription, Royal Pension was got for tide is but seven hours; they declare angrily that the human him, and he returned home glad; but in two months more he tabernacle requires occasional rest!

left it all, and went on his unknown way. (Deux Amis, iv. iii.) Is it Aristocrats secretly bribing? Aristocrats were capable of that. Only six months since, did not evidence get afloat that ***Chapter 2.1.XI.***

subterranean Paris, for we stand over quarries and catacombs, dangerously, as it were midway between Heaven and the Abyss, ***As in the Age of Gold.***

and are hollow underground,—was charged with gunpowder, which should make us 'leap?' Till a Cordelier's Deputation actu-Meanwhile to Paris, ever going and returning, day after day, ally went to examine, and found it— carried off again! (23rd and all day long, towards that Field of Mars, it becomes pain-December, 1789 (Newspapers in Hist. Parl. iv. 44).) An accursed, fully apparent that the spadework there cannot be got done incurable brood; all asking for 'passports,' in these sacred days.

in time. There is such an area of it; three hundred thousand Trouble, of rioting, chateau-burning, is in the Limousin and square feet: for from the Ecole militaire (which will need to be elsewhere; for they are busy! Between the best of Peoples and done up in wood with balconies and galleries) westward to the best of Restorer-Kings, they would sow grudges; with what the Gate by the river (where also shall be wood, in triumphal a fiend's-grin would they see this Federation, looked for by 212

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the Universe, fail!

private Bodies of Citizens, from the highest to the lowest, Fail for want of spadework, however, it shall not. He that march; the very Hawkers, one finds, have ceased bawling for has four limbs, and a French heart, can do spadework; and will!

one day. The neighbouring Villages turn out: their able men On the first July Monday, scarcely has the signal-cannon come marching, to village fiddle or tambourine and triangle, boomed; scarcely have the languescent mercenary Fifteen Thou-under their Mayor, or Mayor and Curate, who also walk sand laid down their tools, and the eyes of onlookers turned bespaded, and in tricolor sash. As many as one hundred and sorrowfully of the still high Sun; when this and the other Pa-fifty thousand workers: nay at certain seasons, as some count, triot, fire in his eye, snatches barrow and mattock,

and himself two hundred and fifty thousand; for, in the afternoon espe-begins indignantly wheeling. Whom scores and then hundreds cially, what mortal but, finishing his hasty day's work, would follow; and soon a volunteer Fifteen Thousand are shovelling run! A stirring city: from the time you reach the Place Louis and trundling; with the heart of giants; and all in right order, Quinze, southward over the River, by all Avenues, it is one with that extemporaneous adroitness of theirs: whereby such living throng. So many workers; and no mercenary mock-work-a lift has been given, worth three mercenary ones;—which ers, but real ones that lie freely to it: each Patriot stretches may end when the late twilight thickens, in triumph shouts, himself against the stubborn glebe; hews and wheels with the heard or heard of beyond Montmartre!

whole weight that is in him.

A sympathetic population will wait, next day, with eager-Amiable infants, aimables enfans! They do the 'police des ness, till the tools are free. Or why wait? Spades elsewhere l'atelier' too, the guidance and governance, themselves; with exist! And so now bursts forth that effulgence of Parisian en-that ready will of theirs, with that extemporaneous adroit-thusiasm, good-heartedness and brotherly love; such, if Chroni-ness. It is a true brethren's work; all distinctions confounded, clers are trustworthy, as was not witnessed since the Age of abolished; as it was in the beginning, when Adam himself Gold. Paris, male and female, precipitates itself towards its delved. Longfrocked tonsured Monks, with short-skirted Wa-South-west extremity, spade on shoulder. Streams of men, ter-carriers, with swallow-tailed well-frizzled Incroyables of a without order; or in order, as ranked fellow-craftsmen, as natural Patriot turn; dark Charcoalmen, meal-white Peruke-makers; or or accidental reunions, march towards the Field of Mars. Three-Peruke-wearers, for Advocate and Judge are there, and all Heads deep these march; to the sound of stringed music; preceded of Districts: sober Nuns sisterlike with flaunting Nymphs of by young girls with green boughs, and tricolor streamers: they the Opera, and females in common circumstances named un-have shouldered, soldier-wise, their shovels and picks; and with fortunate: the patriot Rag-picker, and perfumed dweller in one throat are singing ca-ira. Yes, pardieu ca-ira, cry the pas-

palaces; for Patriotism like New-birth, and also like Death, lev-sengers on the streets. All corporate Guilds, and public and els all. The Printers have come marching, Prudhomme's all in 213

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Paper-caps with Revolutions de Paris printed on them; as Camille any drink, but men 'evidently exhausted.' A dapper Abbe looks notes; wishing that in these great days there should be a Pacte on, sneering. "To the barrow!" cry several; whom he, lest a des Ecrivains too, or Federation of Able Editors. (See Newspa-worse thing befal him, obeys: nevertheless one wiser Patriot pers, &c. (in Hist. Parl. vi. 381-406).) Beautiful to see! The barrowman, arriving now, interposes his "arretez;" setting down snowy linen and delicate pantaloon alternates with the soiled his own barrow, he snatches the Abbe's; trundles it fast, like check-shirt and bushel-breeches; for both have cast their coats, an infected thing; forth of the Champ-de-Mars circuit, and dis-and under both are four limbs and a set of Patriot muscles.

charges it there. Thus too a certain person (of some quality, or There do they pick and shovel; or bend forward, yoked in long private capital, to appearance), entering hastily, flings down strings to box-barrow or overloaded tumbril; joyous, with one his coat, waistcoat and two watches, and is rushing to the mind. Abbe Sieyes is seen pulling, wiry, vehement, if too light thick of the work: "But your watches?" cries the general voice.—

for draught; by the side of Beauharnais, who shall get Kings

"Does one distrust his brothers?" answers he; nor were the though he be none. Abbe Maury did not pull; but the watches stolen. How beautiful is noble-sentiment: like gossa-Charcoalmen brought a mummer guised like him, so he had to mer gauze, beautiful and cheap; which will stand no tear and pull in effigy. Let no august Senator disdain the work: Mayor wear! Beautiful cheap gossamer gauze, thou film-shadow of a Bailly, Generalissimo Lafayette are there;—and, alas, shall be raw-material of Virtue, which art not woven, nor likely to be, there again another day! The

King himself comes to see: sky-into Duty; thou art better than nothing, and also worse!

rending Vive-le-Roi; 'and suddenly with shouldered spades they Young Boarding-school Boys, College Students, shout Vive form a guard of honour round him.' Whosoever can come comes, la Nation, and regret that they have yet 'only their sweat to to work, or to look, and bless the work.

give.' What say we of Boys? Beautifullest Hebes; the loveliest Whole families have come. One whole family we see clearly, of Paris, in their light air-robes, with riband-girdle of tricolor, of three generations: the father picking, the mother shovel-are there; shovelling and wheeling with the rest; their Hebe ling, the young ones wheeling assiduous; old grandfather, hoary eyes brighter with enthusiasm, and long hair in beautiful di-with ninety-three years, holds in his arms the youngest of all: shevelment: hard-pressed are their small fingers; but they make (Mercier. ii. 76, &c.) frisky, not helpful this one; who neverthe-the patriot barrow go, and even force it to the summit of the less may tell it to his grandchildren; and how the Future and slope (with a little tracing, which what man's arm were not the Past alike looked on, and with failing or with half-formed too happy to lend?)— then bound down with it again, and go voice, faltered their ca-ira. A vintner has wheeled in, on Pa-for more; with their long locks and tricolors blown back: graceful triot truck, beverage of wine: "Drink not, my brothers, if ye as the rosy Hours. O, as that evening Sun fell over the Champ-are not dry; that your cask may last the longer;" neither did de-Mars, and tinted with fire the thick umbrageous boscage 214

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that shelters it on this hand and on that, and struck direct on his life.

those Domes and two-and-forty Windows of the Ecole Militaire, Reviews also there must be; royal Federate-reviews, with King, and made them all of burnished gold,—saw he on his wide Queen and tricolor Court looking on: at lowest, if, as is too zodiac road other such sight? A living garden spotted and common, it rains, our Federate Volunteers will file through the dotted

with such flowerage; all colours of the prism; the inner gateways, Royalty standing dry. Nay there, should some beautifullest blent friendly with the usefullest; all growing stop occur, the beautifullest fingers in France may take you and working brotherlike there, under one warm feeling, were softly by the lapelle, and, in mild flute-voice, ask: "Monsieur, it but for days; once and no second time! But Night is sinking; of what Province are you?" Happy he who can reply, chival-these Nights too, into Eternity. The hastiest Traveller Versailles-rously lowering his sword's point, "Madame, from the Province ward has drawn bridle on the heights of Chaillot: and looked your ancestors reigned over." He that happy 'Provincial Advo-for moments over the River; reporting at Versailles what he cate,' now Provincial Federate, shall be rewarded by a sun-smile, saw, not without tears. (Mercier, ii. 81.) and such melodious glad words addressed to a King: "Sire, these Meanwhile, from all points of the compass, Federates are ar-are your faithful Lorrainers." Cheerier verily, in these holidays, riving: fervid children of the South, 'who glory in their is this 'skyblue faced with red' of a National Guardsman, than Mirabeau;' considerate North-blooded Mountaineers of Jura; the dull black and gray of a Provincial Advocate, which in work-sharp Bretons, with their Gaelic suddenness; Normans not to days one was used to. For the same thrice-blessed Lorrainer be overreached in bargain: all now animated with one noblest shall, this evening, stand sentry at a Queen's door; and feel fire of Patriotism. Whom the Paris brethren march forth to that he could die a thousand deaths for her: then again, at the receive; with military solemnities, with fraternal embracing, outer gate, and even a third time, she shall see him; nay he and a hospitality worthy of the heroic ages. They assist at the will make her do it; presenting arms with emphasis, 'making Assembly's Debates, these Federates: the Galleries are reserved his musket jingle again': and in her salute there shall again be for them. They assist in the toils of the Champ-de-Mars; each a sun-smile, and that little blonde-locked too hasty Dauphin new troop will put its hand to the spade; lift a hod of earth on shall be admonished, "Salute then, Monsieur, don't be the Altar of the Fatherland. But the flourishes of rhetoric, for unpolite;" and therewith she, like a bright Sky-wanderer or it is a gesticulating People; the moral-sublime of those Ad-Planet with her little Moon, issues forth peculiar. (Narrative dresses to an august Assembly, to a Patriot Restorer! Our Breton by a Lorraine Federate

(given in Hist. Parl. vi. 389-91).) Captain of Federates kneels even, in a fit of enthusiasm, and But at night, when Patriot spadework is over, figure the sa-gives up his sword; he wet-eyed to a King wet-eyed. Poor Louis!

cred rights of hospitality! Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, a mere These, as he said afterwards, were among the bright days of private senator, but with great possessions, has daily his 'hun-215

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dred dinner-guests;' the table of Generalissimo Lafayette may tional Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut with open-double that number. In lowly parlour, as in lofty saloon, the ings at due intervals), floods-in the living throng; covers with-wine-cup passes round; crowned by the smiles of Beauty; be it out tumult space after space. The Ecole Militaire has galleries of lightly-tripping Grisette, or of high-sailing Dame, for both and overvaulting canopies, where Carpentry and Painting have equally have beauty, and smiles precious to the brave.

vied, for the upper Authorities; triumphal arches, at the Gate by the River, bear inscriptions, if weak, yet well-meant, and ***Chapter 2.1.XII.***

orthodox. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane standards of iron, swing pensile our antique ***Sound and Smoke.***

Cassolettes or pans of incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes,—unless for the Heathen Mythology, one sees not for And so now, in spite of plotting Aristocrats, lazy hired whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men; and, twice as spademen, and almost of Destiny itself (for there has been good, one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and much rain), the Champ-de-Mars, on the 13th of the month is glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting in this Champ-de-Mars.

fairly ready; trimmed, rammed, buttressed with firm masonry; What a picture: that circle of bright-eyed Life, spread up and Patriotism can stroll over it admiring; and as it were re-there, on its thirty-seated Slope; leaning, one would say, on hearsing, for in every head is some unutterable image of

the the thick umbrage of those Avenue-Trees, for the stems of morrow. Pray Heaven there be not clouds. Nay what far worse them are hidden by the height; and all beyond it mere green-cloud is this, of a misguided Municipality that talks of admit-ness of Summer Earth, with the gleams of waters, or white ting Patriotism, to the solemnity, by tickets! Was it by tickets sparklings of stone-edifices: little circular enamel-picture in we were admitted to the work; and to what brought the work?

the centre of such a vase—of emerald! A vase not empty: the Did we take the Bastille by tickets? A misguided Municipality Invalides Cupolas want not their population, nor the distant sees the error; at late midnight, rolling drums announce to Windmills of Montmartre; on remotest steeple and invisible Patriotism starting half out of its bed-clothes, that it is to be village belfry, stand men with spyglasses. On the heights of ticketless. Pull down thy nightcap therefore; and, with demi-Chaillot are many-coloured undulating groups; round and far articulate grumble, significant of several things, go pacified to on, over all the circling heights that embosom Paris, it is as sleep again. Tomorrow is Wednesday morning; unforgetable one more or less peopled Amphitheatre; which the eye grows among the fasti of the world.

dim with measuring. Nay heights, as was before hinted, have The morning comes, cold for a July one; but such a festivity cannon; and a floating-battery of cannon is on the Seine. When would make Greenland smile. Through every inlet of that Na-eye fails, ear shall serve; and all France properly is but one 216

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Amphitheatre: for in paved town and unpaved hamlet, men fellow's; and armed Federates clang their arms; above all, that walk listening; till the muffled thunder sound audible on their floating battery speak! It has spoken,—to the four corners of horizon, that they too may begin swearing and firing! (Deux France. From eminence to eminence, bursts the thunder; faint-Amis, v. 168.) But now, to streams of music, come Federates heard, loud-repeated. What a stone, cast into what a lake; in enough,—for they

have assembled on the Boulevard Saint-circles that do not grow fainter. From Arras to Avignon; from Antoine or thereby, and come marching through the City, with Metz to Bayonne! Over Orleans and Blois it rolls, in cannon-their Eighty-three Department Banners, and blessings not loud recitative; Puy bellows of it amid his granite mountains; Pau but deep; comes National Assembly, and takes seat under its where is the shell-cradle of Great Henri. At far Marseilles, one Canopy; comes Royalty, and takes seat on a throne beside it.

can think, the ruddy evening witnesses it; over the deep-blue And Lafayette, on white charger, is here, and all the civic Func-Mediterranean waters, the Castle of If ruddy-tinted darts forth, tionaries; and the Federates form dances, till their strictly mili-from every cannon's mouth, its tongue of fire; and all the people tary evolutions and manoeuvres can begin.

shout: Yes, France is free. O glorious France that has burst out Evolutions and manoeuvres? Task not the pen of mortal to so; into universal sound and smoke; and attained—the describe them: truant imagination droops;— declares that it Phrygian Cap of Liberty! In all Towns, Trees of Liberty also is not worth while. There is wheeling and sweeping, to slow, to may be planted; with or without advantage. Said we not, it is quick, and double quick-time: Sieur Motier, or Generalissimo the highest stretch attained by the Thespian Art on this Planet, Lafayette, for they are one and the same, and he is General of or perhaps attainable?

France, in the King's stead, for four-and-twenty hours; Sieur The Thespian Art, unfortunately, one must still call it; for Motier must step forth, with that sublime chivalrous gait of behold there, on this Field of Mars, the National Banners, behis; solemnly ascend the steps of the Fatherland's Altar, in fore there could be any swearing, were to be all blessed. A sight of Heaven and of the scarcely breathing Earth; and, un-most proper operation; since surely without Heaven's bless-der the creak of those swinging Cassolettes, 'pressing his sword's ing bestowed, say even, audibly or inaudibly sought, no Earthly point firmly there,' pronounce the Oath, To King, to Law, and banner or contrivance can prove victorious: but now the means Nation (not to mention 'grains' with their circulating), in his of doing it? By what

thrice-divine Franklin thunder-rod shall own name and that of armed France. Whereat there is waving miraculous fire be drawn out of Heaven; and descend gently, of banners and acclaim sufficient. The National Assembly must lifegiving, with health to the souls of men? Alas, by the sim- swear, standing in its place; the King himself audibly. The King plest: by Two Hundred shaven-crowned Individuals, 'in snow-swears; and now be the welkin split with vivats; let citizens white albs, with tricolor girdles,' arranged on the steps of enfranchised embrace, each smiting heartily his palm into his Fatherland's Altar; and, at their head for spokesman, Soul's 217

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Overseer Talleyrand-Perigord! These shall act as miraculous thun-will not wave, but lazily flap, as if metamorphosed into painted der-rod,—to such length as they can. O ye deep azure Heav-tin-banners! Worse, far worse, these hundred thousand, such ens, and thou green all-nursing Earth; ye Streams ever-flowis the Historian's testimony, of the fairest of France! Their snowy ing; deciduous Forests that die and are born again, continu-muslins all splashed and draggled; the ostrich feather shrunk ally, like the sons of men; stone Mountains that die daily with shamefully to the backbone of a feather: all caps are ruined; every rain-shower, yet are not dead and levelled for ages of innermost pasteboard molten into its original pap: Beauty no ages, nor born again (it seems) but with new world-explo-longer swims decorated in her garniture, like Love-goddess sions, and such tumultuous seething and tumbling, steam half hidden-revealed in her Paphian clouds, but struggles in disas-way to the Moon; O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment trous imprisonment in it, for 'the shape was noticeable;' and and dwellingplace of the unnamed; O spirit, lastly, of Man, now only sympathetic interjections, titterings, teeheeings, and who mouldest and modellest that Unfathomable Unnameable resolute good- humour will avail. A deluge; an incessant sheet even as we see,—is not there a miracle: That some French mor-or fluid-column of rain;—such that our Overseer's very mitre tal should, we say not have believed, but pretended to imag-must be filled; not a mitre, but a filled and leaky fire- bucket ine that he believed that Talleyrand and Two Hundred pieces on his

reverend head!—Regardless of which, Overseer Talleyrand of white Calico could do it!

performs his miracle: the Blessing of Talleyrand, another than Here, however, we are to remark with the sorrowing Histori-that of Jacob, is on all the Eighty-three departmental flags of ans of that day, that suddenly, while Episcopus Talleyrand, France; which wave or flap, with such thankfulness as needs.

long-stoled, with mitre and tricolor belt, was yet but hitching Towards three o'clock, the sun beams out again: the remaining up the Altar-steps, to do his miracle, the material Heaven grew evolutions can be transacted under bright heavens, though black; a north-wind, moaning cold moisture, began to sing; with decorations much damaged. (Deux Amis, v. 143-179.) and there descended a very deluge of rain. Sad to see! The On Wednesday our Federation is consummated: but the fes-thirty-staired Seats, all round our Amphitheatre, get instan-tivities last out the week, and over into the next. Festivities taneously slated with mere umbrellas, fallacious when so thick such as no Bagdad Caliph, or Aladdin with the Lamp, could set: our antique Cassolettes become Water-pots; their incense-have equalled. There is a Jousting on the River; with its water-smoke gone hissing, in a whiff of muddy vapour. Alas, instead somersets, splashing and haha-ing: Abbe Fauchet, Te-Deum of vivats, there is nothing now but the furious peppering and Fauchet, preaches, for his part, in 'the rotunda of the Corn-rattling. From three to four hundred thousand human indi-market,' a Harangue on Franklin; for whom the National As-viduals feel that they have a skin; happily impervious. The sembly has lately gone three days in black. The Motier and General's sash runs water: how all military banners droop; and Lepelletier tables still groan with viands; roofs ringing with 218

patriotic toasts. On the fifth evening, which is the Christian free sky, do tight-limbed Federates, with fairest newfound Sabbath, there is a universal Ball. Paris, out of doors and in, sweethearts, elastic as Diana, and not of that coyness and tart man, woman and child, is jigging it, to the sound of

harp and humour of Diana, thread their jocund mazes, all through the four-stringed fiddle. The hoariest-headed man will tread one ambrosial night; and hearts were touched and fired; and sel-other measure, under this nether Moon; speechless nurselings, dom surely had our old Planet, in that huge conic Shadow of infants as we call them, (Greek), crow in arms; and sprawl out hers 'which goes beyond the Moon, and is named Night,' cur-numb-plump little limbs,—impatient for muscularity, they tained such a Ball-room. O if, according to Seneca, the very know not why. The stiffest balk bends more or less; all joists gods look down on a good man struggling with adversity, and creak.

smile; what must they think of Five-and-twenty million indif-Or out, on the Earth's breast itself, behold the Ruins of the ferent ones victorious over it,—for eight days and more?

Bastille. All lamplit, allegorically decorated: a Tree of Liberty In this way, and in such ways, however, has the Feast of sixty feet high; and Phrygian Cap on it, of size enormous, Pikes danced itself off; gallant Federates wending homewards, under which King Arthur and his round-table might have dined!

towards every point of the compass, with feverish nerves, heart In the depths of the background, is a single lugubrious lamp, and head much heated; some of them, indeed, as Dampmartin's rendering dim-visible one of your iron cages, half-buried, and elderly respectable friend, from Strasbourg, quite 'burnt out some Prison stones,—Tyranny vanishing downwards, all gone with liquors,' and flickering towards extinction. (Dampmartin, but the skirt: the rest wholly lamp-festoons, trees real or of Evenemens, i. 144-184.) The Feast of Pikes has danced itself pasteboard; in the similitude of a fairy grove; with this inscrip-off, and become defunct, and the ghost of a Feast;—nothing tion, readable to runner: 'Ici l'on danse, Dancing Here.' As indeed of it now remaining but this vision in men's memory; and the had been obscurely foreshadowed by Cagliostro (See his Lettre place that knew it (for the slope of that Champ-de-Mars is au Peuple Francais (London, 1786.) prophetic Quack of Quacks, crumbled to half the original height (Dulaure, Histoire de Paris, when he, four years ago,

quitted the grim durance;—to fall into viii. 25).) now knowing it no more. Undoubtedly one of the a grimmer, of the Roman Inquisition, and not quit it.

memorablest National Hightides. Never or hardly ever, as we But, after all, what is this Bastille business to that of the said, was Oath sworn with such heart-effusion, emphasis and Champs Elysees! Thither, to these Fields well named Elysian, expenditure of joyance; and then it was broken irremediably all feet tend. It is radiant as day with festooned lamps; little within year and day. Ah, why? When the swearing of it was so oil-cups, like variegated fire-flies, daintily illumine the high-heavenly-joyful, bosom clasped to bosom, and Five-and-twenty est leaves: trees there are all sheeted with variegated fire, shed-million hearts all burning together: O ye inexorable Destinies, ding far a glimmer into the dubious wood. There, under the why?—Partly because it was sworn with such over-joyance; 219

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but chiefly, indeed, for an older reason: that Sin had come into wooed and teased poor Royalty to lead her, to the hymeneal the world and Misery by Sin! These Five-and-twenty millions, Fatherland's Altar, in such oversweet manner; and has, most if we will consider it, have now henceforth, with that Phrygian thoughtlessly, to celebrate the nuptials with due shine and Cap of theirs, no force over them, to bind and guide; neither in demonstration,—burnt her bed?

them, more than heretofore, is guiding force, or rule of just living: how then, while they all go rushing at such a pace, on ***BOOK 2.II.***

unknown ways, with no bridle, towards no aim, can hurlyburly unutterable fail? For verily not Federation-rosepink is the colour ***NANCI***

of this Earth and her work: not by outbursts of noble-sentiment, but with far other ammunition, shall a man front the ***Chapter 2.2.I.***

world.

But how wise, in all cases, to 'husband your fire;' to keep it ***Bouille.***

deep down, rather, as genial radical-heat! Explosions, the forciblest, and never so well directed, are questionable; far Dimly visible, at Metz on the North-Eastern frontier, a certain oftenest futile, always frightfully wasteful: but think of a man, brave Bouille, last refuge of Royalty in all straits and medita-of a Nation of men, spending its whole stock of fire in one tions of flight, has for many months hovered occasionally in artificial Firework! So have we seen fond weddings (for indi-our eye; some name or shadow of a brave Bouille: let us now, viduals, like Nations, have their Hightides) celebrated with an for a little, look fixedly at him, till he become a substance and outburst of triumph and deray, at which the elderly shook person for us. The man himself is worth a glance; his position their heads. Better had a serious cheerfulness been; for the and procedure there, in these days, will throw light on many enterprise was great. Fond pair! the more triumphant ye feel, things.

and victorious over terrestrial evil, which seems all abolished, For it is with Bouille as with all French Commanding Officers; the wider-eyed will your disappointment be to find terrestrial only in a more emphatic degree. The grand National Federa-evil still extant. "And why extant?" will each of you cry: "Be-tion, we already guess, was but empty sound, or worse: a last cause my false mate has played the traitor: evil was abolished; loudest universal Hep-hep-hurrah, with full bumpers, in that I meant faithfully, and did, or would have done." Whereby the National Lapithae-feast of Constitution-making; as in loud oversweet moon of honey changes itself into long years of denial of the palpably existing; as if, with hurrahings, you vinegar; perhaps divulsive vinegar, like Hannibal's.

would shut out notice of the inevitable already knocking at Shall we say then, the French Nation has led Royalty, or the gates! Which new National bumper, one may say, can but 220

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deepen the drunkenness; and so, the louder it swears Brother-atrabiliar moments, that there will be nothing for him too but hood, will the sooner and the more surely lead to Cannibalism.

to cross the marches. He might cross, say, to Treves or Coblentz Ah, under that fraternal shine and clangour, what a deep world where Exiled Princes will be one day ranking; or say, over into of irreconcileable discords lie momentarily assuaged, damped Luxemburg where old Broglie loiters and languishes. Or is there down for one moment! Respectable military Federates have not the great dim Deep of European Diplomacy; where your barely got home to their quarters; and the inflammablest, 'dy-Calonnes, your Breteuils are beginning to hover, dimly dis-ing, burnt up with liquors, and kindness,' has not yet got ex-cernible?

tinct; the shine is hardly out of men's eyes, and still blazes With immeasurable confused outlooks and purposes, with filling all men's memories,—when your discords burst forth no clear purpose but this of still trying to do His Majesty a again very considerably darker than ever. Let us look at Bouille, service, Bouille waits; struggling what he can to keep his dis-and see how.

trict loyal, his troops faithful, his garrisons furnished. He main-Bouille for the present commands in the Garrison of Metz, tains, as yet, with his Cousin Lafayette, some thin diplomatic and far and wide over the East and North; being indeed, by a correspondence, by letter and messenger; chivalrous constitu-late act of Government with sanction of National Assembly, tional professions on the one side, military gravity and brev-appointed one of our Four supreme Generals. Rochambeau and ity on the other; which thin correspondence one can see grow-Mailly, men and Marshals of note in these days, though to us ing ever the thinner and hollower, towards the verge of entire of small moment, are two of his colleagues; tough old bab-vacuity. (Bouille, Memoires (London, 1797), i. c. 8.) A quick, bling Luckner, also of small moment for us, will probably be choleric, sharply discerning, stubbornly endeavouring man; the third. Marquis de Bouille is a determined Loyalist; not in-with suppressed-explosive resolution, with valour, nay head-deed disinclined to moderate reform, but resolute against im-long audacity: a man who was more in his place, lionlike de-moderate. A man long suspect to Patriotism; who has more fending those Windward Isles, or, as with military tiger-spring, than once given the august Assembly trouble; who would not, clutching Nevis and Montserrat from the English,

—than here for example, take the National Oath, as he was bound to do, in this suppressed condition, muzzled and fettered by diplo-but always put it off on this or the other pretext, till an auto-matic packthreads; looking out for a civil war, which may never graph of Majesty requested him to do it as a favour. There, in arrive. Few years ago Bouille was to have led a French East-this post if not of honour, yet of eminence and danger, he Indian Expedition, and reconquered or conquered Pondicherri waits, in a silent concentered manner; very dubious of the fu-and the Kingdoms of the Sun: but the whole world is suddenly ture. 'Alone,' as he says, or almost alone, of all the old military changed, and he with it; Destiny willed it not in that way but Notabilities, he has not emigrated; but thinks always, in in this.

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Chapter 2.2.II.

form with men not in uniform; men in uniform read journals, and even write in them. (See Newspapers of July, 1789 (in ***Arrears and Aristocrats.***

Hist. Parl. ii. 35), &c.) There are public petitions or remonstrances, private emissaries and associations; there is discon-Indeed, as to the general outlook of things, Bouille himself tent, jealousy, uncertainty, sullen suspicious humour. The whole augurs not well of it. The French Army, ever since those old French Army, fermenting in dark heat, glooms ominous, bod-Bastille days, and earlier, has been universally in the ing good to no one.

questionablest state, and growing daily worse. Discipline, which So that, in the general social dissolution and revolt, we are is at all times a kind of miracle, and works by faith, broke to have this deepest and dismallest kind of it, a revolting sol-down then; one sees not with that near prospect of recovering diery? Barren, desolate to look upon is this same business of itself. The Gardes Francaises played a deadly game; but how revolt under all its aspects; but how infinitely more so, when they won it, and wear the prizes of it, all men know. In that it takes the aspect of military mutiny! The

very implement of general overturn, we saw the Hired Fighters refuse to fight.

rule and restraint, whereby all the rest was managed and held The very Swiss of Chateau-Vieux, which indeed is a kind of in order, has become precisely the frightfullest immeasurable French Swiss, from Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, are under-implement of misrule; like the element of Fire, our indispens-stood to have declined. Deserters glided over; Royal-Allemand able all-ministering servant, when it gets the mastery, and itself looked disconsolate, though stanch of purpose. In a word, becomes conflagration. Discipline we called a kind of miracle: we there saw Military Rule, in the shape of poor Besenval with in fact, is it not miraculous how one man moves hundreds of that convulsive unmanageable Camp of his, pass two martyr thousands; each unit of whom it may be loves him not, and days on the Champ-de-Mars; and then, veiling itself, so to singly fears him not, yet has to obey him, to go hither or go speak, 'under the cloud of night,' depart 'down the left bank of thither, to march and halt, to give death, and even to receive the Seine,' to seek refuge elsewhere; this ground having clearly it, as if a Fate had spoken; and the word-of-command becomes, become too hot for it.

almost in the literal sense, a magic-word?

But what new ground to seek, what remedy to try? Quarters Which magic-word, again, if it be once forgotten; the spell that were 'uninfected:' this doubtless, with judicious strict-of it once broken! The legions of assiduous ministering spirits ness of drilling, were the plan. Alas, in all quarters and places, rise on you now as menacing fiends; your free orderly arena from Paris onward to the remotest hamlet, is infection, is sedi-becomes a tumult-place of the Nether Pit, and the hapless tious contagion: inhaled, propagated by contact and converse, magician is rent limb from limb. Military mobs are mobs with till the dullest soldier catch it! There is speech of men in uni-muskets in their hands; and also with death hanging over their 222

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heads, for death is the penalty of disobedience and they have bodied; made tangible, made denounceable; exhalable, if only disobeyed. And now if all mobs are properly frenzies, and work in angry words.

frenetically with mad fits of hot and of cold, fierce rage alter-For unluckily that grand fountain of grievances does exist: nating so incoherently with panic terror, consider what your Aristocrats almost all our Officers necessarily are; they have it military mob will be, with such a conflict of duties and penal-in the blood and bone. By the law of the case, no man can ties, whirled between remorse and fury, and, for the hot fit, pretend to be the pitifullest lieutenant of militia, till he have loaded firearms in its hand! To the soldier himself, revolt is first verified, to the satisfaction of the Lion-King, a Nobility frightful, and oftenest perhaps pitiable; and yet so danger-of four generations. Not Nobility only, but four generations ous, it can only be hated, cannot be pitied. An anomalous of it: this latter is the improvement hit upon, in comparatively class of mortals these poor Hired Killers! With a frankness, late years, by a certain Warminister much pressed for commis-which to the Moralist in these times seems surprising, they sions. (Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 89.) An improvement which have sworn to become machines; and nevertheless they are did relieve the over-pressed Warminister, but which split France still partly men. Let no prudent person in authority remind still further into yawning contrasts of Commonalty and Nobil-them of this latter fact; but always let force, let injustice above ity, nay of new Nobility and old; as if already with your new all, stop short clearly on this side of the rebounding-point!

and old, and then with your old, older and oldest, there were Soldiers, as we often say, do revolt: were it not so, several not contrasts and discrepancies enough;—the general clash things which are transient in this world might be perennial.

whereof men now see and hear, and in the singular whirlpool, Over and above the general quarrel which all sons of Adam all contrasts gone together to the bottom! Gone to the bot-maintain with their lot here below, the grievances of the French tom or going; with uproar, without return; going every where soldiery reduce themselves to two, First that their

Officers are save in the Military section of things; and there, it may be Aristocrats; secondly that they cheat them of their Pay. Two asked, can they hope to continue always at the top? Appar-grievances; or rather we might say one, capable of becoming a ently, not.

hundred; for in that single first proposition, that the Officers It is true, in a time of external Peace, when there is no fight-are Aristocrats, what a multitude of corollaries lie ready! It is a ing but only drilling, this question, How you rise from the bottomless ever-flowing fountain of grievances this; what you ranks, may seem theoretical rather. But in reference to the may call a general raw-material of grievance, wherefrom indi-Rights of Man it is continually practical. The soldier has sworn vidual grievance after grievance will daily body itself forth.

to be faithful not to the King only, but to the Law and the Nay there will even be a kind of comfort in getting it, from Nation. Do our commanders love the Revolution? ask all sol-time to time, so embodied. Peculation of one's Pay! It is em-diers. Unhappily no, they hate it, and love the Counter-Revo-223

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lution. Young epauletted men, with quality-blood in them, is yet possible a deepest overturn than any yet witnessed: poisoned with quality-pride, do sniff openly, with indigna-that deepest upturn of the black-burning sulphurous stratum tion struggling to become contempt, at our Rights of Man, as whereon all rests and grows!

at some newfangled cobweb, which shall be brushed down But how these things may act on the rude soldier-mind, with again. Old officers, more cautious, keep silent, with closed its military pedantries, its inexperience of all that lies off the uncurled lips; but one guesses what is passing within. Nay parade-ground; inexperience as of a child, yet fierceness of a who knows, how, under the plausiblest word of command, might man and vehemence of a Frenchman! It is long that secret lie Counter-Revolution itself, sale to Exiled Princes and the communings in messroom and guard-

room, sour looks, thou-Austrian Kaiser: treacherous Aristocrats hoodwinking the small sandfold petty vexations between commander and commanded, insight of us common men?—In such manner works that gen- measure every where the weary military day. Ask Captain eral raw-material of grievance; disastrous; instead of trust and Dampmartin; an authentic, ingenious literary officer of horse; reverence, breeding hate, endless suspicion, the impossibility who loves the Reign of Liberty, after a sort; yet has had his of commanding and obeying. And now when this second more heart grieved to the quick many times, in the hot South-West-tangible grievance has articulated itself universally in the mind ern region and elsewhere; and has seen riot, civil battle by of the common man: Peculation of his Pay! Peculation of the daylight and by torchlight, and anarchy hatefuller than death.

despicablest sort does exist, and has long existed; but, unless How insubordinate Troopers, with drink in their heads, meet the new-declared Rights of Man, and all rights whatsoever, be Captain Dampmartin and another on the ramparts, where there a cobweb, it shall no longer exist.

is no escape or side-path; and make military salute punctu-The French Military System seems dying a sorrowful suicidal ally, for we look calm on them; yet make it in a snappish, death. Nay more, citizen, as is natural, ranks himself against almost insulting manner: how one morning they 'leave all their citizen in this cause. The soldier finds audience, of numbers chamois shirts' and superfluous buffs, which they are tired of, and sympathy unlimited, among the Patriot lower-classes. Nor laid in piles at the Captain's doors; whereat 'we laugh,' as the are the higher wanting to the officer. The officer still dresses ass does, eating thistles: nay how they 'knot two forage-cords and perfumes himself for such sad unemigrated soiree as there together,' with universal noisy cursing, with evident intent to may still be; and speaks his woes,—which woes, are they not hang the Quartermaster:—all this the worthy Captain, look-Majesty's and Nature's? Speaks, at the same time, his gay defi-ing on it through the ruddy-and-sable of fond regretful ance, his firm-set resolution. Citizens, still more Citizenesses, memory, has flowingly written down. (Dampmartin, Evenemens, see the right and the wrong; not the Military System alone i.

122-146.) Men growl in vague discontent; officers fling up will die by suicide, but much along with it. As was said, there their commissions, and emigrate in disgust.

Or let us ask another literary Officer; not yet Captain; than he feels again as if the whole Nation were with him. That Sublieutenant only, in the Artillery Regiment La Fere: a young after the famous Oath, To the King, to the Nation and Law, man of twenty-one; not unentitled to speak; the name of him there was a great change; that before this, if ordered to fire on is Napoleon Buonaparte. To such height of Sublieutenancy has the people, he for one would have done it in the King's name; he now got promoted, from Brienne School, five years ago; but that after this, in the Nation's name, he would not have

'being found qualified in mathematics by La Place.' He is lying done it. Likewise that the Patriot officers, more numerous too at Auxonne, in the West, in these months; not sumptuously in the Artillery and Engineers than elsewhere, were few in num-lodged—'in the house of a Barber, to whose wife he did not ber; yet that having the soldiers on their side, they ruled the pay the customary degree of respect;' or even over at the Pa-regiment; and did often deliver the Aristocrat brother officer vilion, in a chamber with bare walls; the only furniture an in-out of peril and strait. One day, for example, 'a member of our different 'bed without curtains, two chairs, and in the recess own mess roused the mob, by singing, from the windows of of a window a table covered with books and papers: his Brother our dining-room, O Richard, O my King; and I had to snatch Louis sleeps on a coarse mattrass in an adjoining room.' How-him from their fury.' (Norvins, Histoire de Napoleon, i. 47; Las ever, he is doing something great: writing his first Book or Cases, Memoires (translated into Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon, i.

Pamphlet,—eloquent vehement Letter to M. Matteo 23-31.)

Buttafuoco, our Corsican Deputy, who is not a Patriot but an All which let the reader multiply by ten thousand; and spread Aristocrat, unworthy of Deputyship. Joly of Dole is Publisher.

it with slight variations over all the camps and garrisons of The literary Sublieutenant corrects the proofs; 'sets out on France. The French Army seems on the verge of universal mu-foot from Auxonne, every morning at four o'clock, for Dole: tiny.

after looking over the proofs, he partakes of an extremely Universal mutiny! There is in that what may well make Pa-frugal breakfast with Joly, and immediately prepares for re-triot Constitutionalism and an august Assembly shudder. Some-turning to his Garrison; where he arrives before noon, having thing behoves to be done; yet what to do no man can tell.

thus walked above twenty miles in the course of the morning.'

Mirabeau proposes even that the Soldiery, having come to such This Sublieutenant can remark that, in drawingrooms, on a pass, be forthwith disbanded, the whole Two Hundred and streets, on highways, at inns, every where men's minds are Eighty Thousands of them; and organised anew. (Moniteur, ready to kindle into a flame. That a Patriot, if he appear in the 1790. No. 233.) Impossible this, in so sudden a manner! cry all drawingroom, or amid a group of officers, is liable enough to men. And yet literally, answer we, it is inevitable, in one man-be discouraged, so great is the majority against him: but no ner or another. Such an Army, with its four-generation Nobles, sooner does he get into the street, or among the soldiers, its Peculated Pay, and men knotting forage cords to hang their 225

quartermaster, cannot subsist beside such a Revolution. Your grumbling louder and louder. Officers have been seen shut up alternative is a slow-pining chronic dissolution and new orga-in their messrooms; assaulted with clamorous demands, not nization; or a swift decisive one; the agonies spread over years, without menaces. The insubordinate ringleader is dismissed or concentrated into an hour. With a Mirabeau for Minister or

with 'yellow furlough,' yellow infamous thing they call cartou-Governor the latter had been the choice; with no Mirabeau for che jaune: but ten new ringleaders rise in his stead, and the Governor it will naturally be the former.

yellow cartouche ceases to be thought disgraceful. 'Within a fortnight,' or at furthest a month, of that sublime Feast of ***Chapter 2.2.III.***

Pikes, the whole French Army, demanding Arrears, forming Reading Clubs, frequenting Popular Societies, is in a state which ***Bouille at Metz.***

Bouille can call by no name but that of mutiny. Bouille knows it as few do; and speaks by dire experience. Take one instance To Bouille, in his North-Eastern circle, none of these things are instead of many.

altogether hid. Many times flight over the marches gleams out It is still an early day of August, the precise date now undison him as a last guidance in such bewilderment: nevertheless coverable, when Bouille, about to set out for the waters of Aix he continues here: struggling always to hope the best, not la Chapelle, is once more suddenly summoned to the barracks from new organisation but from happy Counter-Revolution of Metz. The soldiers stand ranked in fighting order, muskets and return to the old. For the rest it is clear to him that this loaded, the officers all there on compulsion; and require, with same National Federation, and universal swearing and many-voiced emphasis, to have their arrears paid. Picardie was fraternising of People and Soldiers, has done 'incalculable mis-penitent; but we see it has relapsed: the wide space bristles chief.' So much that fermented secretly has hereby got vent and lours with mere mutinous armed men. Brave Bouille ad-and become open: National Guards and Soldiers of the line, vances to the nearest Regiment, opens his commanding lips to solemnly embracing one another on all parade-fields, drink-harangue; obtains nothing but querulous-indignant discor-ing, swearing patriotic oaths, fall into disorderly street-prodance, and the sound of so many thousand livres legally due.

cessions, constitutional unmilitary exclamations and The moment is trying; there are some ten thousand soldiers hurrahings. On which account the Regiment Picardie, for one, now in Metz, and one spirit seems to have spread among them.

has to be drawn out in the square of the barracks, here at Bouille is firm as the adamant; but what shall he do? A Ger-Metz, and sharply harangued by the General himself; but ex-man Regiment, named of Salm, is thought to be of better tem-presses penitence. (Bouille, Memoires, i. 113.) per: nevertheless Salm too may have heard of the precept, Far and near, as accounts testify, insubordination has begun Thou shalt not steal; Salm too may know that money is money.

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Bouille walks trustfully towards the Regiment de Salm, speaks ment, with prayer for Salm: there do the two parties stand;—

trustful words; but here again is answered by the cry of forty-like chariots locked in a narrow thoroughfare; like locked wres-four thousand livres odd sous. A cry waxing more and more tlers at a dead-grip! For two hours they stand; Bouille's sword vociferous, as Salm's humour mounts; which cry, as it will pro-glittering in his hand, adamantine resolution clouding his duce no cash or promise of cash, ends in the wide simulta-brows: for two hours by the clocks of Metz. Moody-silent stands neous whirr of shouldered muskets, and a determined quick-Salm, with occasional clangour; but does not fire. Rascality time march on the part of Salm—towards its Colonel's house, from time to time urges some grenadier to level his musket at in the next street, there to seize the colours and military chest.

the General; who looks on it as a bronze General would; and Thus does Salm, for its part; strong in the faith that meum is always some corporal or other strikes it up.

not tuum, that fair speeches are not forty-four thousand livres In such remarkable attitude, standing on that staircase for odd sous.

two hours, does brave Bouille, long a shadow, dawn on us vis-Unrestrainable! Salm tramps to military time, quick consum-ibly out of the dimness, and become a person. For the rest, ing the way. Bouille and the officers, drawing sword, have to since Salm has not shot him at the first instant, and since in dash into double quick pas-de-charge, or unmilitary running; himself there is no variableness, the danger will diminish. The to get the start; to station themselves on the outer staircase, Mayor, 'a man infinitely respectable,' with his Municipals and and stand there with what of death-defiance and sharp steel tricolor sashes, finally gains entrance; remonstrates, perorates, they have; Salm truculently coiling itself up, rank after rank, promises; gets Salm persuaded home to its barracks. Next day, opposite them, in such humour as we can fancy, which happily our respectable Mayor lending the money, the officers pay down has not yet mounted to the murder-pitch. There will Bouille the half of the demand in ready cash. With which liquidation stand, certain at least of one man's purpose; in grim calmness, Salm pacifies itself, and for the present all is hushed up, as awaiting the issue. What the intrepidest of men and generals much as may be. (Bouille, i. 140-5.)

can do is done. Bouille, though there is a barricading picket at Such scenes as this of Metz, or preparations and demonstra-each end of the street, and death under his eyes, contrives to tions towards such, are universal over France: Dampmartin, with send for a Dragoon Regiment with orders to charge: the dra-his knotted forage-cords and piled chamois jackets, is at goon officers mount; the dragoon men will not: hope is none Strasburg in the South-East; in these same days or rather nights, there for him. The street, as we say, barricaded; the Earth all Royal Champagne is 'shouting Vive la Nation, au diable les shut out, only the indifferent heavenly Vault overhead: per-Aristocrates, with some thirty lit candles,' at Hesdin, on the haps here or there a timorous householder peering out of win-far North-West. "The garrison of Bitche," Deputy Rewbell is dow, with prayer for Bouille; copious Rascality, on the pave-sorry to state, "went out of the town, with drums beating; 227

deposed its officers; and then returned into the town, sabre in prehension, with mutual exasperation.

hand." (Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. vii. 29).) Ought not a National It was but in these days that certain Austrian troops, march-Assembly to occupy itself with these objects? Military France ing peaceably across an angle of this region, seemed an Inva-is everywhere full of sour inflammatory humour, which exhales sion realised; and there rushed towards Stenai, with musket itself fuliginously, this way or that: a whole continent of smok-on shoulder, from all the winds, some thirty thousand National ing flax; which, blown on here or there by any angry wind, Guards, to inquire what the matter was. (Moniteur, Seance du might so easily start into a blaze, into a continent of fire!

9 Aout 1790.) A matter of mere diplomacy it proved; the Aus-Constitutional Patriotism is in deep natural alarm at these trian Kaiser, in haste to get to Belgium, had bargained for this things. The august Assembly sits diligently deliberating; dare short cut. The infinite dim movement of European Politics waved nowise resolve, with Mirabeau, on an instantaneous disbanda skirt over these spaces, passing on its way; like the passing ment and extinction; finds that a course of palliatives is easier.

shadow of a condor; and such a winged flight of thirty thou-But at least and lowest, this grievance of the Arrears shall be sand, with mixed cackling and crowing, rose in consequence!

rectified. A plan, much noised of in those days, under the name For, in addition to all, this people, as we said, is much divided:

'Decree of the Sixth of August,' has been devised for that. In-Aristocrats abound; Patriotism has both Aristocrats and Aus-spectors shall visit all armies; and, with certain elected corpo-trians to watch. It is Lorraine, this region; not so illuminated rals and 'soldiers able to write,' verify what arrears and pecula-as old France: it remembers ancient Feudalisms; nay, within tions do lie due, and make them good. Well, if in this way the man's

memory, it had a Court and King of its own, or indeed smoky heat be cooled down; if it be not, as we say, ventilated the splendour of a Court and King, without the burden. Then, overmuch, or, by sparks and collision somewhere, sent up!

contrariwise, the Mother Society, which sits in the Jacobins Church at Paris, has Daughters in the Towns here; shrill-tongued, ***Chapter 2.2.IV.***

driven acrid: consider how the memory of good King Stanislaus, and ages of Imperial Feudalism, may comport with this New ***Arrears at Nanci.***

acrid Evangel, and what a virulence of discord there may be! In all which, the Soldiery, officers on one side, private men on We are to remark, however, that of all districts, this of Bouille's the other, takes part, and now indeed principal part; a Sol-seems the inflammablest. It was always to Bouille and Metz diery, moreover, all the hotter here as it lies the denser, the that Royalty would fly: Austria lies near; here more than else-frontier Province requiring more of it.

where must the disunited People look over the borders, into a So stands Lorraine: but the capital City, more especially so.

dim sea of Foreign Politics and Diplomacies, with hope or ap-The pleasant City of Nanci, which faded Feudalism loves, where 228

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King Stanislaus personally dwelt and shone, has an Aristocrat mostly quiet; not so the Daughter Society, the five thousand Municipality, and then also a Daughter Society: it has some adult male Patriots of the place, still less the five thousand forty thousand divided souls of population; and three large female: not so the young, whiskered or whiskerless, four-gen-Regiments, one of which is Swiss Chateau-Vieux, dear to Pa-eration Noblesse in epaulettes; the grim Patriot Swiss of Cha-triotism ever since it refused fighting, or was thought to refuse, teau-Vieux, effervescent infantry of Regiment du Roi, hot in the Bastille days. Here unhappily all evil influences seem to troopers of Mestre-de-Camp! Walled Nanci, which stands so meet

concentered; here, of all places, may jealousy and heat bright and trim, with its straight streets, spacious squares, evolve itself. These many months, accordingly, man has been and Stanislaus' Architecture, on the fruitful alluvium of the set against man, Washed against Unwashed; Patriot Soldier Meurthe; so bright, amid the yellow cornfields in these Reaper-against Aristocrat Captain, ever the more bitterly; and a long Months,—is inwardly but a den of discord, anxiety, inflamma-score of grudges has been running up.

bility, not far from exploding. Let Bouille look to it. If that Nameable grudges, and likewise unnameable: for there is a universal military heat, which we liken to a vast continent of punctual nature in Wrath; and daily, were there but glances of smoking flax, do any where take fire, his beard, here in Lorraine the eye, tones of the voice, and minutest commissions or omis-and Nanci, may the most readily of all get singed by it.

sions, it will jot down somewhat, to account, under the head Bouille, for his part, is busy enough, but only with the gen-of sundries, which always swells the sum-total. For example, eral superintendence; getting his pacified Salm, and all other in April last, in those times of preliminary Federation, when still tolerable Regiments, marched out of Metz, to southward National Guards and Soldiers were every where swearing broth-towns and villages; to rural Cantonments as at Vic, Marsal and erhood, and all France was locally federating, preparing for thereabout, by the still waters; where is plenty of horse-for-the grand National Feast of Pikes, it was observed that these age, sequestered parade-ground, and the soldier's speculative Nanci Officers threw cold water on the whole brotherly busi-faculty can be stilled by drilling. Salm, as we said, received ness; that they first hung back from appearing at the Nanci only half payment of arrears; naturally not without grumbling.

Federation; then did appear, but in mere redingote and un-Nevertheless that scene of the drawn sword may, after all, have dress, with scarcely a clean shirt on; nay that one of them, as raised Bouille in the mind of Salm; for men and soldiers love the National Colours flaunted by in that solemn moment, did, intrepidity and swift inflexible decision, even when they suf-

without visible necessity, take occasion to spit. (Deux Amis, fer by it. As indeed is not this fundamentally the quality of v. 217.)

qualities for a man? A quality which by itself is next to noth-Small 'sundries as per journal,' but then incessant ones! The ing, since inferior animals, asses, dogs, even mules have it; Aristocrat Municipality, pretending to be Constitutional, keeps yet, in due combination, it is the indispensable basis of all.

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The French Revolution

Of Nanci and its heats, Bouille, commander of the whole, So that when it here as elsewhere comes to the question of knows nothing special; understands generally that the troops Arrears, the humour and procedure is of the bitterest: Regi-in that City are perhaps the worst. (Bouille, i. c. 9.) The Offic-ment Mestre-de-Camp getting, amid loud clamour, some three ers there have it all, as they have long had it, to themselves; gold louis a-man, —which have, as usual, to be borrowed from and unhappily seem to manage it ill. 'Fifty yellow furloughs,'

the Municipality; Swiss Chateau-Vieux applying for the like, given out in one batch, do surely betoken difficulties. But but getting instead instantaneous courrois, or cat-o'-nine-tails, what was Patriotism to think of certain light-fencing Fusileers with subsequent unsufferable hisses from the women and chil-

'set on,' or supposed to be set on, 'to insult the Grenadier-dren; Regiment du Roi, sick of hope deferred, at length seizing club,' considerate speculative Grenadiers, and that reading-room its military chest, and marching it to quarters, but next day of theirs? With shoutings, with hootings; till the speculative marching it back again, through streets all struck silent:—

Grenadier drew his side-arms too; and there ensued battery unordered paradings and clamours, not without strong liquor; and duels! Nay more,

are not swashbucklers of the same stamp objurgation, insubordination; your military ranked Arrange-

'sent out' visibly, or sent out presumably, now in the dress of ment going all (as the Typographers say of set types, in a Soldiers to pick quarrels with the Citizens; now, disguised as similar case) rapidly to pie! (Deux Amis, v. c. 8.) Such is Nanci Citizens, to pick quarrels with the Soldiers? For a certain in these early days of August; the sublime Feast of Pikes not Roussiere, expert in fence, was taken in the very fact; four yet a month old.

Officers (presumably of tender years) hounding him on, who Constitutional Patriotism, at Paris and elsewhere, may well thereupon fled precipitately! Fence-master Roussiere, haled quake at the news. War-Minister Latour du Pin runs breathless to the guardhouse, had sentence of three months' imprison-to the National Assembly, with a written message that 'all is ment: but his comrades demanded 'yellow furlough' for him of burning, tout brule, tout presse.' The National Assembly, on all persons; nay, thereafter they produced him on parade; spur of the instant, renders such Decret, and 'order to submit capped him in paper-helmet inscribed, Iscariot; marched him and repent,' as he requires; if it will avail any thing. On the to the gate of City; and there sternly commanded him to van-other hand, Journalism, through all its throats, gives hoarse ish for evermore.

outcry, condemnatory, elegiac-applausive. The Forty-eight SecOn all which suspicions, accusations and noisy procedure, tions, lift up voices; sonorous Brewer, or call him now Colonel and on enough of the like continually accumulating, the Of-Santerre, is not silent, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. For, ficer could not but look with disdainful indignation; perhaps meanwhile, the Nanci Soldiers have sent a Deputation of Ten, disdainfully express the same in words, and 'soon after fly furnished with documents and proofs; who will tell another over to the Austrians.'

story than the 'all-is-burning' one. Which deputed Ten, before 230

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ever they reach the Assembly Hall, assiduous Latour du Pin On Tuesday the 24th of August, 1790, he opens session as picks up, and on warrant of Mayor Bailly, claps in prison! Most Inspecting Commissioner; meets those 'elected corporals, and unconstitutionally; for they had officers' furloughs. Whereupon soldiers that can write.' He finds the accounts of Chateau-Vieux Saint-Antoine, in indignant uncertainty of the future, closes to be complex; to require delay and reference: he takes to ha-its shops. Is Bouille a traitor then, sold to Austria? In that ranguing, to reprimanding; ends amid audible grumbling. Next case, these poor private sentinels have revolted mainly out of morning, he resumes session, not at the Townhall as prudent Patriotism?

Municipals counselled, but once more at the barracks. Unfortu-New Deputation, Deputation of National Guardsmen now, nately Chateau-Vieux, grumbling all night, will now hear of no sets forth from Nanci to enlighten the Assembly. It meets the delay or reference; from reprimanding on his part, it goes to old deputed Ten returning, quite unexpectedly unhanged; and bullying,—answered with continual cries of "Jugez tout de suite, proceeds thereupon with better prospects; but effects noth-Judge it at once;" whereupon M. de Malseigne will off in a huff.

ing. Deputations, Government Messengers, Orderlies at hand-But lo, Chateau Vieux, swarming all about the barrack-court, gallops, Alarms, thousand-voiced Rumours, go vibrating con-has sentries at every gate; M. de Malseigne, demanding egress, tinually; backwards and forwards,—scattering distraction. Not cannot get it, though Commandant Denoue backs him; can get till the last week of August does M. de Malseigne, selected as only "Jugez tout de suite." Here is a nodus!

Inspector, get down to the scene of mutiny; with Authority, Bull-hearted M. de Malseigne draws his sword; and will force with cash, and 'Decree of the Sixth of August.' He now shall egress. Confused splutter. M. de Malseigne's sword breaks; he see these Arrears liquidated, justice done, or at least tumult snatches Commandant Denoue's: the sentry is wounded. M. de quashed.

Malseigne, whom one is loath to kill, does force egress,—followed by Chateau-Vieux all in disarray; a spectacle to Nanci.

Chapter 2.2.V.

M. de Malseigne walks at a sharp pace, yet never runs; wheeling from time to time, with menaces and movements of fence; ***Inspector Malseigne***

and so reaches Denoue's house, unhurt; which house Chateau-Vieux, in an agitated manner, invests,—hindered as yet from Of Inspector Malseigne we discern, by direct light, that he is entering, by a crowd of officers formed on the staircase. M. de

'of Herculean stature;' and infer, with probability, that he is of Malseigne retreats by back ways to the Townhall, flustered truculent moustachioed aspect,—for Royalist Officers now leave though undaunted; amid an escort of National Guards. From the upper lip unshaven; that he is of indomitable bull-heart; the Townhall he, on the morrow, emits fresh orders, fresh plans and also, unfortunately, of thick bull-head.

of settlement with Chateau-Vieux; to none of which will Cha-231

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teau-Vieux listen: whereupon finally he, amid noise enough, morning answers its Officers: "Pay us, then; and we will march emits order that Chateau-Vieux shall march on the morrow with you to the world's end!"

morning, and quarter at Sarre Louis. Chateau-Vieux flatly re-Under which circumstances, towards noon on Saturday, M.

fuses marching; M. de Malseigne 'takes act,' due notarial pro-de Malseigne thinks it were good perhaps to inspect the ram-test, of such refusal,—if happily that may avail him.

parts,—on horseback. He mounts, accordingly, with escort of This is end of Thursday; and, indeed, of M. de Malseigne's three troopers. At the gate of

the city, he bids two of them Inspectorship, which has lasted some fifty hours. To such wait for his return; and with the third, a trooper to be de-length, in fifty hours, has he unfortunately brought it. Mestre-pended upon, he—gallops off for Luneville; where lies a cer-de-Camp and Regiment du Roi hang, as it were, fluttering: Cha-tain Carabineer Regiment not yet in a mutinous state! The two teau-Vieux is clean gone, in what way we see. Over night, an left troopers soon get uneasy; discover how it is, and give the Aide-de-Camp of Lafayette's, stationed here for such emergency, alarm. Mestre-de-Camp, to the number of a hundred, saddles sends swift emissaries far and wide, to summon National Guards.

in frantic haste, as if sold to Austria; gallops out pellmell in The slumber of the country is broken by clattering hoofs, by chase of its Inspector. And so they spur, and the Inspector loud fraternal knockings; every where the Constitutional Pa-spurs; careering, with noise and jingle, up the valley of the triot must clutch his fighting-gear, and take the road for Nanci.

River Meurthe, towards Luneville and the midday sun: through And thus the Herculean Inspector has sat all Thursday, among an astonished country; indeed almost their own astonishment.

terrorstruck Municipals, a centre of confused noise: all Thurs-What a hunt, Actaeon-like;—which Actaeon de Malseigne day, Friday, and till Saturday towards noon. Chateau-Vieux, in happily gains! To arms, ye Carabineers of Luneville: to chastise spite of the notarial protest, will not march a step. As many as mutinous men, insulting your General Officer, insulting your four thousand National Guards are dropping or pouring in; own quarters;—above all things, fire soon, lest there be par-uncertain what is expected of them, still more uncertain what leying and ye refuse to fire! The Carabineers fire soon, explod-will be obtained of them. For all is uncertainty, commotion, ing upon the first stragglers of Mestre-de-Camp; who shrink at and suspicion: there goes a word that Bouille, beginning to the very flash, and fall back hastily on Nanci, in a state not far bestir himself in the rural Cantonments eastward, is but a Roy-from distraction. Panic and fury: sold to Austria without an if; alist traitor; that Chateau-Vieux and Patriotism are sold to so much per regiment, the very sums can

be specified; and Austria, of which latter M. de Malseigne is probably some agent.

traitorous Malseigne is fled! Help, O Heaven; help, thou Earth,—

Mestre-de-Camp and Roi flutter still more questionably: Cha-ye unwashed Patriots; ye too are sold like us!

teau-Vieux, far from marching, 'waves red flags out of two Effervescent Regiment du Roi primes its firelocks, Mestre-carriages,' in a passionate manner, along the streets; and next de-Camp saddles wholly: Commandant Denoue is seized, is flung 232

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in prison with a 'canvass shirt' (sarreau de toile) about him; Inspector Malseigne. (Deux Amis, v. 206-251; Newspapers and Chateau-Vieux bursts up the magazines; distributes 'three Documents (in Hist. Parl. vii. 59-162.) thousand fusils' to a Patriot people: Austria shall have a hot Surely it is time Bouille were drawing near. The Country all bargain. Alas, the unhappy hunting-dogs, as we said, have round, alarmed with watchfires, illuminated towns, and march-hunted away their huntsman; and do now run howling and ing and rout, has been sleepless these several nights. Nanci, baying, on what trail they know not; nigh rabid!

with its uncertain National Guards, with its distributed fusils, And so there is tumultuous march of men, through the night; mutinous soldiers, black panic and redhot ire, is not a City but with halt on the heights of Flinval, whence Luneville can be a Bedlam.

seen all illuminated. Then there is parley, at four in the morning; and reparley; finally there is agreement: the Carabineers ***Chapter 2.2.VI.***

give in; Malseigne is surrendered, with apologies on all sides.

After weary confused hours, he is even got under way; the ***Bouille at Nanci.***

Lunevillers all turning out, in the idle Sunday, to see such departure: homegoing of mutinous Mestre-de-Camp with its In-Haste with help, thou brave Bouille: if swift help come not, all spector captive. Mestre-de-Camp accordingly marches; the is now verily 'burning;' and may burn,—to what lengths and Lunevillers look. See! at the corner of the first street, our In-breadths! Much, in these hours, depends on Bouille; as it shall spector bounds off again, bull-hearted as he is; amid the slash now fare with him, the whole Future may be this way or be of sabres, the crackle of musketry; and escapes, full gallop, that. If, for example, he were to loiter dubitating, and not with only a ball lodged in his buff-jerkin. The Herculean man!

come: if he were to come, and fail: the whole Soldiery of France And yet it is an escape to no purpose. For the Carabineers, to to blaze into mutiny, National Guards going some this way, whom after the hardest Sunday's ride on record, he has come some that; and Royalism to draw its rapier, and Sansculottism circling back, 'stand deliberating by their nocturnal watchfires;'

to snatch its pike; and the Spirit if Jacobinism, as yet young, deliberating of Austria, of traitors, and the rage of Mestre-de-girt with sun-rays, to grow instantaneously mature, girt with Camp. So that, on the whole, the next sight we have is that of hellfire,—as mortals, in one night of deadly crisis, have had M. de Malseigne, on the Monday afternoon, faring bull-hearted their heads turned gray!

through the streets of Nanci; in open carriage, a soldier stand-Brave Bouille is advancing fast, with the old inflexibility; ing over him with drawn sword; amid the 'furies of the women,'

gathering himself, unhappily 'in small affluences,' from East, hedges of National Guards, and confusion of Babel: to the Prison from West and North; and now on Tuesday morning, the last beside Commandant Denoue! That finally is the lodging of day of the month, he stands all concentred, unhappily still in 233

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small force, at the village of Frouarde, within some few miles.

the decrees of Destiny. Which terms as they, the Mutineer depu-Son of Adam with a more dubious task before him is not in the ties, seemingly do not accept, it were good for them to vanish world this Tuesday morning. A weltering inflammable sea of from this spot, and even promptly; with him too, in few in-doubt and peril, and Bouille sure of simply one thing, his own stants, the word will be, Forward! The Mutineer deputies van- determination. Which one thing, indeed, may be worth many.

ish, not unpromptly; the Municipal ones, anxious beyond right He puts a most firm face on the matter: 'Submission, or unfor their own individualities, prefer abiding with Bouille.

sparing battle and destruction; twenty-four hours to make Brave Bouille, though he puts a most firm face on the mat-your choice:' this was the tenor of his Proclamation; thirty ter, knows his position full well: how at Nanci, what with re-copies of which he sent yesterday to Nanci:—all which, we bellious soldiers, with uncertain National Guards, and so many find, were intercepted and not posted. (Compare Bouille, distributed fusils, there rage and roar some ten thousand fight-Memoires, i. 153-176; Deux Amis, v. 251-271; Hist. Parl. ubi ing men; while with himself is scarcely the third part of that supra.)

number, in National Guards also uncertain, in mere pacified Nevertheless, at half-past eleven, this morning, seemingly Regiments,—for the present full of rage, and clamour to march; by way of answer, there does wait on him at Frouarde, some but whose rage and clamour may next moment take such a Deputation from the mutinous Regiments, from the Nanci fatal new figure. On the top of one uncertain billow, therewith Municipals, to see what can be done. Bouille receives this Depu-to calm billows! Bouille must 'abandon himself to Fortune;'

tation, 'in a large open court adjoining his lodging:' pacified who is said sometimes to favour the brave. At half-past twelve, Salm, and the rest, attend also, being invited to do it,—all the Mutineer deputies having

vanished, our drums beat; we happily still in the right humour. The Mutineers pronounce march: for Nanci! Let Nanci bethink itself, then; for Bouille has themselves with a decisiveness, which to Bouille seems inso- thought and determined.

lence; and happily to Salm also. Salm, forgetful of the Metz And yet how shall Nanci think: not a City but a Bedlam!

staircase and sabre, demands that the scoundrels 'be hanged'

Grim Chateau-Vieux is for defence to the death; forces the there and then. Bouille represses the hanging; but answers Municipality to order, by tap of drum, all citizens acquainted that mutinous Soldiers have one course, and not more than with artillery to turn out, and assist in managing the cannon.

one: To liberate, with heartfelt contrition, Messieurs Denoue On the other hand, effervescent Regiment du Roi, is drawn up and de Malseigne; to get ready forthwith for marching off, in its barracks; quite disconsolate, hearing the humour Salm is whither he shall order; and 'submit and repent,' as the Na-in; and ejaculates dolefully from its thousand throats: "La loi, tional Assembly has decreed, as he yesterday did in thirty la loi, Law, law!" Mestre-de-Camp blusters, with profane swear-printed Placards proclaim. These are his terms, unalterable as ing, in mixed terror and furor; National Guards look this way 234

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and that, not knowing what to do. What a Bedlam-City: as tuous inflammable masses, tumbling along, making way for many plans as heads; all ordering, none obeying: quiet none,—

each other; this of keen nitrous oxide, that of sulphurous fire-except the Dead, who sleep underground, having done their damp,—were it not well to stand between them, keeping them fighting!

well separate, till the space be cleared? Numerous stragglers of And, behold, Bouille proves as good as his word: 'at half-Chateau-Vieux and the

rest have not marched with their main past two' scouts report that he is within half a league of the columns, which are filing out by the appointed Gates, taking gates; rattling along, with cannon, and array; breathing noth- station in the open meadows. National Guards are in a state of ing but destruction. A new Deputation, Municipals, Mutineers, nearly distracted uncertainty; the populace, armed and un-Officers, goes out to meet him; with passionate entreaty for harmed, roll openly delirious,—betrayed, sold to the Austri-yet one other hour. Bouille grants an hour. Then, at the end ans, sold to the Aristocrats. There are loaded cannon with lit thereof, no Denoue or Malseigne appearing as promised, he matches among them, and Bouille's vanguard is halted within rolls his drums, and again takes the road. Towards four o'clock, thirty paces of the Gate. Command dwells not in that mad the terrorstruck Townsmen may see him face to face. His can- inflammable mass; which smoulders and tumbles there, in blind nons rattle there, in their carriages; his vanguard is within thirty smoky rage; which will not open the Gate when summoned; paces of the Gate Stanislaus. Onward like a Planet, by appointed says it will open the cannon's throat sooner!—Cannonade not, times, by law of Nature! What next? Lo, flag of truce and O Friends, or be it through my body! cries heroic young Desilles, chamade; conjuration to halt: Malseigne and Denoue are on young Captain of Roi, clasping the murderous engine in his the street, coming hither; the soldiers all repentant, ready to arms, and holding it. Chateau-Vieux Swiss, by main force, with submit and march! Adamantine Bouille's look alters not; yet oaths and menaces, wrench off the heroic youth; who un-the word Halt is given: gladder moment he never saw. Joy of daunted, amid still louder oaths seats himself on the touch-joys! Malseigne and Denoue do verily issue; escorted by Na-hole. Amid still louder oaths; with ever louder clangour,—and, tional Guards; from streets all frantic, with sale to Austria and alas, with the loud crackle of first one, and then three other so forth: they salute Bouille, unscathed. Bouille steps aside to muskets; which explode into his body; which roll it in the speak with them, and with other heads of the Town there; dust,—and do also, in the loud madness of such moment, bring having already ordered by what Gates and Routes the muti- lit cannon-match to ready priming; and so, with one thunder-neer Regiments shall file out.

ous belch of grapeshot, blast some fifty of Bouille's vanguard Such colloquy with these two General Officers and other prin-into air!

cipal Townsmen, was natural enough; nevertheless one wishes Fatal! That sputter of the first musket-shot has kindled such Bouille had postponed it, and not stepped aside. Such tumul-a cannon-shot, such a death-blaze; and all is now redhot mad-235

ness, conflagration as of Tophet. With demoniac rage, the favoured of Fortune, finally triumphs. In two murderous hours Bouille vanguard storms through that Gate Stanislaus; with he has penetrated to the grand Squares, dauntless, though fiery sweep, sweeps Mutiny clear away, to death, or into shel-with loss of forty officers and five hundred men: the shattered ters and cellars; from which latter, again, Mutiny continues remnants of Chateau-Vieux are seeking covert. Regiment du firing. The ranked Regiments hear it in their meadow; they Roi, not effervescent now, alas no, but having effervesced, will rush back again through the nearest Gates; Bouille gallops in, offer to ground its arms; will 'march in a quarter of an hour.'

distracted, inaudible;—and now has begun, in Nanci, as in that Nay these poor effervesced require 'escort' to march with, and doomed Hall of the Nibelungen, 'a murder grim and great.'

get it; though they are thousands strong, and have thirty Miserable: such scene of dismal aimless madness as the an-ball-cartridges a man! The Sun is not yet down, when Peace, ger of Heaven but rarely permits among men! From cellar or which might have come bloodless, has come bloody: the muti-from garret, from open street in front, from successive corners nous Regiments are on march, doleful, on their three Routes; of cross-streets on each hand, Chateau-Vieux and Patriotism and from Nanci rises wail of women and men, the voice of weep-keep up the murderous rolling-fire, on murderous not Unpatri-ing and desolation; the City weeping for its slain who awaken otic fires. Your blue National Captain, riddled with balls, not. These streets are empty but for victorious patrols.

oneknows on whose side fighting, requests to be laid on the Thus has Fortune, favouring the brave, dragged Bouille, as colours to die: the patriotic Woman (name not given, deed himself says, out of such a frightful peril, 'by the hair of the surviving) screams to Chateau-Vieux that it must not fire the head.' An intrepid adamantine man this Bouille:—had he stood other cannon; and even flings a pail of water on it, since screamin old Broglie's place, in those Bastille days, it might have been ing avails not. (Deux Amis, v. 268.) Thou shalt fight; thou all different! He has extinguished mutiny, and immeasurable shalt not fight; and with whom shalt thou fight! Could tumult civil war. Not for nothing, as we see; yet at a rate which he and awaken the old Dead, Burgundian Charles the Bold might stir Constitutional Patriotism considers cheap. Nay, as for Bouille, from under that Rotunda of his: never since he, raging, sank in he, urged by subsequent contradiction which arose, declares the ditches, and lost Life and Diamond, was such a noise heard coldly, it was rather against his own private mind, and more here.

by public military rule of duty, that he did extinguish it, Three thousand, as some count, lie mangled, gory; the half (Bouille, i. 175.)—immeasurable civil war being now the only of Chateau-Vieux has been shot, without need of Court Marchance. Urged, we say, by subsequent contradiction! Civil war, tial. Cavalry, of Mestre-de-Camp or their foes, can do little.

indeed, is Chaos; and in all vital Chaos, there is new Order shap-Regiment du Roi was persuaded to its barracks; stands there ing itself free: but what a faith this, that of all new Orders out palpitating. Bouille, armed with the terrors of the Law, and of Chaos and Possibility of Man and his Universe, Louis Six-236

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teenth and Two-Chamber Monarchy were precisely the one that very windows of the thanking National Assembly, demands would shape itself! It is like undertaking to throw deuce-ace, revenge for murdered Brothers, judgment on Bouille, and insay only five hundred successive times, and any other throw stant dismissal of War-Minister Latour du Pin.

to be fatal—for Bouille. Rather thank Fortune, and Heaven, At sound and sight of which things, if not War-Minister always, thou intrepid Bouille; and let contradiction of its way!

Latour, yet 'Adored Minister' Necker, sees good on the 3d of Civil war, conflagrating universally over France at this moment, September 1790, to withdraw softly almost privily,—with an might have led to one thing or to another thing: meanwhile, eye to the 'recovery of his health.' Home to native Switzer-to quench conflagration, wheresoever one finds it, wheresoland; not as he last came; lucky to reach it alive! Fifteen months ever one can; this, in all times, is the rule for man and General ago, we saw him coming, with escort of horse, with sound of Officer.

clarion and trumpet: and now at Arcis-sur-Aube, while he de-But at Paris, so agitated and divided, fancy how it went, parts unescorted soundless, the Populace and Municipals stop when the continually vibrating Orderlies vibrated thither at him as a fugitive, are not unlike massacring him as a traitor; hand gallop, with such questionable news! High is the gratu-the National Assembly, consulted on the matter, gives him lation; and also deep the indignation. An august Assembly, by free egress as a nullity. Such an unstable 'drift-mould of Acci-overwhelming majorities, passionately thanks Bouille; a King's dent' is the substance of this lower world, for them that dwell autograph, the voices of all Loyal, all Constitutional men run in houses of clay; so, especially in hot regions and times, do to the same tenor. A solemn National funeral-service, for the the proudest palaces we build of it take wings, and become Law-defenders slain at Nanci; is said and sung in the Champ de Sahara sand-palaces, spinning many pillared in the whirlwind, Mars; Bailly, Lafayette and National Guards, all except the few and bury us under their sand!—

that protested, assist. With pomp and circumstance, with epis-In spite of the forty thousand, the National Assembly per-copal Calicoes in tricolor girdles, Altar of Fatherland smoking sists in its thanks; and Royalist Latour du Pin continues Min-with cassolettes, or incense-kettles; the vast Champde-Mars ister. The forty thousand assemble next day, as loud as ever; wholly hung round with black mortcloth,—which mortcloth roll towards

Latour's Hotel; find cannon on the porch-steps and expenditure Marat thinks had better have been laid out with flambeau lit; and have to retire elsewhither, and digest in bread, in these dear days, and given to the hungry living their spleen, or reabsorb it into the blood.

Patriot. (Ami du Peuple (in Hist. Parl., ubi supra.) On the other Over in Lorraine, meanwhile, they of the distributed fusils, hand, living Patriotism, and Saint-Antoine, which we have seen ringleaders of Mestre-de-Camp, of Roi, have got marked out noisily closing its shops and such like, assembles now 'to the for judgment;—yet shall never get judged. Briefer is the doom number of forty thousand;' and, with loud cries, under the of Chateau-Vieux. Chateau-Vieux is, by Swiss law, given up for 237

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instant trial in Court-Martial of its own officers. Which Court-Daughter Society, recall the Mutineer Deserter; gradually lev-Martial, with all brevity (in not many hours), has hanged some elling, strive in all wise ways to smooth and soothe. With such Twenty-three, on conspicuous gibbets; marched some Three-gradual mild levelling on the one side; as with solemn funeral-score in chains to the Galleys; and so, to appearance, finished service, Cassolettes, Courts-Martial, National thanks,—all that the matter off. Hanged men do cease for ever from this Earth; Officiality can do is done. The buttonhole will drop its flat but out of chains and the Galleys there may be resuscitation ball; the black ashes, so far as may be, get green again.

in triumph. Resuscitation for the chained Hero; and even for This is the 'Affair of Nanci;' by some called the 'Massacre of the chained Scoundrel, or Semi-scoundrel! Scottish John Knox, Nanci;'—properly speaking, the unsightly wrong-side of that such World-Hero, as we know, sat once nevertheless pulling thrice glorious Feast of Pikes, the right-side of which formed a grim-taciturn at the oar of French Galley, 'in the Water of Lore;'

spectacle for the very gods. Right-side and wrong lie always so and even flung their Virgin-Mary over, instead of kissing her,—

near: the one was in July, in August the other! Theatres, the as 'a pented bredd,' or timber Virgin, who could naturally swim.

theatres over in London, are bright with their pasteboard (Knox's History of the Reformation, b. i.) So, ye of Chateau-simulacrum of that 'Federation of the French People,' brought Vieux, tug patiently, not without hope!

out as Drama: this of Nanci, we may say, though not played in But indeed at Nanci generally, Aristocracy rides triumphant, any pasteboard Theatre, did for many months enact itself, and rough. Bouille is gone again, the second day; an Aristocrat even walk spectrally—in all French heads. For the news of it Municipality, with free course, is as cruel as it had before been fly pealing through all France; awakening, in town and village, cowardly. The Daughter Society, as the mother of the whole in clubroom, messroom, to the utmost borders, some mimic mischief, lies ignominiously suppressed; the Prisons can hold reflex or imaginative repetition of the business; always with no more; bereaved down-beaten Patriotism murmurs, not loud the angry questionable assertion: It was right; It was wrong.

but deep. Here and in the neighbouring Towns, 'flattened balls'

Whereby come controversies, duels, embitterment, vain jargon; picked from the streets of Nanci are worn at buttonholes: balls the hastening forward, the augmenting and intensifying of flattened in carrying death to Patriotism; men wear them there, whatever new explosions lie in store for us.

in perpetual memento of revenge. Mutineer Deserters roam Meanwhile, at this cost or at that, the mutiny, as we say, is the woods; have to demand charity at the musket's end. All is stilled. The French Army has neither burst up in universal si-dissolution, mutual rancour, gloom and despair:—till National-multaneous delirium; nor been at once disbanded, put an end Assembly Commissioners arrive, with a steady gentle flame of to, and made new again. It must die in the chronic manner, Constitutionalism in their hearts; who gently lift up the down-through years, by inches; with partial

revolts, as of Brest Sail-trodden, gently pull down the too uplifted; reinstate the ors or the like, which dare not spread; with men unhappy, 238

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insubordinate; officers unhappier, in Royalist moustachioes, isolated inactive thou shalt nowhere discover; seek every where taking horse, singly or in bodies, across the Rhine: (See from the granite mountain, slow-mouldering since Creation, Dampmartin, i. 249, &c. &c.) sick dissatisfaction, sick disgust to the passing cloud-vapour, to the living man; to the action, on both sides; the Army moribund, fit for no duty:—till it do, to the spoken word of man. The word that is spoken, as we in that unexpected manner, Phoenix-like, with long throes, know, flies-irrevocable: not less, but more, the action that is get both dead and newborn; then start forth strong, nay stron-done. 'The gods themselves,' sings Pindar, 'cannot annihilate ger and even strongest.

the action that is done.' No: this, once done, is done always; Thus much was the brave Bouille hitherto fated to do. Where-cast forth into endless Time; and, long conspicuous or soon with let him again fade into dimness; and at Metz or the rural hidden, must verily work and grow for ever there, an inde-Cantonments, assiduously drilling, mysteriously diplomatising, structible new element in the Infinite of Things. Or, indeed, in scheme within scheme, hover as formerly a faint shadow, what is this Infinite of Things itself, which men name Uni-the hope of Royalty.

verse, but an action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities?

The living ready-made sum-total of these three,—which Cal-BOOK 2.III.

culation cannot add, cannot bring on its tablets; yet the sum, we say, is written visible: All that has been done, All that is ***THE TUILERIES***

doing, All that will be done! Understand it well, the Thing thou beholdest, that Thing is an Action, the product and ex-Chapter 2.3.I.

pression of exerted Force: the All of Things is an infinite con-jugation of the verb To do. Shoreless Fountain-Ocean of Force, ***Epimenides.***

of power to do; wherein Force rolls and circles, billowing, many-streamed, harmonious; wide as Immensity, deep as Eternity; How true that there is nothing dead in this Universe; that beautiful and terrible, not to be comprehended: this is what what we call dead is only changed, its forces working in in-man names Existence and Universe; this thousand-tinted Flame-verse order! 'The leaf that lies rotting in moist winds,' says image, at once veil and revelation, reflex such as he, in his one, 'has still force; else how could it rot?' Our whole Universe poor brain and heart, can paint, of One Unnameable dwelling is but an infinite Complex of Forces; thousandfold, from Gravi-in inaccessible light! From beyond the Star-galaxies, from betation up to Thought and Will; man's Freedom environed with fore the Beginning of Days, it billows and rolls,—round thee, Necessity of Nature: in all which nothing at any moment slum-nay thyself art of it, in this point of Space where thou now bers, but all is for ever awake and busy. The thing that lies standest, in this moment which thy clock measures.

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Or apart from all Transcendentalism, is it not a plain truth of willingly: ah, no; but it could not help coming. The golden sense, which the duller mind can even consider as a truism, radiance of youth, would it willingly have tarnished itself into that human things wholly are in continual movement, and ac-the dimness of old age?—Fearful: how we stand enveloped, tion and reaction; working continually forward, phasis after deep-sunk, in that Mystery of Time; and are Sons of Time; phasis, by unalterable laws, towards prescribed issues? How fashioned and woven out of Time; and on us, and on all that often must we say, and yet not rightly lay to heart: The seed we have, or see, or do, is written: Rest not, Continue not, For-that is sown, it will spring! Given the summer's blossoming, ward to thy doom!

then there is also given the autumnal withering: so is it or-But in seasons of Revolution, which indeed distinguish them-dered not with seedfields only, but with transactions, arrange-selves from common seasons by their velocity mainly, your ments, philosophies, societies, French Revolutions, whatsoever miraculous Seven-sleeper might, with miracle enough, wake man works with in this lower world. The Beginning holds in it sooner: not by the century, or seven years, need he sleep; of-the End, and all that leads thereto; as the acorn does the oak ten not by the seven months. Fancy, for example, some new and its fortunes. Solemn enough, did we think of it,— which Peter Klaus, sated with the jubilee of that Federation day, had unhappily and also happily we do not very much! Thou there lain down, say directly after the Blessing of Talleyrand; and, canst begin; the Beginning is for thee, and there: but where, reckoning it all safe now, had fallen composedly asleep under and of what sort, and for whom will the End be? All grows, and the timber-work of the Fatherland's Altar; to sleep there, not seeks and endures its destinies: consider likewise how much twenty-one years, but as it were year and day. The cannonad-grows, as the trees do, whether we think of it or not. So that ing of Nanci, so far off, does not disturb him; nor does the when your Epimenides, your somnolent Peter Klaus, since black mortcloth, close at hand, nor the requiems chanted, and named Rip van Winkle, awakens again, he finds it a changed minute guns, incense-pans and concourse right over his head: world. In that seven-years' sleep of his, so much has changed!

none of these; but Peter sleeps through them all. Through one All that is without us will change while we think not of it; circling year, as we say; from July 14th of 1790, till July the much even that is within us. The truth that was yesterday a 17th of 1791: but on that latter day, no Klaus, nor most leaden restless Problem, has to-day grown a Belief burning to be ut-Epimenides, only the Dead could continue sleeping; and so tered: on the morrow, contradiction has exasperated it into our miraculous Peter Klaus awakens. With what eyes, O Peter!

mad Fanaticism; obstruction has dulled it into sick Inertness; Earth and sky have still their joyous July look, and the Champ-it is sinking towards silence, of satisfaction or of resignation.

de-Mars is multitudinous with men: but the jubilee-huzzahing To-day is not Yesterday, for man or for thing. Yesterday there has become Bedlam-shrieking, of terror and revenge; not bless-was the oath of Love; today has come the curse of Hate. Not ing of Talleyrand, or any blessing, but cursing, imprecation 240

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and shrill wail; our cannon-salvoes are turned to sharp shot; astonishment that the Federation Oath went into grapeshot, for swinging of incense-pans and Eighty-three Departmental surely of all persons the French, first swearers and then shoot-Banners, we have waving of the one sanguinous Drapeau-ers, felt astonished the most.

Rouge.—Thou foolish Klaus! The one lay in the other, the one Alas, offences must come. The sublime Feast of Pikes, with was the other minus Time; even as Hannibal's rock-rending its effulgence of brotherly love, unknown since the Age of Gold, vinegar lay in the sweet new wine. That sweet Federation was has changed nothing. That prurient heat in Twenty-five mil- of last year; this sour Divulsion is the self-same substance, lions of hearts is not cooled thereby; but is still hot, nay hot-only older by the appointed days.

ter. Lift off the pressure of command from so many millions; No miraculous Klaus or Epimenides sleeps in these times: all pressure or binding rule, except such melodramatic Federa-and yet, may not many a man, if of due opacity and levity, act tion Oath as they have bound themselves with! For 'Thou shalt'

the same miracle in a natural way; we mean, with his eyes was from of old the condition of man's being, and his weal and open? Eyes has he, but he sees not, except what is under his blessedness was in obeying that. Wo for him when, were it on nose. With a sparkling briskness of glance, as if he not only hest of the clearest necessity, rebellion, disloyal isolation, and saw but saw through, such a one goes whisking, assiduous, in mere 'I will', becomes his rule! But the Gospel of Jean-Jacques his circle of officialities; not

dreaming but that it is the whole has come, and the first Sacrament of it has been celebrated: all world: as, indeed, where your vision terminates, does not inan-things, as we say, are got into hot and hotter prurience; and ity begin there, and the world's end clearly declares itself—to must go on pruriently fermenting, in continual change noted you? Whereby our brisk sparkling assiduous official person or unnoted.

(call him, for instance, Lafayette), suddenly startled, after year

'Worn out with disgusts,' Captain after Captain, in Royalist and day, by huge grapeshot tumult, stares not less aston-moustachioes, mounts his warhorse, or his Rozinante war-ished at it than Peter Klaus would have done. Such natural-garron, and rides minatory across the Rhine; till all have rid-miracle Lafayette can perform; and indeed not he only but den. Neither does civic Emigration cease: Seigneur after most other officials, non-officials, and generally the whole Seigneur must, in like manner, ride or roll; impelled to it, and French People can perform it; and do bounce up, ever and anon, even compelled. For the very Peasants despise him in that he like amazed Seven-sleepers awakening; awakening amazed at dare not join his order and fight. (Dampmartin, passim.) Can the noise they themselves make. So strangely is Freedom, as he bear to have a Distaff, a Quenouille sent to him; say in we say, environed in Necessity; such a singular Somnambu-copper-plate shadow, by post; or fixed up in wooden reality lism, of Conscious and Unconscious, of Voluntary and Involun-over his gate-lintel: as if he were no Hercules but an Omphale?

tary, is this life of man. If any where in the world there was Such scutcheon they forward to him diligently from behind 241

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the Rhine; till he too bestir himself and march, and in sour soul or souls of man. The Hawkers bawl; and the Balladsingers: humour, another Lord of Land is gone, not taking the Land great Journalism blows and blusters, through all its throats, with him. Nay, what of Captains and emigrating Seigneurs?

forth from Paris towards all corners of France, like an Aeolus'

There is not an angry word on any of those Twenty-five mil-Cave; keeping alive all manner of fires.

lion French tongues, and indeed not an angry thought in their Throats or Journals there are, as men count, (Mercier, iii.

hearts, but is some fraction of the great Battle. Add many 163.) to the number of some hundred and thirty-three. Of successions of angry words together, you have the manual various calibre; from your Cheniers, Gorsases, Camilles, down brawl; add brawls together, with the festering sorrows they to your Marat, down now to your incipient Hebert of the Pere leave, and they rise to riots and revolts. One reverend thing Duchesne; these blow, with fierce weight of argument or quick after another ceases to meet reverence: in visible material com-light banter, for the Rights of man: Durosoys, Royous, Peltiers, bustion, chateau after chateau mounts up; in spiritual invis-Sulleaus, equally with mixed tactics, inclusive, singular to say, ible combustion, one authority after another. With noise and of much profane Parody, (See Hist. Parl. vii. 51.) are blowing glare, or noisily and unnoted, a whole Old System of things is for Altar and Throne. As for Marat the People's-Friend, his voice vanishing piecemeal: on the morrow thou shalt look and it is is as that of the bullfrog, or bittern by the solitary pools; he, not.

unseen of men, croaks harsh thunder, and that alone continually,—of indignation, suspicion, incurable sorrow. The People ***Chapter 2.3.II.***

are sinking towards ruin, near starvation itself: 'My dear friends,'

cries he, 'your indigence is not the fruit of vices nor of idle-The Wakeful.

ness, you have a right to life, as good as Louis XVI., or the happiest of the century. What man can say he has a right to Sleep who will, cradled in hope and short vision, like Lafayette, dine, when you have no bread?' (Ami du Peuple, No. 306. See

‘who always in the danger done sees the last danger that will other Excerpts in Hist. Parl. viii. 139-149, 428-433; ix. 85-93, threaten him,’— Time is not sleeping, nor Time’s seedfield.

&c.) The People sinking on the one hand: on the other hand, That sacred Herald’s-College of a new Dynasty; we mean the nothing but wretched Sieur Motiers, treasonous Riquetti Sixty and odd Billstickers with their leaden badges, are not Mirabeaus; traitors, or else shadows, and simulacra of Quacks, sleeping. Daily they, with pastepot and cross-staff, new clothe to be seen in high places, look where you will! Men that go the walls of Paris in colours of the rainbow: authoritative he-mincing, grimacing, with plausible speech and brushed raiment; raldic, as we say, or indeed almost magical thaumaturgic; for hollow within: Quacks Political; Quacks scientific, Academical; no Placard-Journal that they paste but will convince some all with a fellow-feeling for each other, and kind of Quack pub-242

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lic-spirit! Not great Lavoisier himself, or any of the Forty can what an August Assembly seemed to me to be doing; this and escape this rough tongue; which wants not fanatic sincerity, no other is the news;

nor, strangest of all, a certain rough caustic sense. And then the ‘three thousand gaming-houses’ that are in Paris; cess-

‘Now my weary lips I close;

pools for the scoundrelism of the world; sinks of iniquity and Leave me, leave me to repose.’

debauchery,—whereas without good morals Liberty is impossible! There, in these Dens of Satan, which one knows, and The good Dampmartin!—But, on the whole, are not Nations perseveringly denounces, do Sieur Motier’s mouchards consort astonishingly true to their National character; which indeed and colleague; battening vampyre-like on a People next-door runs in the blood? Nineteen hundred years ago, Julius Caesar, to starvation. ‘O

Peuple!' cries he oftimes, with heartrending with his quick sure eye, took note how the Gauls waylaid men.

accent. Treason, delusion, vampyrism, scoundrelism, from Dan

'It is a habit of theirs,' says he, 'to stop travellers, were it even to Beersheba! The soul of Marat is sick with the sight: but by constraint, and inquire whatsoever each of them may have what remedy? To erect 'Eight Hundred gibbets,' in convenient heard or known about any sort of matter: in their towns, the rows, and proceed to hoisting; 'Riquetti on the first of them!'

common people beset the passing trader; demanding to hear Such is the brief recipe of Marat, Friend of the People.

from what regions he came, what things he got acquainted So blow and bluster the Hundred and thirty-three: nor, as with there. Excited by which rumours and hearsays they will would seem, are these sufficient; for there are benighted nooks decide about the weightiest matters; and necessarily repent in France, to which Newspapers do not reach; and every where next moment that they did it, on such guidance of uncertain is 'such an appetite for news as was never seen in any country.'

reports, and many a traveller answering with mere fictions to Let an expeditious Dampmartin, on furlough, set out to re-please them, and get off.' (De Bello Gallico, iv. 5.) Nineteen turn home from Paris, (Dampmartin, i. 184.) he cannot get hundred years; and good Dampmartin, wayworn, in winter frost, along for 'peasants stopping him on the highway; overwhelm- probably with scant light of stars and fish-oil, still perorates ing him with questions:' the Maitre de Poste will not send out from the Inn-window! This People is no longer called Gaulish; the horses till you have well nigh quarrelled with him, but and it has wholly become braccatus, has got breeches, and asks always, What news? At Autun, 'in spite of the rigorous suffered change enough: certain fierce German Franken came frost' for it is now January, 1791, nothing will serve but you storming over; and, so to speak, vaulted on the back of it; and must gather your wayworn limbs, and

thoughts, and 'speak to always after, in their grim tenacious way, have ridden it bridled; the multitudes from a window opening into the marketplace.'

for German is, by his very name, Guerre-man, or man that wars It is the shortest method: This, good Christian people, is verily and gars. And so the People, as we say, is now called French or 243

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Frankish: nevertheless, does not the old Gaulish and Gaelic see all their own Clubs fail and die, Clubbism will naturally Celthood, with its vehemence, effervescent promptitude, and grow to seem the root of all evil. Nevertheless Clubbism is not what good and ill it had, still vindicate itself little adulter-death, but rather new organisation, and life out of death: de-ated?—

structive, indeed, of the remnants of the Old; but to the New For the rest, that in such prurient confusion, Clubbism thrives important, indispensable. That man can co-operate and hold and spreads, need not be said. Already the Mother of Patrio-communion with man, herein lies his miraculous strength. In tism, sitting in the Jacobins, shines supreme over all; and has hut or hamlet, Patriotism mourns not now like voice in the paled the poor lunar light of that Monarchic Club near to final desert: it can walk to the nearest Town; and there, in the Daugh-extinction. She, we say, shines supreme, girt with sunlight, ter-Society, make its ejaculation into an articulate oration, not yet with infernal lightning; reverenced, not without fear, into an action, guided forward by the Mother of Patriotism by Municipal Authorities; counting her Barnaves, Lameths, herself. All Clubs of Constitutionalists, and such like, fail, one Petions, of a National Assembly; most gladly of all, her after another, as shallow fountains: Jacobinism alone has gone Robespierre. Cordeliers, again, your Hebert, Vincent, Bibliopolist down to the deep subterranean lake of waters; and may, un-Momoro, groan audibly that a tyrannous Mayor and Sieur less filled in, flow there, copious, continual, like an Artesian Motier harrow them with the sharp tribula of Law, intent ap-well. Till the Great Deep have

drained itself up: and all be flooded parently to suppress them by tribulation. How the Jacobin and submerged, and Noah's Deluge out-deluged!

Mother-Society, as hinted formerly, sheds forth Cordeliers on On the other hand, Claude Fauchet, preparing mankind for a this hand, and then Feuillans on that; the Cordeliers on this Golden Age now apparently just at hand, has opened his Cercle hand, and then Feuillans on that; the Cordeliers 'an elixir or Social, with clerks, corresponding boards, and so forth; in the double-distillation of Jacobin Patriotism;' the other a wide-precincts of the Palais Royal. It is Te-Deum Fauchet; the same spread weak dilution thereof; how she will reabsorb the former who preached on Franklin's Death, in that huge Medicean ro-into her Mother-bosom, and stormfully dissipate the latter tunda of the Halle aux bleds. He here, this winter, by Printing-into Nonentity: how she breeds and brings forth Three Hun-press and melodious Colloquy, spreads bruit of himself to the dred Daughter-Societies; her rearing of them, her correspon-utmost City-barriers. 'Ten thousand persons' of respectability dence, her endeavourings and continual travail: how, under an attend there; and listen to this 'Procureur-General de la Verite, old figure, Jacobinism shoots forth organic filaments to the Attorney-General of Truth,' so has he dubbed himself; to his utmost corners of confused dissolved France; organising it sage Condorcet, or other eloquent coadjutor. Eloquent Attor-anew:—this properly is the grand fact of the Time.

ney-General! He blows out from him, better or worse, what To passionate Constitutionalism, still more to Royalism, which crude or ripe thing he holds: not without result to himself; for 244

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it leads to a Bishoprick, though only a Constitutional one.

like a black tattered flag-of-distress, wave out ever and anon.

Fauchet approves himself a glib-tongued, strong-lunged, whole-It is the third of our Hunger-years this new year of a glorious hearted human

individual: much flowing matter there is, and Revolution. The rich man when invited to dinner, in such dis-really of the better sort, about Right, Nature, Benevolence, tress-seasons, feels bound in politeness to carry his own bread Progress; which flowing matter, whether 'it is pantheistic,' or is in his pocket: how the poor dine? And your glorious Revolu-pot-theistic, only the greener mind, in these days, need read.

tion has done it, cries one. And our glorious Revolution is Busy Brissot was long ago of purpose to establish precisely subtilety, by black traitors worthy of the Lamp-iron, perverted some such regenerative Social Circle: nay he had tried it, in to do it, cries another! Who will paint the huge whirlpool

'Newman-street Oxford-street,' of the Fog Babylon; and failed,—

wherein France, all shivered into wild incoherence, whirls? The as some say, surreptitiously pocketing the cash. Fauchet, not jarring that went on under every French roof, in every French Brissot, was fated to be the happy man; whereat, however, heart; the diseased things that were spoken, done, the sum-generous Brissot will with sincere heart sing a timber-toned total whereof is the French Revolution, tongue of man cannot Nunc Domine. (See Brissot, Patriote-Francais Newspaper; tell. Nor the laws of action that work unseen in the depths of Fauchet, Bouche-de-Fer, &c. (excerpted in Hist. Parl. viii., ix., that huge blind Incoherence! With amazement, not with mea-et seqq.).) But 'ten thousand persons of respectability:' what surement, men look on the Immeasurable; not knowing its a bulk have many things in proportion to their magnitude!

laws; seeing, with all different degrees of knowledge, what This Cercle Social, for which Brissot chants in sincere timber-new phases, and results of event, its laws bring forth. France is tones such Nunc Domine, what is it? Unfortunately wind and as a monstrous Galvanic Mass, wherein all sorts of far stranger shadow. The main reality one finds in it now, is perhaps this: than chemical galvanic or electric forces and substances are at that an 'Attorney-General of Truth' did once take shape of a work; electrifying one another, positive and negative; filling body, as Son of Adam, on our Earth, though but for months or with electricity your Leyden-jars,—Twenty-five

millions in moments; and ten thousand persons of respectability attended, number! As the jars get full, there will, from time to time, be, ere yet Chaos and Nox had reabsorbed him.

on slight hint, an explosion.

Hundred and thirty-three Paris Journals; regenerative Social Circle; oratory, in Mother and Daughter Societies, from the balconies of Inns, by chimney-nook, at dinner-table,—polemical, ending many times in duel! Add ever, like a constant growling accompaniment of bass Discord: scarcity of work, scarcity of food. The winter is hard and cold; ragged Bakers'-queues,
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Chapter 2.3.III.

men; Triumvirs Barnave, Duport, Lameth, great in speech, thought, action, each according to his kind; a lean old Goupil ***Sword in Hand.***

de Prefeln: on these and what will follow them has pure Patriotism to depend.

On such wonderful basis, however, has Law, Royalty, Author-There too, conspicuous among the Thirty, if seldom audible, ity, and whatever yet exists of visible Order, to maintain itself, Philippe d'Orleans may be seen sitting: in dim fuliginous be-while it can. Here, as in that Commixture of the Four Elements wilderment; having, one might say, arrived at Chaos! Gleams did the Anarch Old, has an august Assembly spread its pavil-there are, at once of a Lieutenancy and Regency; debates in ion; curtained by the dark infinite of discords; founded on the the Assembly itself, of succession to the Throne 'in case the wavering bottomless of the Abyss; and keeps continual hub-present Branch should fail;' and Philippe, they say, walked bub. Time is around it, and Eternity, and the Inane; and it does anxiously, in silence, through the corridors, till such high ar-what it can, what is given it to do.

gument were done: but it came all to nothing; Mirabeau, glar-Glancing reluctantly in, once more, we discern little that is ing into the man, and through him, had to ejaculate in strong edifying: a Constitutional Theory of Defective Verbs struggling untranslatable language: Ce j—f—ne vaut pas la peine qu'on forward, with perseverance, amid endless interruptions: Mirabeau, se donne pour lui. It came all to nothing; and in the mean-from his tribune, with the weight of his name and genius, awing while Philippe's money, they say, is gone! Could he refuse a down much Jacobin violence; which in return vents itself the little cash to the gifted Patriot, in want only of that; he him-louder over in its Jacobins Hall, and even reads him sharp lec-self in want of all but that? Not a pamphlet can be printed tures there. (Camille's Journal (in Hist. Parl. ix. 366-85).) This without cash; or indeed written, without food purchasable by man's path is mysterious, questionable; difficult, and he walks cash. Without cash your hopefullest Projector cannot stir from without companion in it. Pure Patriotism does not now count the spot: individual patriotic or other Projects require cash: him among her chosen; pure Royalism abhors him: yet his weight how much more do widespread Intrigues, which live and exist with the world is overwhelming. Let him travel on, companionless, by cash; lying widespread, with dragon-appetite for cash; fit unwavering, whither he is bound,—while it is yet day with him, to swallow Princedoms! And so Prince Philippe, amid his Sillerys, and the night has not come.

Lacloses, and confused Sons of Night, has rolled along: the But the chosen band of pure Patriot brothers is small; count-centre of the strangest cloudy coil; out of which has visibly ing only some Thirty, seated now on the extreme tip of the come, as we often say, an Epic Preternatural Machinery of sus-Left, separate from the world. A virtuous Petion; an incorrupt-picion; and within which there has dwelt and worked,—what ible Robespierre, most consistent, incorruptible of thin acrid specialties of treason, stratagem, aimed or aimless endeavour 246

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towards mischief, no party living (if it be not the Presiding and what is called 'scission:' that fierce theoretic onslaught of Genius of it, Prince of

the Power of the Air) has now any chance Faussigny's was in August, 1790; next August will not have to know. Camille's conjecture is the likeliest: that poor Philippe come, till a famed Two Hundred and Ninety-two, the chosen of did mount up, a little way, in treasonable speculation, as he Royalism, make solemn final 'scission' from an Assembly given mounted formerly in one of the earliest Balloons; but, fright-up to faction; and depart, shaking the dust off their feet.

ened at the new position he was getting into, had soon turned Connected with this matter of sword in hand, there is yet the cock again, and come down. More fool than he rose! To another thing to be noted. Of duels we have sometimes spo-create Preternatural Suspicion, this was his function in the ken: how, in all parts of France, innumerable duels were fought; Revolutionary Epos. But now if he have lost his cornucopia of and argumentative men and messmates, flinging down the ready-money, what else had he to lose? In thick darkness, in-wine-cup and weapons of reason and repartee, met in the mea-ward and outward, he must welter and flounder on, in that sured field; to part bleeding; or perhaps not to part, but to piteous death-element, the hapless man. Once, or even twice, fall mutually skewered through with iron, their wrath and life we shall still behold him emerged; struggling out of the thick alike ending,—and die as fools die. Long has this lasted, and death-element: in vain. For one moment, it is the last moment, still lasts. But now it would seem as if in an august Assembly he starts aloft, or is flung aloft, even into clearness and a kind itself, traitorous Royalism, in its despair, had taken to a new of memorability,—to sink then for evermore!

course: that of cutting off Patriotism by systematic duel! Bully-The Cote Droit persists no less; nay with more animation swordsmen, 'Spadassins' of that party, go swaggering; or in-than ever, though hope has now well nigh fled. Tough Abbe deed they can be had for a trifle of money. 'Twelve Spadassins'

Maury, when the obscure country Royalist grasps his hand were seen, by the yellow eye of Journalism, 'arriving recently with transport of thanks, answers, rolling his indomitable bra-out of Switzerland;' also 'a

considerable number of Assassins, zen head: "Helas, Monsieur, all that I do here is as good as nombre considerable d'assassins, exercising in fencing-schools simply nothing." Gallant Faussigny, visible this one time in and at pistol-targets.' Any Patriot Deputy of mark can be called History, advances frantic, into the middle of the Hall, exclaim-out; let him escape one time, or ten times, a time there neces-ing: "There is but one way of dealing with it, and that is to fall sarily is when he must fall, and France mourn. How many car-sword in hand on those gentry there, sabre a la main sur ces tels has Mirabeau had; especially while he was the People's gaillards la," (Moniteur, Seance du 21 Aout, 1790.) franticly champion! Cartels by the hundred: which he, since the Consti-indicating our chosen Thirty on the extreme tip of the Left!

tution must be made first, and his time is precious, answers Whereupon is clangour and clamour, debate, repentance,—

now always with a kind of stereotype formula: "Monsieur, you evaporation. Things ripen towards downright incompatibility, are put upon my List; but I warn you that it is long, and I 247

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grant no preferences."

matter was cooled down.

Then, in Autumn, had we not the Duel of Cazales and Barnave; Not so, however: Lameth, proceeding to his senatorial du-the two chief masters of tongue-shot meeting now to exchange ties, in the decline of the day, is met in those Assembly corri-pistol-shot? For Cazales, chief of the Royalists, whom we call dors by nothing but Royalist brocards; sniffs, huffs, and open

'Blacks or Noirs,' said, in a moment of passion, "the Patriots insults. Human patience has its limits: "Monsieur," said Lameth, were sheer Brigands," nay in so speaking, he darted or seemed breaking silence to one Lautrec, a man with hunchback, or to dart, a fire-glance specially at Barnave; who thereupon could natural deformity, but sharp of tongue, and

a Black of the not but reply by fire-glances,—by adjournment to the Bois- deepest tint, "Monsieur, if you were a man to be fought de-Boulogne. Barnave's second shot took effect: on Cazales's with!"—"I am one," cries the young Duke de Castries. Fast as hat. The 'front nook' of a triangular Felt, such as mortals then fire-flash Lameth replies, "Tout a l'heure, On the instant, then!"

wore, deadened the ball; and saved that fine brow from more And so, as the shades of dusk thicken in that Bois-de-Boulogne, than temporary injury. But how easily might the lot have fallen we behold two men with lion-look, with alert attitude, side the other way, and Barnave's hat not been so good! Patrio-foremost, right foot advanced; flourishing and thrusting, tism raises its loud denunciation of Duelling in general; peti-stoccado and passado, in tierce and quart; intent to skewer tions an august Assembly to stop such Feudal barbarism by one another. See, with most skewering purpose, headlong law. Barbarism and solecism: for will it convince or convict any Lameth, with his whole weight, makes a furious lunge; but man to blow half an ounce of lead through the head of him?

deft Castries whisks aside: Lameth skewers only the air,—and Surely not.— Barnave was received at the Jacobins with em-slits deep and far, on Castries' sword's-point, his own extended braces, yet with rebukes.

left arm! Whereupon with bleeding, pallor, surgeon's-lint, and Mindful of which, and also that his repetition in America formalities, the Duel is considered satisfactorily done.

was that of headlong foolhardiness rather, and want of brain But will there be no end, then? Beloved Lameth lies deep-not of heart, Charles Lameth does, on the eleventh day of No-slit, not out of danger. Black traitorous Aristocrats kill the vember, with little emotion, decline attending some hot young People's defenders, cut up not with arguments, but with ra- Gentleman from Artois, come expressly to challenge him: nay pier-slits. And the Twelve Spadassins out of Switzerland, and indeed he first coldly engages to attend; then coldly permits the considerable number of Assassins exercising at the pistol-two Friends to attend instead of him, and

shame the young target? So meditates and ejaculates hurt Patriotism, with ever-Gentleman out of it, which they successfully do. A cold proce- deepening ever-widening fervour, for the space of six and thirty dure; satisfactory to the two Friends, to Lameth and the hot hours.

young Gentleman; whereby, one might have fancied, the whole The thirty- six hours past, on Saturday the 13th, one be-248

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holds a new spectacle: The Rue de Varennes, and neighbouring Marches; to raise a corps, or do what else is in him. Royalism Boulevard des Invalides, covered with a mixed flowing multi-totally abandons that Bobadilian method of contest, and the tude: the Castries Hotel gone distracted, devil- ridden, belch-Twelve Spadassins return to Switzerland,—or even to ing from every window, 'beds with clothes and curtains,' plate Dreamland through the Horn-gate, whichsoever their home is.

of silver and gold with filigree, mirrors, pictures, images, com-Nay Editor Prudhomme is authorised to publish a curious thing: modes, chiffoniers, and endless crockery and jingle: amid steady

'We are authorised to publish,' says he, dull-blustering Pub-popular cheers, absolutely without theft; for there goes a cry, lisher, that M. Boyer, champion of good Patriots, is at the head

"He shall be hanged that steals a nail!" It is a Plebiscitum, or of Fifty Spadassinicides or Bully-killers. His address is: Pas-informal iconoclastic Decree of the Common People, in the sage du Bois-de-Boulonge, Faubourg St. Denis.' (Revolutions course of being executed!—The Municipality sit tremulous; de Paris (in Hist. Parl. viii. 440).) One of the strangest Insti- deliberating whether they will hang out the Drapeau Rouge tutes, this of Champion Boyer and the Bully-killers! Whose and Martial Law: National Assembly, part in loud wail, part in services, however, are not wanted; Royalism having abandoned hardly suppressed applause: Abbe Maury unable to decide the rapier-method as plainly impracticable.

whether the iconoclastic Plebs amount to forty thousand or to two hundred thousand.

Chapter 2.3.IV.

Deputations, swift messengers, for it is at a distance over the River, come and go. Lafayette and National Guardes, though ***To fly or not to fly.***

without Drapeau Rouge, get under way; apparently in no hot haste. Nay, arrived on the scene, Lafayette salutes with doffed The truth is Royalism sees itself verging towards sad extremi-hat, before ordering to fix bayonets. What avails it? The Pleties; nearer and nearer daily. From over the Rhine it comes beian "Court of Cassation,' as Camille might punningly name asserted that the King in his Tuileries is not free: this the poor it, has done its work; steps forth, with unbuttoned vest, with King may contradict, with the official mouth, but in his heart pockets turned inside out: sack, and just ravage, not plunder!

feels often to be undeniable. Civil Constitution of the Clergy; With inexhaustible patience, the Hero of two Worlds remon-Decree of ejectment against Dissidents from it: not even to strates; persuasively, with a kind of sweet constraint, though this latter, though almost his conscience rebels, can he say also with fixed bayonets, dissipates, hushes down: on the

'Nay; but, after two months' hesitating, signs this also. It was morrow it is once more all as usual.

on January 21st,' of this 1790, that he signed it; to the sorrow Considering which things, however, Duke Castries may justly of his poor heart yet, on another Twenty-first of January!

'write to the President,' justly transport himself across the Whereby come Dissident ejected Priests; unconquerable Mar-249

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tyrs according to some, incurable chicaning Traitors according into Infinite Space; driven by grapeshot. Thunder over France to others. And so there has arrived what we once foreshad-with the cannon's mouth; commanding, not entreating, that owed: with Religion, or with the Cant and Echo of Religion, all this riot cease. And then to rule afterwards with utmost pos- France is rent asunder in a new rupture of continuity; compli-sible Constitutionality; doing justice, loving mercy; being Shep-cating, embittering all the older;—to be cured only, by stern herd of this indigent People, not Shearer merely, and Shepherd's-surgery, in La Vendee!

similitude! All this, if ye dare. If ye dare not, then in Heaven's Unhappy Royalty, unhappy Majesty, Hereditary (Represen-name go to sleep: other handsome alternative seems none.

tative), Representant Hereditaire, or however they can name Nay, it were perhaps possible; with a man to do it. For if him; of whom much is expected, to whom little is given! Blue such inexpressible whirlpool of Babylonish confusions (which National Guards encircle that Tuileries; a Lafayette, thin con-our Era is) cannot be stilled by man, but only by Time and stitutional Pedant; clear, thin, inflexible, as water, turned to men, a man may moderate its paroxysms, may balance and thin ice; whom no Queen's heart can love. National Assembly, sway, and keep himself unswallowed on the top of it,—as sev-its pavilion spread where we know, sits near by, keeping con-eral men and Kings in these days do. Much is possible for a tinual hubbub. From without nothing but Nanci Revolts, sack man; men will obey a man that kens and cans, and name him of Castries Hotels, riots and seditions; riots, North and South, reverently their Kenning or King. Did not Charlemagne rule?

at Aix, at Douai, at Befort, Usez, Perpignan, at Nismes, and Consider too whether he had smooth times of it; hanging that incurable Avignon of the Pope's: a continual crackling

'thirty-thousand Saxons over the Weser-Bridge,' at one dread and sputtering of riots from the whole face of France;—testi-swoop! So likewise, who knows but, in this same distracted fying how electric it grows.

Add only the hard winter, the fam-fanatic France, the right man may verily exist? An olive-com-ished strikes of operatives; that continual running-bass of Scar-plexioned taciturn man; for the present, Lieutenant in the city, ground-tone and basis of all other Discords!

Artillery-service, who once sat studying Mathematics at The plan of Royalty, so far as it can be said to have any fixed Brienne? The same who walked in the morning to correct proof-plan, is still, as ever, that of flying towards the frontiers. In sheets at Dole, and enjoyed a frugal breakfast with M. Joly?

very truth, the only plan of the smallest promise for it! Fly to Such a one is gone, whither also famed General Paoli his friend Bouille; bristle yourself round with cannon, served by your is gone, in these very days, to see old scenes in native Corsica,

'forty-thousand undebauched Germans:' summon the National and what Democratic good can be done there.

Assembly to follow you, summon what of it is Royalist, Con-Royalty never executes the evasion-plan, yet never aban-stitutional, gainable by money; dissolve the rest, by grapeshot dons it; living in variable hope; undecisive, till fortune shall if need be. Let Jacobinism and Revolt, with one wild wail, fly decide. In utmost secresy, a brisk Correspondence goes on with 250

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Bouille; there is also a plot, which emerges more than once, for the Rhine towards Coblentz and Exiled Princes: brave carrying the King to Rouen: (See Hist. Parl. vii. 316; Bertrand-Miomandre and brave Tardivet, these faithful Two, have re-Moleville, &c.) plot after plot, emerging and submerging, like ceived, in nocturnal interview with both Majesties, their viati-

'ignes fatui in foul weather, which lead no whither. About 'ten cum of gold louis, of heartfelt thanks from a Queen's lips, o'clock at night,' the Hereditary Representative, in partie though unluckily 'his Majesty stood,

back to fire, not speak-quarree, with the Queen, with Brother Monsieur, and Madame, ing;' (Campan, ii. 109-11.) and do now dine through the Prov-sits playing 'wisk,' or whist. Usher Campan enters mysteriously, inces; recounting hairsbreadth escapes, insurrectionary hor-with a message he only half comprehends: How a certain rors. Great horrors; to be swallowed yet of greater. But on the Compte d'Inisdal waits anxious in the outer antechamber; whole what a falling off from the old splendour of Versailles!

National Colonel, Captain of the watch for this night, is gained Here in this poor Tuileries, a National Brewer-Colonel, sono-over; post-horses ready all the way; party of Noblesse sitting rous Santerre, parades officially behind her Majesty's chair. Our armed, determined; will His Majesty, before midnight, consent high dignitaries, all fled over the Rhine: nothing now to be to go? Profound silence; Campan waiting with upturned ear.

gained at Court; but hopes, for which life itself must be risked!

"Did your Majesty hear what Campan said?" asks the Queen.

Obscure busy men frequent the back stairs; with hearsays, wind

"Yes, I heard," answers Majesty, and plays on. "'Twas a pretty projects, un fruitful fanfaronades. Young Royalists, at the The-couplet, that of Campan's," hints Monsieur, who at times atre de Vaudeville, 'sing couplets;' if that could do any thing.

showed a pleasant wit: Majesty, still unresponsive, plays wisk.

Royalists enough, Captains on furlough, burnt-out Seigneurs,

"After all, one must say something to Campan," remarks the may likewise be met with, 'in the Cafe de Valois, and at Meot Queen. "Tell M. d'Inisdal," said the King, and the Queen puts the Restaurateur's.' There they fan one another into high loyal an emphasis on it, "that the King cannot consent to be forced glow; drink, in such wine as can be procured, confusion to away."—"I see!" said d'Inisdal, whisking round, peaking him- Sansculottism; shew purchased dirks, of an improved struc-self into flame

of irritancy: "we have the risk; we are to have ture, made to order; and, greatly daring, dine. (Dampmartin, all the blame if it fail," (Campan, ii. 105.)—and vanishes, he ii. 129.) It is in these places, in these months, that the epithet and his plot, as will-o'-wisps do. The Queen sat till far in the Sansculotte first gets applied to indigent Patriotism; in the night, packing jewels: but it came to nothing; in that peaked last age we had Gilbert Sansculotte, the indigent Poet. (Mercier, frame of irritancy the Will-o'-wisp had gone out.

Nouveau Paris, iii. 204.) Destitute-of-Breeches: a mournful Des-Little hope there is in all this. Alas, with whom to fly? Our titution; which however, if Twenty millions share it, may be-loyal Gardes-du-Corps, ever since the Insurrection of Women, come more effective than most Possessions!

are disbanded; gone to their homes; gone, many of them, across Meanwhile, amid this vague dim whirl of fanfaronades, wind-251

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projects, poniards made to order, there does disclose itself one Parl. viii. 169-73).) Bouille is at Metz, and could find forty-punctum-saliens of life and feasibility: the finger of Mirabeau!

thousand sure Germans. With a Mirabeau for head, and a Bouille Mirabeau and the Queen of France have met; have parted with for hand, something verily is possible,—if Fate intervene not.

mutual trust! It is strange; secret as the Mysteries; but it is But figure under what thousandfold wrappages, and cloaks indubitable. Mirabeau took horse, one evening; and rode west-of darkness, Royalty, meditating these things, must involve ward, unattended,—to see Friend Claviere in that country itself. There are men with 'Tickets of Entrance;' there are chiv- house of his? Before getting to Claviere's, the much-musing alrous consultings, mysterious plottings. Consider also whether, horseman struck aside to a back gate of the Garden of Saint-involve as it like, plotting Royalty can escape the glance of Cloud: some Duke d'Aremberg, or the like, was there to intro-Patriotism; lynx-eyes, by the ten thousand fixed on

it, which duce him; the Queen was not far: on a 'round knoll, rond point, see in the dark! Patriotism knows much: know the dirks made the highest of the Garden of Saint-Cloud,' he beheld the Queen's to order, and can specify the shops; knows Sieur Motier's le-face; spake with her, alone, under the void canopy of Night.

gions of mouchards; the Tickets of Entree, and men in black; What an interview; fateful secret for us, after all searching; and how plan of evasion succeeds plan,—or may be supposed like the colloquies of the gods! (Campan, ii. c. 17.) She called to succeed it. Then conceive the couplets chanted at the The-him 'a Mirabeau:' elsewhere we read that she 'was charmed atre de Vaudeville; or worse, the whispers, significant nods of with him,' the wild submitted Titan; as indeed it is among the traitors in moustaches. Conceive, on the other hand, the loud honourable tokens of this high ill-fated heart that no mind of cry of alarm that came through the Hundred-and-Thirty Jour-any endowment, no Mirabeau, nay no Barnave, no Dumouriez, nals; the Dionysius'-Ear of each of the Forty-eight Sections, ever came face to face with her but, in spite of all preposses-wakeful night and day.

sions, she was forced to recognise it, to draw nigh to it, with Patriotism is patient of much; not patient of all. The Cafe de trust. High imperial heart; with the instinctive attraction to-Procope has sent, visibly along the streets, a Deputation of wards all that had any height! "You know not the Queen," said Patriots, 'to expostulate with bad Editors,' by trustful word of Mirabeau once in confidence; "her force of mind is prodigious; mouth: singular to see and hear. The bad Editors promise to she is a man for courage." (Dumont, p. 211.)—And so, under amend, but do not. Deputations for change of Ministry were the void Night, on the crown of that knoll, she has spoken many; Mayor Bailly joining even with Cordelier Danton in such: with a Mirabeau: he has kissed loyally the queenly hand, and and they have prevailed. With what profit? Of Quacks, willing said with enthusiasm: "Madame, the Monarchy is saved!"—

or constrained to be Quacks, the race is everlasting: Ministers Possible? The Foreign Powers, mysteriously sounded, gave Duportail and Dutertre

will have to manage much as Ministers favourable guarded response; (Correspondence Secrete (in Hist.

Latour-du-Pin and Cice did. So welters the confused world.

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But now, beaten on for ever by such inextricable contradic-gage,'—and disperse again. They want the King over the tory influences and evidences, what is the indigent French marches, that so Emperor Leopold and the German Princes, Patriot, in these unhappy days, to believe, and walk by? Un-whose troops are ready, may have a pretext for beginning: certainty all; except that he is wretched, indigent; that a glo-

'this,' adds Carra, 'is the word of the riddle: this is the reason rious Revolution, the wonder of the Universe, has hitherto why our fugitive Aristocrats are now making levies of men on brought neither Bread nor Peace; being marred by traitors, the frontiers; expecting that, one of these mornings, the Ex-difficult to discover. Traitors that dwell in the dark, invisible ecutive Chief Magistrate will be brought over to them, and the there;—or seen for moments, in pallid dubious twilight, stealth-civil war commence.' (Carra's Newspaper, 1st Feb. 1791 (in Hist.

ily vanishing thither! Preternatural Suspicion once more rules Parl. ix. 39).)

the minds of men.

If indeed the Executive Chief Magistrate, bagged, say in one

'Nobody here,' writes Carra of the Annales Patriotiques, so of these leather cows, were once brought safe over to them!

early as the first of February, 'can entertain a doubt of the But the strangest thing of all is that Patriotism, whether bark-constant obstinate project these

people have on foot to get ing at a venture, or guided by some instinct of preternatural the King away; or of the perpetual succession of manoeuvres sagacity, is actually barking aright this time; at something, they employ for that.' Nobody: the watchful Mother of Patrio-not at nothing. Bouille's Secret Correspondence, since made tism deputed two Members to her Daughter at Versailles, to public, testifies as much.

examine how the matter looked there. Well, and there? Patri-Nay, it is undeniable, visible to all, that Mesdames the King's otic Carra continues: 'The Report of these two deputies we all Aunts are taking steps for departure: asking passports of the heard with our own ears last Saturday. They went with others Ministry, safe-conducts of the Municipality; which Marat warns of Versailles, to inspect the King's Stables, also the stables of all men to beware of. They will carry gold with them, 'these old the whilom Gardes du Corps; they found there from seven to Beguines;' nay they will carry the little Dauphin, 'having nursed eight hundred horses standing always saddled and bridled, a changeling, for some time, to leave in his stead!' Besides, ready for the road at a moment's notice. The same deputies, they are as some light substance flung up, to shew how the moreover, saw with their own two eyes several Royal Carriages, wind sits; a kind of proof-kite you fly off to ascertain whether which men were even then busy loading with large well-stuffed the grand paper-kite, Evasion of the King, may mount!

luggage-bags,' leather cows, as we call them, 'vaches de cuir; In these alarming circumstances, Patriotism is not wanting the Royal Arms on the panels almost entirely effaced.' Momento itself. Municipality deputes to the King; Sections depute to tous enough! Also, 'on the same day the whole Marechaussee, the Municipality; a National Assembly will soon stir. Mean-or Cavalry Police, did assemble with arms, horses and bag-while, behold, on the 19th of February 1791, Mesdames, quit-253

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ting Bellevue and Versailles with all privacy, are off! Towards Berthier before whom are great things unknown, lies for the Rome, seemingly; or

one knows not whither. They are not with-present under blockade at Bellevue in Versailles. By no tactics out King's passports, countersigned; and what is more to the could he get Mesdames' Luggage stirred from the Courts there; purpose, a serviceable Escort. The Patriotic Mayor or Mayorlet frantic Versaillese women came screaming about him; his very of the Village of Moret tried to detain them; but brisk Louis de troops cut the waggon-traces; he retired to the interior, wait-Narbonne, of the Escort, dashed off at hand-gallop; returned ing better times. (Campan, ii. 132.)

soon with thirty dragoons, and victoriously cut them out. And Nay, in these same hours, while Mesdames hardly cut out so the poor ancient women go their way; to the terror of France from Moret by the sabre's edge, are driving rapidly, to foreign and Paris, whose nervous excitability is become extreme. Who parts, and not yet stopped at Arnay, their august nephew poor else would hinder poor Loque and Graille, now grown so old, Monsieur, at Paris has dived deep into his cellars of the Lux-and fallen into such unexpected circumstances, when gossip embourg for shelter; and according to Montgaillard can hardly itself turning only on terrors and horrors is no longer pleasant be persuaded up again. Screeching multitudes environ that to the mind, and you cannot get so much as an orthodox con-Luxembourg of his: drawn thither by report of his departure: fessor in peace,—from going what way soever the hope of any but, at sight and sound of Monsieur, they become crowing solacement might lead them?

multitudes; and escort Madame and him to the Tuileries with They go, poor ancient dames,—whom the heart were hard vivats. (Montgaillard, ii. 282; Deux Amis, vi. c. 1.) It is a state that does not pity: they go; with palpitations, with of nervous excitability such as few Nations know.

unmelodious suppressed screechings; all France, screeching and cackling, in loud unsuppressed terror, behind and on both hands ***Chapter 2.3.V.***

of them: such mutual suspicion is among men. At Arnay le Duc, above halfway to the frontiers, a Patriotic Municipality ***The Day of Poniards.***

and Populace again takes courage to stop them: Louis Narbonne must now back to Paris, must consult the National Assembly.

Or, again, what means this visible reparation of the Castle of National Assembly answers, not without an effort, that Mes-Vincennes? Other Jails being all crowded with prisoners, new dames may go. Whereupon Paris rises worse than ever, screech-space is wanted here: that is the Municipal account. For in ing half-distracted. Tuileries and precincts are filled with women such changing of Judicatures, Parlements being abolished, and and men, while the National Assembly debates this question New Courts but just set up, prisoners have accumulated. Not of questions; Lafayette is needed at night for dispersing them, to say that in these times of discord and club-law, offences and the streets are to be illuminated. Commandant Berthier, a and committals are, at any rate, more numerous. Which Mu-254

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nicipal account, does it not sufficiently explain the phenom-Santerre, indeed, Commander! But the sonorous Brewer com-enon? Surely, to repair the Castle of Vincennes was of all enter-mands only our own Battalion: of such secrets he can explain prises that an enlightened Municipality could undertake, the nothing, knows nothing, perhaps suspects much. And so the most innocent.

work goes on; and afflicted benighted Saint-Antoine hears Not so however does neighbouring Saint-Antoine look on rattle of hammers, sees stones suspended in air. (Montgaillard, it: Saint-Antoine to whom these peaked turrets and grim ii. 285.)

donjons, all-too near her own dark dwelling, are of themselves Saint-Antoine prostrated the first great Bastille: will it fal-an offence. Was not Vincennes a kind of minor Bastille? Great ter over this comparative insignificance of a Bastille? Friends, Diderot and Philosophes have lain in durance here; great what if we took pikes, firelocks, sledgehammers; and helped Mirabeau, in disastrous eclipse, for forty-two months. And now ourselves!—Speedier is no remedy; nor so certain. On the 28th when the

old Bastille has become a dancing-ground (had any day of February, Saint-Antoine turns out, as it has now often one the mirth to dance), and its stones are getting built into done; and, apparently with little superfluous tumult, moves the Pont Louis-Seize, does this minor, comparative insignifi-eastward to that eyesorrow of Vincennes. With grave voice of cance of a Bastille flank itself with fresh-hewn mullions, spread authority, no need of bullying and shouting, Saint-Antoine out tyrannous wings; menacing Patriotism? New space for pris-signifies to parties concerned there that its purpose is, To have oners: and what prisoners? A d'Orleans, with the chief Patriots this suspicious Stronghold razed level with the general soil of on the tip of the Left? It is said, there runs 'a subterranean the country. Remonstrance may be proffered, with zeal: but it passage' all the way from the Tuileries hither. Who knows?

avails not. The outer gate goes up, drawbridges tumble; iron Paris, mined with quarries and catacombs, does hang wondrous window-stanchions, smitten out with sledgehammers, become over the abyss; Paris was once to be blown up,—though the iron-crowbars: it rains furniture, stone-masses, slates: with powder, when we went to look, had got withdrawn. A Tuileries, chaotic clatter and rattle, Demolition clatters down. And now sold to Austria and Coblentz, should have no subterranean hasty expresses rush through the agitated streets, to warn passage. Out of which might not Coblentz or Austria issue, Lafayette, and the Municipal and Departmental Authorities; some morning; and, with cannon of long range, 'foudroyer,'

Rumour warns a National Assembly, a Royal Tuileries, and all bethunder a patriotic Saint-Antoine into smoulder and ruin!

men who care to hear it: That Saint-Antoine is up; that So meditates the benighted soul of Saint-Antoine, as it sees Vincennes, and probably the last remaining Institution of the the aproned workmen, in early spring, busy on these towers.

Country, is coming down. (Deux Amis, vi. 11-15; Newspapers An official-speaking Municipality, a Sieur Motier with his le-

(in Hist. Parl. ix. 111-17).)

gions of mouchards, deserve no trust at all. Were Patriot Quick, then! Let Lafayette roll his drums and fly eastward; 255

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for to all Constitutional Patriots this is again bad news. And Meanwhile, the rest of Paris, with more or less unconcern, you, ye Friends of Royalty, snatch your poniards of improved may mind the rest of its business: for what is this but an effer-structure, made to order; your sword-canes, secret arms, and vescence, of which there are now so many? The National As- tickets of entry; quick, by backstairs passages, rally round the sembly, in one of its stormiest moods, is debating a Law against Son of Sixty Kings. An effervescence probably got up by Emigration; Mirabeau declaring aloud, "I swear beforehand that d'Orleans and Company, for the overthrow of Throne and Altar: I will not obey it." Mirabeau is often at the Tribune this day; it is said her Majesty shall be put in prison, put out of the with endless impediments from without; with the old unabated way; what then will his Majesty be? Clay for the Sansculottic energy from within. What can murmurs and clamours, from Potter! Or were it impossible to fly this day; a brave Noblesse Left or from Right, do to this man; like Teneriffe or Atlas suddenly all rallying? Peril threatens, hope invites: Dukes de unremoved? With clear thought; with strong bass-voice, though Villequier, de Duras, Gentlemen of the Chamber give tickets at first low, uncertain, he claims audience, sways the storm of and admittance; a brave Noblesse is suddenly all rallying. Now men: anon the sound of him waxes, softens; he rises into far-were the time to 'fall sword in hand on those gentry there,'

sounding melody of strength, triumphant, which subdues all could it be done with effect.

hearts; his rude-seamed face, desolate fire-scathed, becomes The Hero of two Worlds is on his white charger; blue Nation-fire-lit, and radiates: once again men feel, in these beggarly als, horse and foot, hurrying eastward: Santerre, with the Saint-ages, what is the potency and omnipotency of man's

word on Antoine Battalion, is already there,—apparently indisposed the souls of men. "I will triumph or be torn in fragments," he to act. Heavy-laden Hero of two Worlds, what tasks are these!

was once heard to say. "Silence," he cries now, in strong word The jeerings, provocative gambollings of that Patriot Suburb, of command, in imperial consciousness of strength, "Silence, which is all out on the streets now, are hard to endure; un-the thirty voices, Silence aux trente voix!"— and Robespierre washed Patriots jeering in sulky sport; one unwashed Patriot and the Thirty Voices die into mutterings; and the Law is once

'seizing the General by the boot' to unhorse him. Santerre, more as Mirabeau would have it.

ordered to fire, makes answer obliquely, "These are the men How different, at the same instant, is General Lafayette's that took the Bastille;" and not a trigger stirs! Neither dare street eloquence; wrangling with sonorous Brewers, with an the Vincennes Magistracy give warrant of arrestment, or the ungrammatical Saint-Antoine! Most different, again, from both smallest countenance: wherefore the General 'will take it on is the Cafe-de-Valois eloquence, and suppressed fanfaronade, himself' to arrest. By promptitude, by cheerful adroitness, pa-of this multitude of men with Tickets of Entry; who are now tience and brisk valour without limits, the riot may be again inundating the Corridors of the Tuileries. Such things can go bloodlessly appeased.

on simultaneously in one City. How much more in one Coun-256

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try; in one Planet with its discrepancies, every Day a mere their Tickets of Entry, are clutched by the collar, and groped.

crackling infinitude of discrepancies—which nevertheless do Scandalous to think of; for always, as the dirk, sword-cane, yield some coherent net-product, though an infinitesimally pistol, or were it but tailor's bodkin, is found on him, and with small one!

loud scorn drawn forth from him, he, the hapless man in black, Be this as it may. Lafayette has saved Vincennes; and is marchis flung all too rapidly down stairs. Flung; and ignominiously ing homewards with some dozen of arrested demolitionists.

descends, head foremost; accelerated by ignominious shovings Royalty is not yet saved;—nor indeed specially endangered.

from sentry after sentry; nay, as is written, by smitings, But to the King's Constitutional Guard, to these old Gardes twitchings,—spurnings, a posteriori, not to be named. In this Francaises, or Centre Grenadiers, as it chanced to be, this afflu-accelerated way, emerges, uncertain which end uppermost, man ence of men with Tickets of Entry is becoming more and more after man in black, through all issues, into the Tuileries Gar- unintelligible. Is his Majesty verily for Metz, then; to be car-den. Emerges, alas, into the arms of an indignant multitude, ried off by these men, on the spur of the instant? That revolt now gathered and gathering there, in the hour of dusk, to see of Saint-Antoine got up by traitor Royalists for a stalking-what is toward, and whether the Hereditary Representative is horse? Keep a sharp outlook, ye Centre Grenadiers on duty carried off or not. Hapless men in black; at last convicted of here: good never came from the 'men in black.' Nay they have poniards made to order; convicted 'Chevaliers of the Poniard!'

cloaks, redingotes; some of them leather-breeches, boots,—

Within is as the burning ship; without is as the deep sea. Within as if for instant riding! Or what is this that sticks visible from is no help; his Majesty, looking forth, one moment, from his the lapelle of Chevalier de Court? (Weber, ii. 286.) Too like the interior sanctuaries, coldly bids all visitors 'give up their weap-handle of some cutting or stabbing instrument! He glides and ons;' and shuts the door again. The weapons given up form a goes; and still the dudgeon sticks from his left lapelle. "Hold, heap: the convicted Chevaliers of the poniard keep descending Monsieur!"—a Centre Grenadier clutches him; clutches the pro-pellmell, with impetuous velocity; and at the bottom of all trusive dudgeon, whisks it out in the face of the

world: by staircases, the mixed multitude receives them, hustles, buf-Heaven, a very dagger; hunting-knife, or whatsoever you call fets, chases and disperses them. (Hist. Parl. ix. 139-48.) it; fit to drink the life of Patriotism!

Such sight meets Lafayette, in the dusk of the evening, as So fared it with Chevalier de Court, early in the day; not he returns, successful with difficulty at Vincennes: Sansculotte without noise; not without commentaries. And now this con-Scylla hardly weathered, here is Aristocrat Charybdis gurgling tinually increasing multitude at nightfall? Have they daggers under his lee! The patient Hero of two Worlds almost loses too? Alas, with them too, after angry parleyings, there has temper. He accelerates, does not retard, the flying Chevaliers; begun a groping and a rummaging; all men in black, spite of delivers, indeed, this or the other hunted Loyalist of quality, 257

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but rates him in bitter words, such as the hour suggested; the Hereditary Representative has not been stolen, nor the such as no saloon could pardon. Hero ill-bested; hanging, so Queen smuggled into Prison. A Day long remembered: com-to speak, in mid-air; hateful to Rich divinities above; hateful mented on with loud hahas and deep grumblings; with bitter to Indigent mortals below! Duke de Villequier, Gentleman of scornfulness of triumph, bitter rancour of defeat. Royalism, as the Chamber, gets such contumelious rating, in presence of all usual, imputes it to d'Orleans and the Anarchists intent on people there, that he may see good first to exculpate himself insulting Majesty: Patriotism, as usual, to Royalists, and even in the Newspapers; then, that not prospering, to retire over Constitutionalists, intent on stealing Majesty to Metz: we, also the Frontiers, and begin plotting at Brussels. (Montgaillard, ii.

as usual, to Preternatural Suspicion, and Phoebus Apollo hav-286.) His Apartment will stand vacant; usefuller, as we may ing made himself like the Night.

find, than when it stood occupied.

Thus however has the reader seen, in an unexpected arena, So fly the Chevaliers of the Poniard; hunted of Patriotic men, on this last day of February 1791, the Three long-contending shamefully in the thickening dusk. A dim miserable business; elements of French Society, dashed forth into singular comico-born of darkness; dying away there in the thickening dusk tragical collision; acting and reacting openly to the eye. Con-and dimness! In the midst of which, however, let the reader stitutionalism, at once quelling Sansculottic riot at Vincennes, discern clearly one figure running for its life: Crispin-Cataline and Royalist treachery from the Tuileries, is great, this day, d'Espremenil,—for the last time, or the last but one. It is not and prevails. As for poor Royalism, tossed to and fro in that yet three years since these same Centre Grenadiers, Gardes manner, its daggers all left in a heap, what can one think of it?

Francaises then, marched him towards the Calypso Isles, in the Every dog, the Adage says, has its day: has it; has had it; or gray of the May morning; and he and they have got thus far.

will have it. For the present, the day is Lafayette's and the Buffeted, beaten down, delivered by popular Petion, he might Constitution's. Nevertheless Hunger and Jacobinism, fast grow-well answer bitterly: "And I too, Monsieur, have been carried ing fanatical, still work; their-day, were they once fanatical, on the People's shoulders." (See Mercier, ii. 40, 202.) A fact will come. Hitherto, in all tempests, Lafayette, like some di-which popular Petion, if he like, can meditate.

vine Sea-ruler, raises his serene head: the upper Aeolus's blasts But happily, one way and another, the speedy night covers fly back to their caves, like foolish unbidden winds: the under up this ignominious Day of Poniards; and the Chevaliers es-sea-billows they had vexed into froth allay themselves. But if, cape, though maltreated, with torn coatskirts and heavy as we often write, the submarine Titanic Fire-powers came into hearts, to their respective dwelling-houses. Riot twofold is play, the Ocean bed from beneath being burst? If they hurled quelled; and little blood shed, if it be

not insignificant blood Poseidon Lafayette and his Constitution out of Space; and, in from the nose: Vincennes stands undemolished, reparable; and the Titanic melee, sea were mixed with sky?

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Chapter 2.3.VI.

favour, if not in its own National Hall, yet with the Nation, especially with Paris. For in such universal panic of doubt, the ***Mirabeau.***

opinion that is sure of itself, as the meagrest opinion may the soonest be, is the one to which all men will rally. Great is Be-The spirit of France waxes ever more acrid, fever-sick: towards lief, were it never so meagre; and leads captive the doubting the final outburst of dissolution and delirium. Suspicion rules heart! Incorruptible Robespierre has been elected Public Ac-all minds: contending parties cannot now commingle; stand cuser in our new Courts of Judicature; virtuous Petion, it is separated sheer asunder, eying one another, in most aguish thought, may rise to be Mayor. Cordelier Danton, called also mood, of cold terror or hot rage. Counter-Revolution, Days of by triumphant majorities, sits at the Departmental Council-Poniards, Castries Duels; Flight of Mesdames, of Monsieur and table; colleague there of Mirabeau. Of incorruptible Robespierre Royalty! Journalism shrills ever louder its cry of alarm. The it was long ago predicted that he might go far, mean meagre sleepless Dionysius's Ear of the Forty-eight Sections, how fe-mortal though he was; for Doubt dwelt not in him.

verishly quick has it grown; convulsing with strange pangs Under which circumstances ought not Royalty likewise to the whole sick Body, as in such sleeplessness and sickness, the cease doubting, and begin deciding and acting? Royalty has ear will do!

always that sure trump-card in its hand: Flight out of Paris.

Since Royalists get Poniards made to order, and a Sieur Motier Which sure trump-card, Royalty, as we see, keeps ever and anon is no better than he should be, shall not Patriotism too, even clutching at, grasping; and swashes it forth tentatively; yet of the indigent sort, have Pikes, secondhand Firelocks, in readi-never tables it, still puts it back again. Play it, O Royalty! If ness for the worst? The anvils ring, during this March month, there be a chance left, this seems it, and verily the last chance; with hammering of Pikes. A Constitutional Municipality pro-and now every hour is rendering this a doubtfuller. Alas, one mulgated its Placard, that no citizen except the 'active or cash-would so fain both fly and not fly; play one's card and have it citizen' was entitled to have arms; but there rose, instantly to play. Royalty, in all human likelihood, will not play its trump-responsive, such a tempest of astonishment from Club and card till the honours, one after one, be mainly lost; and such Section, that the Constitutional Placard, almost next morn-trumping of it prove to be the sudden finish of the game!

ing, had to cover itself up, and die away into inanity, in a Here accordingly a question always arises; of the prophetic second improved edition. (Ordonnance du 17 Mars 1791 (Hist.

sort; which cannot now be answered. Suppose Mirabeau, with Parl. ix. 257).) So the hammering continues; as all that it be-whom Royalty takes deep counsel, as with a Prime Minister tokens does.

that cannot yet legally avow himself as such, had got his ar-Mark, again, how the extreme tip of the Left is mounting in rangements completed? Arrangements he has; far-stretching 259

plans that dawn fitfully on us, by fragments, in the confused ment;—good for no Kingly use. On one royal person, on the darkness. Thirty Departments ready to sign loyal Addresses, Queen only, can Mirabeau perhaps place dependance. It is pos-of prescribed tenor: King carried out of Paris, but only to sible, the greatness of this man, not unskilled too in

blandish-Compiegne and Rouen, hardly to Metz, since, once for all, no ments, courtiership, and graceful adroitness, might, with most Emigrant rabble shall take the lead in it: National Assembly legitimate sorcery, fascinate the volatile Queen, and fix her to consenting, by dint of loyal Addresses, by management, by him. She has courage for all noble daring; an eye and a heart: force of Bouille, to hear reason, and follow thither! (See Fils the soul of Theresa's Daughter. 'Faut il-donc, Is it fated then,'

Adoptif, vii. 1. 6; Dumont, c. 11, 12, 14.) Was it so, on these she passionately writes to her Brother, 'that I with the blood I terms, that Jacobinism and Mirabeau were then to grapple, in am come of, with the sentiments I have, must live and die among their Hercules-and-Typhon duel; death inevitable for the one such mortals?' (Fils Adoptif, ubi supra.) Alas, poor Princess, Yes.

or the other? The duel itself is determined on, and sure: but

'She is the only man,' as Mirabeau observes, 'whom his Majesty on what terms; much more, with what issue, we in vain guess.

has about him.' Of one other man Mirabeau is still surer: of him-It is vague darkness all: unknown what is to be; unknown self. There lies his resources; sufficient or insufficient.

even what has already been. The giant Mirabeau walks in dark-Dim and great to the eye of Prophecy looks the future! A ness, as we said; companionless, on wild ways: what his perpetual life-and-death battle; confusion from above and from thoughts during these months were, no record of Biographer, below;—mere confused darkness for us; with here and there not vague Fils Adoptif, will now ever disclose.

some streak of faint lurid light. We see King perhaps laid aside; To us, endeavouring to cast his horoscope, it of course re-not tonsured, tonsuring is out of fashion now; but say, sent mains doubly vague. There is one Herculean man, in internecine away any whither, with handsome annual allowance, and stock duel with him, there is Monster after Monster. Emigrant No-of smith-tools. We see a Queen and Dauphin, Regent and Mi-

blesse return, sword on thigh, vaunting of their Loyalty never nor; a Queen 'mounted on horseback,' in the din of battles, sullied; descending from the air, like Harpy-swarms with feroc-with Moriamur pro rege nostro! 'Such a day,' Mirabeau writes, ity, with obscene greed. Earthward there is the Typhon of An-

'may come.'

archy, Political, Religious; sprawling hundred-headed, say with Din of battles, wars more than civil, confusion from above Twenty-five million heads; wide as the area of France; fierce as and from below: in such environment the eye of Prophecy sees Frenzy; strong in very Hunger. With these shall the Serpent-Comte de Mirabeau, like some Cardinal de Retz, stormfully queller do battle continually, and expect no rest.

maintain himself; with head all-devising, heart all-daring, if As for the King, he as usual will go wavering chameleonlike; not victorious, yet unvanquished, while life is left him. The changing colour and purpose with the colour of his environ-specialties and issues of it, no eye of Prophecy can guess at: 260

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it is clouds, we repeat, and tempestuous night; and in the ing shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men can-middle of it, now visible, far darting, now labouring in eclipse, not stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that is Mirabeau indomitably struggling to be Cloud-Compeller!—

hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France same would-have-beens are mostly a vanity; and the World's and of the World had been different. Further, that the man History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or would have needed, as few men ever did, the whole compass of should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and alto-that same 'Art of Daring, Art d'Oser,' which he so prized; and gether what it is.

likewise that he, above all men then living, would have prac-The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out tised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result keeps heart and brain on fire: excess of effort, of excitement; realised by him: a result you could have loved, a result you excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibil-could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only ity! 'If I had not lived with him,' says Dumont, 'I should never have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetful-have known what a man can make of one day; what things ness for ever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!

may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the ***Chapter 2.3.VII.***

mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost.' "Monsieur ***Death of Mirabeau.***

le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" answered he starting from his But Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he chair, Ne me dites jamais ce bete de mot, Never name to me could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, that blockhead of a word." (Dumont, p. 311.) And then the and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important, or social repasts; the dinner which he gives as Commandant of unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some cenNational Guards, which 'costs five hundred pounds;' alas, and turies, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it

'the Sirens of the Opera;' and all the ginger that is hot in the matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy mouth:—down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: widespread-Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There ing interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what is a Nessus' Shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, there, without rest, till he be

consumed. Human strength, never and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies; wert thou black-so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across 261

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the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends pub-tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambi-licly twice a-day to inquire; privately besides: from the world tion and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition at large there is no end of inquiring. 'A written bulletin is handed that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

out every three hours,' is copied and circulated; in the end, it is In January last, you might see him as President of the As-printed. The People spontaneously keep silence; no carriage sembly; 'his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening ses-shall enter with its noise: there is crowding pressure; but the sion:' there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognised, and has free way and flashing in the eyesight; he had to apply leeches, after made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken; to all it the morning labour, and preside bandaged. 'At parting he em-seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of braced me,' says Dumont, 'with an emotion I had never seen in France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there him: "I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, they will know what The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday, the second day from all sides on France."' (Dumont, p. 267.) Sickness gives of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of him; that, on this day, he has to depart and be no more. His March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest death is Titanic, as his life has been. Lit up, for the last time, in and help in Friend de Lamarck's, by the

road; and lay there, for the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly glowing and burning; utters itself in sayings, such as men long nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself; spoke, remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues loud and eager, five several times; then quitted the Tribune—

not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unfor ever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries earthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applica-soul; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt tions, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: together for that great hour! At times comes a beam of light Take me out of this!

from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious mul-death-dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it titudes beset the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; incessantly in-will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard quiring: within doors there, in that House numbered in our the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achil-time '42,' the over wearied giant has fallen down, to die. (Fils les' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is sup-Adoptif, viii. 420-79.) Crowds, of all parties and kinds; of all porting him: "Yes, support that head; would I could bequeath 262

it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, con-Crieurs des Corps went sounding their bells, and crying along scious of a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young the streets: Le bon roi Louis, pere du peuple, est mort, The Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; good King Louis, Father of the People, is dead!' (Henault, he says: "Si ce n'est pas la Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin Abrege Chronologique, p. 429.) King Mirabeau is now the lost germain." (Fils Adoptif, viii. 450; Journal de la maladie et de la King; and one may say

with little exaggeration, all the People mort de Mirabeau, par P.J.G. Cabanis (Paris, 1803).)—Death mourns for him.

has mastered the outworks; power of speech is gone; the cita-For three days there is low wide moan: weeping in the Na-del of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, pas-tional Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators sionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his pas-mounted on the bournes, with large silent audience, preach-sionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowing the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip ful Doctor shakes his head: Dormir 'To sleep,' writes the other, fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels.

half-past eight in the morning, Dr. Petit, standing at the foot The bournestone orators speak as it is given them; the of the bed, says "Il ne souffre plus." His suffering and his work-Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager,—as men ing are now ended.

will to any Sermon, or Sermo, when it is a spoken Word mean-Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; ing a Thing, and not a Babblement meaning Nothing. In the this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, with-Restaurateur's of the Palais Royal, the waiter remarks, "Fine out bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden weather, Monsieur:"—"Yes, my friend," answers the ancient lightning. His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow Man of Letters, "very fine; but Mirabeau is dead." Hoarse rhyth-no more.—The multitudes depart, heartstruck; spread the sad mic threnodies comes also from the throats of balladsingers; tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign are sold on gray-white paper at a sou each. (Fils Adoptif, viii.

Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting l. 19; Newspapers and Excerpts (in Hist. Parl. ix. 366-402).) can be held in these

nights, joy is not for them: the People But of Portraits, engraved, painted, hewn, and written; of Eu-break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command logies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay Vaudevilles, Dramas and that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these came to light; and these also have gone out. The gloom is coming months, be the due immeasurable crop; thick as the universal: never in this City was such sorrow for one death; leaves of Spring. Nor, that a tincture of burlesque might be in never since that old night when Louis XII. departed, 'and the it, is Gobel's Episcopal Mandement wanting; goose Gobel, who 263

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has just been made Constitutional Bishop of Paris. A Mandement charge of firearms, which 'brings down pieces of the plaster.'

wherein ca ira alternates very strangely with Nomine Domini, Thence, forward again to the Church of Sainte-Genevieve; which and you are, with a grave countenance, invited to 'rejoice at has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this possessing in the midst of you a body of Prelates created by time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland, Mirabeau, zealous followers of his doctrine, faithful imitators Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante. Hardly at mid-of his virtues.' (Hist. Parl. ix. 405.) So speaks, and cackles mani-night is the business done; and Mirabeau left in his dark dwell-fold, the Sorrow of France; wailing articulately, inarticulately, ing: first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

as it can, that a Sovereign Man is snatched away. In the Na-Tenant, alas, with inhabits but at will, and shall be cast out!

tional Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all eyes For, in these days of convulsion and disjection, not even the will 'turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat,'—and dust of the dead is permitted to rest. Voltaire's bones are, by Mirabeau is absent now.

and by, to be carried from their stolen grave in the Abbey of On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, Scellieres, to an eager stealing grave, in Paris his birth-city: all there is solemn Public Funeral; such as deceased mortal sel-mortals processioning and perorating there; cars drawn by eight dom had. Procession of a league in length; of mourners reck-white horses, goadsters in classical costume, with fillets and oned loosely at a hundred thousand! All roofs are thronged wheat-ears enough; —though the weather is of the wettest.

with onlookers, all windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. 'Sad-

(Moniteur, du 13 Juillet 1791.) Evangelist Jean Jacques, too, ness is painted on every countenance; many persons weep.'

as is most proper, must be dug up from Ermenonville, and There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National processioned, with pomp, with sensibility, to the Pantheon of Assembly in a body; Jacobin Society, and Societies; King's the Fatherland. (Ibid. du 18 Septembre, 1794. See also du 30

Ministers, Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristo-Aout, &c. 1791.) He and others: while again Mirabeau, we say, crat. Bouille is noticeable there, 'with his hat on;' say, hat drawn is cast forth from it, happily incapable of being replaced; and over his brow, hiding many thoughts! Slow-wending, in reli-rests now, irrecognisable, reburied hastily at dead of night, in gious silence, the Procession of a league in length, under the the central 'part of the Churchyard Sainte-Catherine, in the level sun-rays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches: with Suburb Saint-Marceau,' to be disturbed no further.

its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits, with So blazes out, farseen, a Man's Life, and becomes ashes and the muffled roll of drums, by fits with some longdrawn wail of a caput mortuum, in this World-Pyre, which we name French music, and strange new clangour of trombones, and metallic Revolution: not the first that consumed itself there; nor, by dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of thousands and many

millions, the last! A man who 'had swal-Saint-Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and dis-lowed all formulas;' who, in these strange times and circum-264

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stances, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he,

'A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui!'

for his part had swallowed all formulas, what Formula is there, But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential never so comprehensive, that will express truly the plus and towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find the minus, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hith-that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a erto none such. Moralities not a few must shriek condemna-great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did tory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men. We shall was, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, say this of him, again: That he is a Reality, and no Simulacrum: follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he a living son of Nature our general Mother; not a hollow Artfice, travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother and mechanism of Conventionalities, son of nothing, brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through to nothing. In which little word, let the earnest man, walking such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest sorrowful in a world mostly of 'Stuffed Clothes-suits,' that chat-struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; ter and grin meaningless on him, quite ghastly to the earnest which was never yet base and hateful: but at worst was lamen-soul,—think what significance there is!

table, loveable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that Of men who, in such sense, are alive, and see with eyes, the he wanted to be Minister. It is most true; and was he not sim-number is now not great: it may be well, if in this huge French ply the one man in France who could have done any

good as Revolution itself, with its all-developing fury, we find some Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild Three. Mortals driven rabid we find; sputtering the acridest burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce light-logic; baring their breast to the battle-hail, their neck to the ning, and soft dew of pity. So sunk, bemired in wretchedest guillotine; of whom it is so painful to say that they too are defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, still, in good part, manufactured Formalities, not Facts but that he loved much: his Father the harshest of old crabbed Hearsays!

men he loved with warmth, with veneration.

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken Be it that his falls and follies are manifold,—as himself of-himself loose of shams, and is something. For in the way of ten lamented even with tears. (Dumont, p. 287.) Alas, is not being worthy, the first condition surely is that one be. Let the Life of every such man already a poetic Tragedy; made up Cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till Cant cease, nothing

'of Fate and of one's own Deservings,' of Schicksal und eigene else can begin. Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes Schuld; full of the elements of Pity and Fear? This brother man, the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. 'Hateful if not Epic for us, is Tragic; if not great, is large; large in his to God,' as divine Dante sings, 'and to the Enemies of God, qualities, world-large in his destinies. Whom other men, 265

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recognising him as such, may, through long times, remember, ity, some living quintescence of all the qualities they had, to and draw nigh to examine and consider: these, in their several flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest as if dialects, will say of him and sing of him,—till the right thing exhausted; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of be said; and so the Formula that can judge him be no longer an the Mirabeaus is gone; the chosen man of France is gone. It undiscovered one.

was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his Here then the wild Gabriel Honore drops from the tissue of single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What our History; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone: the things depended on that one man! He is as a ship suddenly flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred; which seems shivered on sunk rocks: much swims on the waste waters, far as if in him, with one last effort, it had done its best, and then from help.

expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. The ***BOOK 2.IV.***

Bailli Mirabeau, worthy uncle, will soon die forlorn, alone. Barrel-Mirabeau, already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of ***VARENNES***

Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. 'Barrel-Mirabeau,' says a biographer of his, 'went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled ***Chapter 2.4.I.***

Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean ***Easter at Saint-Cloud.***

humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is re-The French Monarchy may now therefore be considered as, in fused; he again demands, with refusal; and then again, till Colo-all human probability, lost; as struggling henceforth in blind-nel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere burning ness as well as weakness, the last light of reasonable guidance brandy barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this having gone out. What remains of resources their poor Majes-canaille of an intruder,—alas, on the canaille of an intruder's ties will waste still further, in uncertain loitering and waver-sword's point, who had drawn with swift dexterity; and dies, ing. Mirabeau himself had to complain that they only gave and the Newspapers name it apoplexy and alarming accident.'

him half confidence, and always had some plan within his plan.

So die the Mirabeaus.

Had they fled frankly with him, to Rouen or anywhither, long New Mirabeaus one hears not of: the wild kindred, as we ago! They may fly now with chance immeasurably lessened; said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds which will go on lessening towards absolute zero. Decide, O

sometimes do; producing, after long ages of unnoted notabil-Queen; poor Louis can decide nothing: execute this Flight-266

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project, or at least abandon it. Correspondence with Bouille Dissident Priests likewise give trouble enough. Expelled from there has been enough; what profits consulting, and hypoth-their Parish Churches, where Constitutional Priests, elected by esis, while all around is in fierce activity of practice? The Rustic the Public, have replaced them, these unhappy persons resort sits waiting till the river run dry: alas with you it is not a to Convents of Nuns, or other such receptacles; and there, on common river, but a Nile Inundation; snow melting in the un-Sabbath, collecting assemblages of Anti-Constitutional indi-seen mountains; till all, and you where you sit, be submerged.

viduals, who have grown devout all on a sudden, (Toulongeon, Many things invite to flight. The voice Journals invites; Royi. 262.) they worship or pretend to worship in their strait-alist Journals proudly hinting it as a threat, Patriot Journals laced contumacious manner; to the scandal of Patriotism. Dis-rabidly denouncing it as a terror. Mother Society, waxing more sident Priests, passing along with their sacred wafer for the and more emphatic, invites;—so emphatic that, as was proph-dying, seem wishful to be massacred in the streets; wherein esied, Lafayette and your limited Patriots have ere long to Patriotism will not gratify them. Slighter palm of martyrdom, branch off from her, and form themselves into Feuillans; with however, shall not be denied: martyrdom not of massacre, yet infinite public controversy; the victory in which, doubtful of fustigation. At the refractory places of worship, Patriot men though it look, will remain with the unlimited Mother. More-appear; Patriot women with strong hazel wands,

which they over, ever since the Day of Poniards, we have seen unlimited apply. Shut thy eyes, O Reader; see not this misery, peculiar to Patriotism openly equipping itself with arms. Citizens denied these later times,—of martyrdom without sincerity, with only

'activity,' which is facetiously made to signify a certain weight cant and contumacy! A dead Catholic Church is not allowed to of purse, cannot buy blue uniforms, and be Guardsmen; but lie dead; no, it is galvanised into the detestablest death-life; man is greater than blue cloth; man can fight, if need be, in whereat Humanity, we say, shuts its eyes. For the Patriot women multiform cloth, or even almost without cloth—as Sansculotte.

take their hazel wands, and fustigate, amid laughter of by-So Pikes continued to be hammered, whether those Dirks of standers, with alacrity: broad bottom of Priests; alas, Nuns improved structure with barbs be 'meant for the West-India too reversed, and cotillons retrousses! The National Guard does market,' or not meant. Men beat, the wrong way, their what it can: Municipality 'invokes the Principles of Toleration;'

ploughshares into swords. Is there not what we may call an grants Dissident worshippers the Church of the Theatins; prom-

'Austrian Committee,' Comite Autrichein, sitting daily and nightly ising protection. But it is to no purpose: at the door of that in the Tuileries? Patriotism, by vision and suspicion, knows it Theatins Church, appears a Placard, and suspended atop, like too well! If the King fly, will there not be Aristocrat-Austrian Plebeian Consular fasces,—a Bundle of Rods! The Principles of Invasion; butchery, replacement of Feudalism; wars more than Toleration must do the best they may: but no Dissident man civil? The hearts of men are saddened and maddened.

shall worship contumaciously; there is a Plebiscitum to that 267

effect; which, though unspoken, is like the laws of the Medes not far from ready there. About one o'clock, the Royal Car-and Persians. Dissident

contumacious Priests ought not to be riage, with its eight royal blacks, shoots stately into the Place harboured, even in private, by any man: the Club of the du Carrousel; draws up to receive its royal burden. But hark!

Cordeliers openly denounces Majesty himself as doing it. (News-From the neighbouring Church of Saint-Roch, the tocsin be-papers of April and June, 1791 (in Hist. Parl. ix. 449; x, 217).) gins ding-donging. Is the King stolen then; he is going; gone?

Many things invite to flight: but probably this thing above Multitudes of persons crowd the Carrousel: the Royal Carriage all others, that it has become impossible! On the 15th of April, still stands there;—and, by Heaven's strength, shall stand!

notice is given that his Majesty, who has suffered much from Lafayette comes up, with aide-de-camps and oratory; pervad-catarrh lately, will enjoy the Spring weather, for a few days, at ing the groups: "Taisez vous," answer the groups, "the King shall Saint-Cloud. Out at Saint-Cloud? Wishing to celebrate his Eas-not go." Monsieur appears, at an upper window: ten thousand ter, his Paques, or Pasch, there; with refractory Anti-Constitu-voices bray and shriek, "Nous ne voulons pas que le Roi parte."

tional Dissidents?—Wishing rather to make off for Compiegne, Their Majesties have mounted. Crack go the whips; but twenty and thence to the Frontiers? As were, in good sooth, perhaps Patriot arms have seized each of the eight bridles: there is rear-feasible, or would once have been; nothing but some two ing, rocking, vociferation; not the smallest headway. In vain chasseurs attending you; chasseurs easily corrupted! It is a does Lafayette fret, indignant; and perorate and strive: Patriots pleasant possibility, execute it or not. Men say there are thirty in the passion of terror, bellow round the Royal Carriage; it is thousand Chevaliers of the Poniard lurking in the woods there: one bellowing sea of Patriot terror run frantic. Will Royalty fly lurking in the woods, and thirty thousand,—for the human off towards Austria; like a lit rocket, towards endless Conflagra-Imagination is not fettered. But now, how easily might these, tion of Civil War? Stop it, ye Patriots, in the name of Heaven!

dashing out on Lafayette, snatch off the Hereditary Represen-Rude voices passionately apostrophise Royalty itself. Usher tative; and roll away with him, after the manner of a whirlblast, Campan, and other the like official persons, pressing forward whither they listed!—Enough, it were well the King did not with help or advice, are clutched by the sashes, and hurled and go. Lafayette is forewarned and forearmed: but, indeed, is the whirled, in a confused perilous manner; so that her Majesty has risk his only; or his and all France's?

to plead passionately from the carriage-window.

Monday the eighteenth of April is come; the Easter Journey Order cannot be heard, cannot be followed; National Guards to Saint-Cloud shall take effect. National Guard has got its know not how to act. Centre Grenadiers, of the Observatoire orders; a First Division, as Advanced Guard, has even marched, Battalion, are there; not on duty; alas, in quasi-mutiny; speak-and probably arrived. His Majesty's Maison-bouche, they say, ing rude disobedient words; threatening the mounted Guards is all busy stewing and frying at Saint-Cloud; the King's Dinner with sharp shot if they hurt the people. Lafayette mounts and 268

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dismounts; runs haranguing, panting; on the verge of despair.

Chapter 2.4.II.

For an hour and three-quarters; 'seven quarters of an hour,' by the Tuileries Clock! Desperate Lafayette will open a passage, ***Easter at Paris.***

were it by the cannon's mouth, if his Majesty will order. Their Majesties, counselled to it by Royalist friends, by Patriot foes, For above a year, ever since March 1790, it would seem, there dismount; and retire in, with heavy indignant heart; giving up has hovered a project of Flight before the royal mind; and ever the enterprise. Maison-bouche may eat that cooked dinner and anon has been condensing itself into something like a themselves; his Majesty shall not see Saint-Cloud this day,—

purpose; but this or the other difficulty always vaporised it or any day. (Deux Amis, vi. c. 1; Hist. Parl. ix. 407-14.) again. It seems so full of risks, perhaps of civil war itself; above The pathetic fable of imprisonment in one's own Palace has all, it cannot be done without effort. Somnolent laziness will become a sad fact, then? Majesty complains to Assembly; Mu- not serve: to fly, if not in a leather vache, one must verily stir nicipality deliberates, proposes to petition or address; Sec-himself. Better to adopt that Constitution of theirs; execute tions respond with sullen brevity of negation. Lafayette flings it so as to shew all men that it is inexecutable? Better or not down his Commission; appears in civic pepper-and-salt frock; so good; surely it is easier. To all difficulties you need only and cannot be flattered back again;—not in less than three say, There is a lion in the path, behold your Constitution will days; and by unheard-of entreaty; National Guards kneeling not act! For a somnolent person it requires no effort to coun-to him, and declaring that it is not sycophancy, that they are terfeit death,—as Dame de Stael and Friends of Liberty can free men kneeling here to the Statue of Liberty. For the rest, see the King's Government long doing, faisant le mort.

those Centre Grenadiers of the Observatoire are disbanded,—

Nay now, when desire whetted by difficulty has brought the yet indeed are reinlisted, all but fourteen, under a new name, matter to a head, and the royal mind no longer halts between and with new quarters. The King must keep his Easter in Paris: two, what can come of it? Grant that poor Louis were safe with meditating much on this singular posture of things: but as Bouille, what on the whole could he look for there? Exasper-good as determined now to fly from it, desire being whetted ated Tickets of Entry answer, Much, all. But cold Reason an-by difficulty.

swers, Little almost nothing. Is not loyalty a law of Nature?

ask the Tickets of Entry. Is not love of your King, and even death for him, the glory of all Frenchmen,—except these few Democrats? Let Democrat Constitution-builders see what they will do without their Keystone; and France rend its hair, having lost the Hereditary Representative!

Thus will King Louis fly; one sees not reasonably towards in the Earth that has not the indubitablest right to excommu-what. As a maltreated Boy, shall we say, who, having a Step-nicate Talleyrand. Pope Pius has right and might, in his way.

mother, rushes sulky into the wide world; and will wring the But truly so likewise has Father Adam, ci-devant Marquis Saint-paternal heart?—Poor Louis escapes from known unsupport-Huruge, in his way. Behold, therefore, on the Fourth of May, in able evils, to an unknown mixture of good and evil, coloured the Palais-Royal, a mixed loud-sounding multitude; in the by Hope. He goes, as Rabelais did when dying, to seek a great middle of whom, Father Adam, bull-voiced Saint-Huruge, in May-be: je vais chercher un grand Peut-etre! As not only the white hat, towers visible and audible. With him, it is said, walks sulky Boy but the wise grown Man is obliged to do, so often, Journalist Gorsas, walk many others of the washed sort; for no in emergencies.

authority will interfere. Pius Sixth, with his plush and tiara, For the rest, there is still no lack of stimulants, and stepdame and power of the Keys, they bear aloft: of natural size,—made maltreatments, to keep one's resolution at the due pitch. Fac-of lath and combustible gum. Royou, the King's Friend, is borne tious disturbance ceases not: as indeed how can they, unless too in effigy; with a pile of Newspaper King's-Friends, con-authoritatively conjured, in a Revolt which is by nature bot-demned numbers of the Ami-du-Roi; fit fuel of the sacrifice.

tomless? If the ceasing of faction be the price of the King's Speeches are spoken; a judgment is held, a doom proclaimed, somnolence, he may awake when he will, and take wing.

audible in bull-voice, towards the four winds. And thus, amid Remark, in any case, what somersets and contortions a dead great shouting, the holocaust is consummated, under the sum-Catholicism is making,—skilfully

galvanised: hideous, and even mer sky; and our lath-and-gum Holiness, with the attendant piteous, to behold! Jurant and Dissident, with their shaved victims, mounts up in flame, and sinks down in ashes; a de-crowns, argue frothing everywhere; or are ceasing to argue, composed Pope: and right or might, among all the parties, has and stripping for battle. In Paris was scourging while need better or worse accomplished itself, as it could. (Hist. Parl. x.

continued: contrariwise, in the Morbihan of Brittany, without 99-102.) But, on the whole, reckoning from Martin Luther in scourging, armed Peasants are up, roused by pulpit-drum, they the Marketplace of Wittenberg to Marquis Saint-Huruge in this know not why. General Dumouriez, who has got missioned Palais-Royal of Paris, what a journey have we gone; into what thitherward, finds all in sour heat of darkness; finds also that strange territories has it carried us! No Authority can now explanation and conciliation will still do much. (Deux Amis, v.

interfere. Nay Religion herself, mourning for such things, may 410-21; Dumouriez, ii. c. 5.)

after all ask, What have I to do with them?

But again, consider this: that his Holiness, Pius Sixth, has In such extraordinary manner does dead Catholicism somerset seen good to excommunicate Bishop Talleyrand! Surely, we and caper, skilfully galvanised. For, does the reader inquire will say then, considering it, there is no living or dead Church into the subject-matter of controversy in this case; what the 270

difference between Orthodoxy or My-doxy and Heterodoxy Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame or Thy-doxy might here be? My-doxy is that an august Na-Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that: tional Assembly can equalize the extent of Bishopricks; that and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and an equalized Bishop, his Creed and Formularies being left quite under, great and small;

such a clipping and sewing, as might as they were, can swear Fidelity to King, Law and Nation, and have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a so become a Constitutional Bishop. Thy-doxy, if thou be Dissi-step anywhither without her Necessaire; dear Necessaire, of dent, is that he cannot; but that he must become an accursed inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds thing. Human ill-nature needs but some Homoiousian iota, or perfumes, toilet-implements, infinite small queenlike even the pretence of one; and will flow copiously through the furnitures: Necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of eye of a needle: thus always must mortals go jargoning and some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult fuming,

hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers,—never to get to And, like the ancient Stoics in their porches hand. (Campan, ii. c. 18.) All which, you would say, augurs ill With fierce dispute maintain their churches.

for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humoured.

This Auto-da-fe of Saint-Huruge's was on the Fourth of May, Bouille, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmedi; 1791. Royalty sees it; but says nothing.

gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, 'to watch the Austrians.' His ***Chapter 2.4.III.***

Majesty will not cross the Frontiers, unless on compulsion.

Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they ***Count Fersen.***

are to all people. (Bouille, Memoires, ii. c. 10.) Nor shall old war-god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our Royalty, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its prepa-brave Bouille; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's rations. Unhappily much preparation is needful: could a He-Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the

shouting reditary Representative be carried in leather vache, how easy of all the troops. In the meanwhile, Paris being so suspicious, were it! But it is not so.

were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors New clothes are needed, as usual, in all Epic transactions, an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider 'Queen Chrimhilde, to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he with her sixty semstresses,' in that iron Nibelungen Song! No has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the 271

same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sin-otherwise? Such a Constitutional circular is despatched by Cou-cerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame riers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court printed in all Newspapers; with the finest effect. (Moniteur, to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much Seance du 23 Avril, 1791.) Simulation and dissimulation mingle to him: the Necessaire, the clothes, the packing of the jewels, extensively in human affairs.

(Campan, ii. 141.)—could he understand it when betrayed.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant up his sentries to vigilence; walks restless to and fro; and hopes Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen;—as indeed the the best.

Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery Cheva-But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of lier du Nord, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come 'to Knight? He will descend on firewings, of Swedish musketry, see his children.' Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new and

deliver her from these foul dragons,—if, alas, the assassin's Coach built, of the kind named Berline; done by the first art-pistol intervene not!

ists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to 'Ma-business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of dame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy,' far North, to wait there Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engi-till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, neer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel home-Tuileries; and Letters go in cipher,—one of them, a most impor-wards with some state: in whom these young military gentle-tant one, hard to decipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste.

men take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and (Choiseul, Relation du Depart de Louis XVI. (Paris, 1822), p.

much assistance shewn, with Coach-builders and such like;—

39.) As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of so helpful polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids; On the other side, poor Commandment Gouvion, watching further, certain necessary horses: one would say, he is himself at the Tuileries, second in National Command, sees several quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at Corpus-Christi months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insur-Day, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here rection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, more-272

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over, brave Bouille, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the in-more cheerfully admitted. And now, is his fare complete? Not terim, over to Montmedi.

yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.—Alas! and the false Cham-These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this bermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal, will fly this very night; and Gouvion distrusting his own glazed what they call spectral; and never rests at any moment; one eyes, has sent express for; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with never at any moment can know why.

lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrou-On Monday night, the Twentieth of June 1791, about eleven sel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands (carrosse de remise), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of of Paris. But of all Glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O

it with her badine,—light little magic rod which she calls badine, Reader, which stands drawn up, in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Car-the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle riage, rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sen-that then was; 'opposite Ronsin the saddler's door,' as if wait-tries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth ing for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch with two hooded Children has issued from Villequier's door, thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into is within these walls.

the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass-coach-But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat, and man readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another touched the wheel-spoke with her badine? O

Reader, that Lady Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, is-that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She sues in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel admitted. Whither go, so many Dames? 'Tis His Majesty's itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle Couchee, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits; his fare seem-she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a ingly incomplete.

loyal stupid ci-devant Bodyguard disguised as one. They are By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming dis-peruke, arm-and-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Run-consolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who ner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts—which starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops he must button close up, under his jarvie surtout!

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The French Revolution

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeples; one precious hour the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?"—"Gone with it an hour-has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coach-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter.—"C'est man waits; and what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters bien." Yes, it is well;—though had not such hour-and half been into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie dialect: the lost, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; (Weber, ii.

Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outward Boulevard, 340-2; Choiseul, p. 44-56.) decline drinking together; and part what horses and whipcord can do!

with good night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to Paris is now all on the right hand of him; silent except for inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, some snoring hum; and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and de Saint-Martin; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand,—Count Fersen, for the Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn Reader sees it is thou,—drive!

up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen knowest!—And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste; on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Mar-much time is already lost! The august Glass-coach fare, six Intin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives sides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, towards the City; to wander whither it lists,—and be found crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new since Paris rose out of mud, or the Longhaired Kings went in box, with its brave new hammer-cloths; flourishing his whip; Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Body-you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive guard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across ready-ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin,—these win-with the two Waiting-maids and their bandboxes to be; whom dows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North!

Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one mo-sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting-women; horses ment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get all ready, and postillions with their churn-boots, impatient in 274

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the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postillions with Abrege Chronologique, p. 36.) not unreasonably. These peaked their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly stone-towers are Raincy; towers of wicked d'Orleans. All slum-their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends bers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, in expressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But Royalty of France, bounds off: for ever, as it proved. Deft Fersen right ahead the great North-East sends up evermore his gray dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown Galaxies; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the Great nimbly and successfully done.

High King. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as morA so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious tals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with night, the shortest of the year, it flies and drives! Baroness de its Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal of doghutch,—occasionally going rabid.

Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long after-Chapter 2.4.IV.

wards as Duchess d'Angouleme. Baroness de Korff's Waiting-maid is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round ***Attitude.***

hat and peruke, he is Valet, for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled Travelling-companion, is kind Sister Eliza-But in Paris, at six in the morning; when some Patriot Deputy, beth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of warned by a billet, awoke Lafayette, and they went to the Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so Tuileries?—Imagination may paint, but words cannot, the sur-they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of prise of Lafayette; or with what bewilderment helpless Gouvion Bondy:—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

rolled glassy Argus's eyes, discerning now that his false Cham-Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouille? If bermaid told true!

we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the However, it is to be recorded that Paris, thanks to an august great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful National Assembly, did, on this seeming doomsday, surpass Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Longhaired itself. Never, according to Historian eye-witnesses, was there Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; (Henault, seen such an 'imposing attitude.' (Deux Amis, vi. 67-178; 275

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Toulongeon, ii. 1-38; Camille, Prudhomme and Editors (in Hist.

As if that were not buried, deep enough, under two irrevo-Parl. x. 240-4.) Sections all 'in permanence;' our Townhall, too, cable Twelvemonths, and the wreck and rubbish of a whole having first, about ten o'clock, fired three solemn alarm-can-Feudal World! This strange autograph Letter the National As-nons: above all, our National Assembly! National Assembly, sembly decides on printing; on transmitting to the Eighty-likewise

permanent, decides what is needful; with unanimous three Departments, with exegetic commentary, short but pithy.

consent, for the Cote Droit sits dumb, afraid of the Lanterne.

Commissioners also shall go forth on all sides; the People be Decides with a calm promptitude, which rises towards the sub-exhorted; the Armies be increased; care taken that the lime. One must needs vote, for the thing is self-evident, that Commonweal suffer no damage.—And now, with a sublime air his Majesty has been abducted, or spirited away, 'enleve,' by of calmness, nay of indifference, we 'pass to the order of the some person or persons unknown: in which case, what will the day!'

Constitution have us do? Let us return to first principles, as we By such sublime calmness, the terror of the People is calmed.

always say; "revenons aux principes."

These gleaming Pike forests, which bristled fateful in the early By first or by second principles, much is promptly decided: sun, disappear again; the far-sounding Street-orators cease, Ministers are sent for, instructed how to continue their func-or spout milder. We are to have a civil war; let us have it then.

tions; Lafayette is examined; and Gouvion, who gives a most The King is gone; but National Assembly, but France and we helpless account, the best he can. Letters are found written: remain. The People also takes a great attitude; the People also one Letter, of immense magnitude; all in his Majesty's hand, is calm; motionless as a couchant lion. With but a few broolings, and evidently of his Majesty's own composition; addressed to some waggings of the tail; to shew what it will do! Cazales, for the National Assembly. It details, with earnestness, with a instance, was beset by street-groups, and cries of Lanterne; childlike simplicity, what woes his Majesty has suffered. Woes but National Patrols easily delivered him. Likewise all King's great and small: A Necker seen applauded, a Majesty not; then effigies and statues, at least stucco ones, get abolished. Even insurrection; want of due cash in Civil List; general want of King's names; the word Roi

fades suddenly out of all shop-cash, furniture and order; anarchy everywhere; Deficit never signs; the Royal Bengal Tiger itself, on the Boulevards, be-yet, in the smallest, 'choked or comble:'—wherefore in brief comes the National Bengal one, Tigre National. (Walpoliana.) His Majesty has retired towards a Place of Liberty; and, leav-How great is a calm couchant People! On the morrow, men ing Sanctions, Federation, and what Oaths there may be, to will say to one another: "We have no King, yet we slept sound shift for themselves, does now refer—to what, thinks an au-enough." On the morrow, fervent Achille de Chatelet, and Tho-gust Assembly? To that 'Declaration of the Twenty-third of mas Paine the rebellious Needleman, shall have the walls of June,' with its "Seul il fera, He alone will make his People happy."

Paris profusely plastered with their Placard; announcing that 276

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there must be a Republic! (Dumont,c. 16.)—Need we add that night-shirt: open-mouthed till the General say his word! And Lafayette too, though at first menaced by Pikes, has taken a overhead, as always, the Great Bear is turning so quiet round great attitude, or indeed the greatest of all? Scouts and Aides-Bootes; steady, indifferent as the leathern Diligence itself. Take de-camp fly forth, vague, in quest and pursuit; young Romoeuf comfort, ye men of Nantes: Bootes and the steady Bear are turn-towards Valenciennes, though with small hope.

ing; ancient Atlantic still sends his brine, loud-billowing, up your Thus Paris; sublimely calmed, in its bereavement. But from Loire-stream; brandy shall be hot in the stomach: this is not the the Messageries Royales, in all Mail-bags, radiates forth far-Last of the Days, but one before the Last.—The fools! If they darting the electric news: Our Hereditary Representative is knew what was doing, in these very instants, also by candle-flown. Laugh, black Royalists: yet be it in your sleeve only; light, in the far North-East!

lest Patriotism notice, and waxing frantic, lower the Lanterne!

Perhaps we may say the most terrified man in Paris or France In Paris alone is a sublime National Assembly with its calmis—who thinks the Reader?—seagreen Robespierre. Double paleness; truly, other places must take it as they can: with open ness, with the shadow of gibbets and halters, overcasts the mouth and eyes; with panic cackling, with wrath, with conjec- seagreen features: it is too clear to him that there is to be 'a ture. How each one of those dull leathern Diligences, with its Saint-Bartholomew of Patriots,' that in four-and-twenty hours leathern bag and 'The King is fled,' furrows up smooth France he will not be in life. These horrid anticipations of the soul he is as it goes; through town and hamlet, ruffles the smooth pub-heard uttering at Petion's; by a notable witness. By Madame lic mind into quivering agitation of death-terror; then lum-Roland, namely; her whom we saw, last year, radiant at the Lyons bers on, as if nothing had happened! Along all highways; to-Federation! These four months, the Rolands have been in Paris; wards the utmost borders; till all France is ruffled,—rough-arranging with Assembly Committees the Municipal affairs of ened up (metaphorically speaking) into one enormous, des-Lyons, affairs all sunk in debt;—communing, the while, as was perate-minded, red- guggling Turkey Cock!

most natural, with the best Patriots to be found here, with our For example, it is under cloud of night that the leathern Mon-Brissots, Petions, Buzots, Robespierres; who were wont to come ster reaches Nantes; deep sunk in sleep. The word spoken rouses to us, says the fair Hostess, four evenings in the week. They, all Patriot men: General Dumouriez, enveloped in roquelaures, running about, busier than ever this day, would fain have com- has to descend from his bedroom; finds the street covered with forted the seagreen man: spake of Achille du Chatelet's Placard;

'four or five thousand citizens in their shirts.' (Dumouriez, of a Journal to be called The Republican; of preparing men's Memoires, ii. 109.) Here and there a faint farthing rushlight, minds for a Republic. "A Republic?" said the Seagreen, with one hastily kindled; and so many swart-featured haggard faces, with of his dry husky unsportful laughs, "What is that?" (Madame nightcaps pushed back; and the more or less flowing drapery of Roland, ii. 70.) O seagreen Incorruptible, thou shalt see!

Chapter 2.4.V.

Acapulco-ship; with its heavy stern-boat of Chaise-and-pair; with its three yellow Pilot-boats of mounted Bodyguard Cou-The New Berline.

riers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it, to bewilder, not to guide! It lumbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's But scouts all this while and aide-de-camps, have flown forth pace; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their faster than the leathern Diligences. Young Romoeuf, as we said, yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering; loyal but stupid; was off early towards Valenciennes: distracted Villagers seize unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur; and breakages him, as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot; drag him to be repaired at Etoges. King Louis too will dismount, will back to the Townhall; to the National Assembly, which speed-walk up hills, and enjoy the blessed sunshine:—with eleven ily grants a new passport. Nay now, that same scarecrow of an horses and double drink money, and all furtherances of Nature Herb-merchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accom-new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy; and delivered evi-plishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours. Slow dence of it: (Moniteur, &c. (in Hist. Parl. x. 244-313.) Romoeuf, Royalty! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious: furnished with new passport, is sent forth with double speed on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

on a hopefuller track; by Bondy, Claye, and Chalons, towards Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke de Metz, to track the new Berline; and gallops a franc etrier.

Choiseul might stand waiting, in the Village of Pont-de-Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some Sommevelle, some leagues beyond Chalons, hour after hour, old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one now when the day bends visibly westward. Choiseul

drove out does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur, in a common-of Paris, in all privity, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed place travelling-carriage is off Northwards; Madame, his Prin-time; his Hussars, led by Engineer Goguelat, are here duly, come cess, in another, with variation of route: they cross one an-

'to escort a Treasure that is expected:' but, hour after hour, is other while changing horses, without look of recognition; and no Baroness de Korff's Berline. Indeed, over all that North-reach Flanders, no man questioning them. Precisely in the same east Region, on the skirts of Champagne and of Lorraine, where manner, beautiful Princess de Lamballe set off, about the same the Great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along, hour; and will reach England safe:—would she had continued from this Pont-de-Sommevelle Northeastward as far as there! The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved Montmedi, at Post-villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and for a frightful end!

Dragoons do lounge waiting: a train or chain of Military Es-All runs along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new corts; at the Montmedi end of it our brave Bouille: an electric Berline. Huge leathern vehicle;—huge Argosy, let us say, or thunder-chain; which the invisible Bouille, like a Father Jove, 278

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holds in his hand—for wise purposes! Brave Bouille has done each Patriot, in these Post-villages, asks naturally: This clatter what man could; has spread out his electric thunder-chain of of cavalry, and marching and lounging of troops, what means Military Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Chalons: it waits it? To escort a Treasure? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal but for the new Korff Berline; to receive it, escort it, and, if from the Nation; or where is your Treasure?—There has been need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and such marching and counter-marching: for it is another fatality, lounge there, we say, these fierce Troopers; from Montmedi that certain of these Military Escorts came out so early as and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost

yesterday; the Nineteenth not the Twentieth of the month Pont-de-Sommevelle, in all Post-villages; for the route shall being the day first appointed, which her Majesty, for some avoid Verdun and great Towns: they loiter impatient 'till the necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the Treasure arrive.'

suspicious nature of Patriotism; suspicious, above all, of Bouille Judge what a day this is for brave Bouille: perhaps the first the Aristocrat; and how the sour doubting humour has had day of a new glorious life; surely the last day of the old! Also, leave to accumulate and exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours!

and indeed still more, what a day, beautiful and terrible, for At Pont-de-Sommevelle, these Forty foreign Hussars of your young full-blooded Captains: your Dandoins, Comte de Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are becoming an unspeakable Damas, Duke de Choiseul, Engineer Goguelat, and the like; mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at entrusted with the secret!—Alas, the day bends ever more Sainte-Menehould; lounged and loitered till our National Vol-westward; and no Korff Berline comes to sight. It is four hours unteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, 'demanded beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, three hundred fusils of their Townhall,' and got them. At which Royalist Captains go lounging, looking often Parisward; with same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain Dandoins was face of unconcern, with heart full of black care: rigorous Quar-just coming in, from Clermont with his troop, at the other end termasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from cafes of the Village. A fresh troop; alarming enough; though hap-and dramshops. (Declaration du Sieur La Gache du Regiment pily they are only Dragoons and French! So that Goguelat with Royal-Dragoons (in Choiseul, pp. 125-39.) Dawn on our bewil-his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast; till here at Pont-derment, thou new Berline; dawn on us, thou Sun-chariot of a de-Sommevelle, where Choiseul lay waiting, he found resting-new Berline, with the destinies of France!

place. Resting-place, as on burning marle. For the rumour of It was of His Majesty's ordering, this military array of Es-him flies abroad; and men run

to and fro in fright and anger: corts: a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of Chalons sends forth exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte- security and rescue; yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and Menehould, on that. What is it, ye whiskered Hussars, men of where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For foreign guttural speech; in the name of Heaven, what is it 279

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that brings you? A Treasure?—exploratory pickets shake their ible, that with eleven horses and such yellow Couriers and fur-heads. The hungry Peasants, however, know too well what Trea-therances, its rate should be under the weightiest dray-rate, sure it is: Military seizure for rents, feudalities; which no Bai-some three miles an hour! Alas, one knows not whether it ever liff could make us pay! This they know;—and set to jingling even got out of Paris;—and yet also one knows not whether, their Parish- bell by way of tocsin; with rapid effect! Choiseul this very moment, it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flut-and Goguelat, if the whole country is not to take fire, must ters on the verge of unutterabilities.

needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.

They mount; and this Parish tocsin happily ceases. They ride ***Chapter 2.4.VI.***

slowly Eastward, towards Sainte-Menehould; still hoping the Sun-Chariot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me, no Berline!

Old-Dragoon Drouet.

And near now is that Sainte-Menehould, which expelled us in the morning, with its 'three hundred National fusils;' which In this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wea-looks, belike, not too lovingly on Captain Dandoins and his ried mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the vil-fresh Dragoons, though only French;—which, in a word, one lage- artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled dare not enter the second time, under pain of explosion! With forth to the village-street for

a sweet mouthful of air and hu-rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left; man news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun through byways, through pathless hills and woods, they, avoid-hangs flaming on the utmost North-West; for it is his longest ing Sainte-Menehould and all places which have seen them day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their heretofore, will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes.

ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on It is probable they will have a rough evening-ride.

long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, This first military post, therefore, in the long thunder-chain, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing has gone off with no effect; or with worse, and your chain over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and threatens to entangle itself!—The Great Road, however, is got drudgeries, may furl its canvass, and cease swashing and cir-hushed again into a kind of quietude, though one of the cling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have wakefullest. Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermas-ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in vil-ter, be kept altogether from the dramshop; where Patriots drink, lage-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-seats; (Rap-and will even treat, eager enough for news. Captains, in a state port de M. Remy (in Choiseul, p. 143.) their children, mischie-near distraction, beat the dusky highway, with a face of indif-vous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet ference; and no Sun-Chariot appears. Why lingers it? Incred-human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as 280

from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandoins, stand the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the to terrify the minds of men.

Village, all delighted with his fine livery.—Lumbering along One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the with its mountains of bandboxes, and Chaise behind, the Korff Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco-ship with its Cockboat, having Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs served, in his time as a Conde Dragoon. This day from an early for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yel-hour, Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fret-low liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a lady in gipsy-hat ting. Hussar Goguelat in the morning saw good, by way of responds with a grace peculiar to her. (Declaration de la Gache thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet (in Choiseul ubi supra.) Dandoins stands with folded arms, regular Maitre de Poste, about some gig-horse for the sending and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man back of his gig; which thing Drouet perceiving came over in can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdain-red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeased.

ful moustachio; careless glance,—which however surveys the Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he be-too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes: and what do these Bouille speaks the yellow Courier. Be quick, be quick! Thick-headed Soldiers mean? Hussars, with their gig, and a vengeance to Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling, to ask it!—have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh in words: seen of the Village!

Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose?

Nor is Post-master Drouet unobservant, all this while; but Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing night-steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in gown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which the level sunlight; prying into several things. When a man's stirred choler gives to man.

faculties, at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sit-that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart ting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we eaten of black care! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance.

have seen, some time;—at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere?

The great Sun flames broader towards setting: one's heart flut-And this Grosse-Tete in round hat and peruke, which, looking ters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there By Heaven! Here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring are features in it—? Quick, Sieur Guillaume, Clerk of the 281

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Directoire, bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new patches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross-stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! you might say the cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayo-one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march nets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and of Troops; this sauntering and whispering,—I see it!

rides frantic; (Declaration de La Gache (in Choiseul), p. 134.)—

Drouet Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old Dragoon few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained of Conde, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast: for consenting to stay there.

behold the new Berline, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord, And thus the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, gallop after it, and Dandoins's Troopers or Trooper gallops af-clutch the bridles in his own two hands; Dandoins, with

broad-ter them; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the sword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-here, have three hundred fusils but then no powder; besides chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-with the frightfullest issues!

Dragoon of Conde does what is advisablest: privily bespeaks Clerk Guillaume, Old-Dragoon of Conde he too; privily, while ***Chapter 2.4.VII.***

Clerk Guillaume is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with ***The Night of Spurs.***

Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to see what can be done.

This comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven They bound eastward, in sharp trot; their moral-certainty horses: 'he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy that he has it to hide.' Your first Military Escort has exploded whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; self-destructive; and all Military Escorts, and a suspicious Coun- but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese try will now be up, explosive; comparable not to victorious first;—before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Vil-thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Al-lage is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and pine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for will spread,— all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thun-gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the dering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Service, between bread and cheese and fixed bayonets: Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the Dandoins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret des-Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postillions crack the their sword-handles, driving them further home! "To me, who-whip: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel ever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he Comte de Damas got a word whispered to it; is safe through, with some poor loyal Two, of the subaltern sort, into the bo- towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: som of the Night. (Proces-verbal du Directoire de Clermont (in an Unknown 'Inconnu on horseback' shrieks earnestly some Choiseul, p. 189-95).)

hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year; and vanishes, left in the night. (Campan, ii. 159.) August Trav-remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of ellers palpitate; nevertheless overwearied Nature sinks every Spurs! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clerk missed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, Guillaume spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel bird of the air carrying it!

Damas, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal Two!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other trumpet-tone, as here at Clermont, calling out Dragoons gone Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has them mounted, in part, prance,—impeded by stormbell and your Village illuminating these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a itself.

few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; And Drouet rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the Country National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village runs.—Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are plunging through

‘illuminates itself;’—deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, morasses, over cliffs, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing of the Clermontais; by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars candle, or penurious oil-cruise, till all glitters and glimmers; so tumbling into pitfalls, and lying ‘swooned three quarters of deft are they! A camisado, or shirt-tumult, every where: an hour,’ the rest refusing to march without them. What an stormbell set aringing; village-drum beating furious generale, evening-ride from Pont-de-Sommerville; what a thirty hours, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen’s-valet Leonard in the pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Damas, in that chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the what Troopers he has: “Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menehould; sweet-scented forest-herb, queen-of-the-meadows spilling her King and Country calling on the brave;” then gives the fire-spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards word, Draw swords. Whereupon, alas, the Troopers only smite twelve o’clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: 283

sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar there at hay. No help for it; not with a King’s ransom: the Officer listens: “Some fire undoubtedly!”—yet rides on, with horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, Bouille sleeps.

double breathlessness, to verify.

And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if of fire: difficult to quench.—The Korff Berline, fairly ahead of one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and all this riding, reached the little paltry Village of Varennes about its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the eleven o’clock; hopeful, in spite of that horse-whispering Un-Village? It is Drouet,

he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they known. Do not all towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, two, of the whole riding hurlyburly; unshot, though some brag on our right? Within wind of Bouille himself, in a manner; and of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most relay; which young Bouille, Bouille's own son, with his Escort unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post.

the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, from the Golden Arms, Bras d'Or Tavern, across that sloping and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stir-we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking rup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerin the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; ful to behold. To this Bras d'Or, Drouet enters, alacrity looking young Bouille, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this through his eyes: he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, "Camarade, night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexpe-es tu bon Patriote, Art thou a good Patriot?"—"Si je suis!"

rienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly answers Boniface.—"In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—

asleep: Postillions will not, for any money, go on with the what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone. (Deux Amis, tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let vi. 139-78.)

the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for Miserable! 'For five-and-thirty minutes' by the King's watch, the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-the Berline is at a dead stand; Round-hat arguing with Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a 'furni-Churnboots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yel-ture waggon they find there,' with whatever waggons, tumbrils, low Couriers groping, bungling;—young Bouille asleep, all the barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take 284

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station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, ralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused.

Drouet's under-jaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like Some half-dozen in all, with National Muskets, they stand close, tallow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps awak-waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble ening Young Bouille, awakening relays and hussars: triumphant up.

entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, It rumbles up: Alte la! lanterns flash out from under coat-into Montmedi; and the whole course of French History differ-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National Muskets level ent!

themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: "Mes-Alas, it was not in the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in dames, your Passports?"—Alas! Alas! Sieur Sausse, Procureur him, French History had never come under this Varennes Arch-of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer is there, with way to decide itself.—He steps out; all step out. Procureur official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Eliza-wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, beth; Majesty taking the two

children by the hand. And thus or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to they walk, coolly back, over the Marketplace, to Procureur rest itself in M. Sausse's till the dawn strike up!

Sausse's; mount into his small upper story; where straightway O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life his Majesty 'demands refreshments.' Demands refreshments, as with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-ani-is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; mate phlegm then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-Gen-and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

eral, Sovereign Frank! If thy heart ever formed, since it began Meanwhile, the Varennes Notables, and all men, official, and beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it non-official, are hastily drawing on their breeches; getting their now then, or never in this world: "Violent nocturnal individu-fighting-gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled als, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds,—the tocsin begins the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beg-clanging, 'the Village illuminates itself.' Very singular: how these gars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: little Villages do manage, so adroit are they, when startled in it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattle-snakes, this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is suddenly awakened: for their stormbell rattles and rings; their no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, ire; and the Village will sting! Old-Dragoon Drouet is our engi-and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards: neer and generalissimo; valiant as a Ruy Diaz:—Now or never, Postillions, en avant!"—One fancies in that case the pale pa-ye Patriots, for the Soldiery is coming; massacre by Austrians, 285

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by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and and produce a respectfuller ranking further back. Jugs of wine, the hour!—National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned: handed over the ranks, for the German throat too has sensibil-mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, ity, will complete the business. When Engineer Goguelat, some tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades: hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is—a the Village will sting. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is not hiccuping Vive la Nation!

confined to Paris, then? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might What boots it? Goguelat, Choiseul, now also Count Damas, talk; too clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into and all the Varennes Officiality are with the King; and the King a dying for one's self, against the King, if need be.

can give no order, form no opinion; but sits there, as he has And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurlyburly ever done, like clay on potter's wheel; perhaps the absurdest has reached the Abyss, Korff Berline foremost; and may pour of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle un-itself thither, and jumble: endless! For the next six hours, need der the Moon. He will go on, next morning, and take the Na-we ask if there was a clattering far and wide? Clattering and tional Guard with him; Sausse permitting! Hapless Queen: with tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clermontais, spreading her two children laid there on the mean bed, old Mother Sausse through the Three Bishopricks: Dragoon and Hussar Troops kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer, to bless galloping on roads and no-roads; National Guards arming and them; imperial Marie-Antoinette near kneeling to Son Sausse starting in the dead of night; tocsin after tocsin transmitting and Wife Sausse, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels,—in the alarm. In some forty minutes, Goguelat and Choiseul, with vain! There are Three-thousand National Guards got in; before their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire then; or long they will count Ten-thousand; tocsins spreading like fire a fire difficult to quench! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite on dry heath, or far faster.

of National serjeant; they enter the village, Choiseul instruct-Young Bouille, roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken ing his Troopers how the

matter really is; who respond inter-horse, and—fled towards his Father. Thitherward also rides, in jectionally, in their guttural dialect, "Der Konig; die Koniginn!"

an almost hysterically desperate manner, a certain Sieur and seem stanch. These now, in their stanch humour, will, for Aubriot, Choiseul's Orderly; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge one thing, beset Procureur Sausse's house. Most beneficial: being blocked; spurring as if the Hell-hunt were at his heels.

had not Drouet stormfully ordered otherwise; and even bel-

(Rapport de M. Aubriot (Choiseul, p. 150-7.) Through the vil-lowed, in his extremity, "Cannoneers to your guns!"—two old lage of Dun, he, galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun, honey-combed Field-pieces, empty of all but cobwebs; the brave Captain Deslons and his Escort of a Hundred, saddle and rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance ride. Deslons too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred out-trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, side, at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King Louis out, if he 286

will order it: but unfortunately "the work will prove hot;"

du Sieur Thomas (in Choiseul, p. 188).) 'Tis the last of our whereupon King Louis has "no orders to give." (Extrait d'un brave Bouille. Within sight of Varennes, he having drawn bridle, Rapport de M. Deslons (Choiseul, p. 164-7.) calls a council of officers; finds that it is in vain. King Louis has And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop; and can do departed, consenting: amid the clangour of universal stormbell; nothing, having gallopped: National Guards stream in like the amid the tramp of Ten thousand armed men, already arrived; gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling and say, of Sixty thousand flocking thither. Brave Deslons, Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a ven-even without 'orders,' darted at the River Aire with his Hungeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouille himself. (Bouille, dred! (Weber, ii. 386.) swam one

branch of it, could not the ii. 74-6.) Brave Bouille, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal other; and stood there, dripping and panting, with inflated Allemand; speaks fire-words, kindling heart and eyes; distrib-nostril; the Ten thousand answering him with a shout of mock-utes twenty-five gold-louis a company:—Ride, Royal-Allemand, ery, the new Berline lumbering Parisward its weary inevitable long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orleans Bust-Pro-way. No help, then in Earth; nor in an age, not of miracles, in cession; a very King made captive, and world all to win!—Such Heaven!

is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs.

That night, 'Marquis de Bouille and twenty-one more of us At six o'clock two things have happened. Lafayette's Aide-rode over the Frontiers; the Bernardine monks at Orval in Lux-de-camp, Romoeuf, riding a franc etrier, on that old Herb-emburg gave us supper and lodging.' (Aubriot, ut supra, p.

merchant's route, quickened during the last stages, has got to 158.) With little of speech, Bouille rides; with thoughts that Varennes; where the Ten thousand now furiously demand, with do not brook speech. Northward, towards uncertainty, and fury of panic terror, that Royalty shall forthwith return Paris-the Cimmerian Night: towards West-Indian Isles, for with thin ward, that there be not infinite bloodshed. Also, on the other Emigrant delirium the son of the whirlwind cannot act; to-side, 'English Tom,' Choiseul's jokei, flying with that Choiseul wards England, towards premature Stoical death; not towards relay, has met Bouille on the heights of Dun; the adamantine France any more. Honour to the Brave; who, be it in this quar-brow flushed with dark thunder; thunderous rattle of Royal rel or in that, is a substance and articulate-speaking piece of Allemand at his heels. English Tom answers as he can the brief Human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and question, How it is at Varennes?—then asks in turn what he, squeaking and gibbering Shadow! One of the few Royalist Chief-English Tom, with M. de Choiseul's horses, is to do, and whither actors this Bouille, of whom so much can be said.

to ride?—To the Bottomless Pool! answers a thunder-voice; The brave Bouille too, then, vanishes from the tissue of our then again speaking and spurring, orders Royal Allemand to Story. Story and tissue, faint ineffectual Emblem of that grand the gallop; and vanishes, swearing (en jurant). (Declaration Miraculous Tissue, and Living Tapestry named French Revolu-287

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tion, which did weave itself then in very fact, 'on the loud-a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never sounding ' Loom of Time!' The old Brave drop out from it, with witnessed: we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly their strivings; and new acrid Drouets, of new strivings and another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to colour, come in:—as is the manner of that weaving.

pass. Theroigne will not escort here, neither does Mirabeau now 'sit in one of the accompanying carriages.' Mirabeau lies ***Chapter 2.4.VIII.***

dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Theroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liege, professionally, and ***The Return.***

been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Danube; the light of her Patriot Supper-Parties gone quite So then our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has ex-out; so lies Theroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to ecuted itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread face, and return. And France lies how! Fleeting Time shears royal ultimatum, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to down the great and the little; and in two years alters many some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one af-things.

ter another, cunningly-devised, that were to explode like pow-But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal dermines and thunderclaps; not one solitary Plot of which Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a Seance Royale on the hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots;

the Royal Twenty-third of June 1789, which exploded as we then said, Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline

'through the touchhole;' which next, your wargod Broglie hav-travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of ing reloaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tu-fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabres, and O Rich-mult of all people. Three National-Assembly Commissioners, ard, O my King; which, aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection famed Barnave, famed Petion, generally-respectable Latour-of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride Theroigne. Valour profits not; neither has fortune smiled on in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a Fanfaronade. The Bouille Armament ends as the Broglie one mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to ride in the rear, with Dame Tourzel and the Soubrettes.

work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hun-Earth and Heaven.

dreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury-dance of Demoiselle Theroigne and some two hundred thousand, made hate and revenge; but in silence, with vague look of conjec-288

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ture and curiosity mostly scientific. A Sainte-Antoine Placard Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Cou-has given notice this morning that 'whosoever insults Louis riers; will at least massacre them. But our august Assembly, shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged.' Be-which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation hold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, 'all dusty,'

blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thou-address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this sands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Petion, Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the Chil-the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who dren of France, are within.

is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Petion; who, if Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty: who keeps declaring to wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken-bones the successive Official-persons, what is evident, "Eh bien, me past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying "France voila, Well, here you have me;" and what is not evident, "I do cannot be a Republic," answered "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" and so forth: is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her speeches natural for that poor Royal man; which Decency would Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a re-veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natu-gard for Barnave: and that, in a day of retribution and Royal ral for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the igno-triumph, Barnave shall not be executed. (Campan, ii. c. 18.) minious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a si-On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it relent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, (Nouveau Paris, turns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accom-iii. 22.) to some Procession de Roi de Bazoche; or say, Proces-plished for itself. The Pickleherring Tragedy has vanished in sion of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutor-mania and royal the Tuileries Palace, towards 'pain strong and hard.' Watched, blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is not comic; fettered, and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real.

with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed Miserablest flebile ludibrium of a Pickleherring Tragedy! It on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen sweeps along there, in most ungorgeous pall, through many cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a streets, in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length little! (Ibid. ii. 149.)

wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace—towards its doom, of slow torture, peine forte et dure.

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Chapter 2.4.IX.

one knows not in which unhappiest! Was the meaning of our so glorious French Revolution this, and no other, That when ***Sharp Shot.***

Shams and Delusions, long soul-killing, had become body-killing, and got the length of Bankruptcy and Inanition, a great In regard to all which, this most pressing question arises: What People rose and, with one voice, said, in the Name of the High-is to be done with it? "Depose it!" resolutely answer Robespierre est: Shams shall be no more? So many sorrows and bloody and the thoroughgoing few. For truly, with a King who runs horrors, endured, and to be yet endured through dismal com-away, and needs to be watched in his very bedroom that he ing centuries, were they not the heavy price paid and payable may stay and govern you, what other reasonable thing can be for this same: Total Destruction of Shams from among men?

done? Had Philippe d'Orleans not been a caput mortuum! But And now, O Barnave Triumvirate! is it in such double-distilled of him, known as one defunct, no man now dreams. "Depose it Delusion, and Sham even of a Sham, that an Effort of this kind not; say that it is inviolable, that it was spirited away, was will rest acquiescent? Messieurs of the popular Triumvirate: enleve; at any cost of sophistry and solecism, reestablish it!"

Never! But, after all, what can poor popular Triumvirates and so answer with loud vehemence all manner of Constitutional fallible august Senators do? They can, when the Truth is all Royalists; as all your Pure Royalists do naturally likewise, with too-horrible, stick their heads ostrich-like into what shelter-low vehemence, and rage compressed by fear, still more pas-ing Fallacy is nearest: and wait there, a posteriori!

sionately answer. Nay Barnave and the two Lameths, and what Readers who saw the Clermontais and Three-Bishopricks gal-will follow them, do likewise answer so. Answer, with their lop, in the Night of Spurs; Diligences ruffling up all France into whole might: terrorstruck at the unknown Abysses on the one terrific terrified Cock of India; and the Town of Nantes in verge of which, driven thither by themselves mainly, all now its shirt,—may fancy what an affair to settle this was.

reels, ready to plunge.

Robespierre, on the extreme Left, with perhaps Petion and By mighty effort and combination this latter course, of re-lean old Goupil, for the very Triumvirate has defalcated, are establish it, is the course fixed on; and it shall by the strong shrieking hoarse; drowned in Constitutional clamour. But the arm, if not by the clearest logic, be made good. With the sacri-debate and arguing of a whole Nation; the bellowings through fice of all their hard-earned popularity, this notable Triumvi-all Journals, for and against; the reverberant voice of Danton; rate, says Toulongeon, 'set the Throne up again, which they the Hyperion-shafts of Camille; the porcupine-quills of impla-had so toiled to overturn: as one might set up an overturned cable Marat:—conceive all this.

pyramid, on its vertex; to stand so long as it is held.'

Constitutionalists in a body, as we often predicted, do now Unhappy France; unhappy in King, Queen, and Constitution; recede from the Mother Society, and become Feuillans; threat-290

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ening her with inanition, the rank and respectability being haps only to return.

mostly gone. Petition after Petition, forwarded by Post, or But, what with sorrow of baulked Patriotism, what with borne in Deputation, comes praying for Judgment and closed theatres, and Proclamations still publishing themselves Decheance, which is our name for Deposition; praying, at low-by sound of trumpet, the fervour of men's minds, this day, is est, for Reference to the Eighty-three Departments of France.

great. Nay, over and above, there has fallen out an incident, of Hot Marseillese Deputation comes declaring, among other the nature of Farce-Tragedy and Riddle; enough to stimulate things: "Our Phocean Ancestors flung a Bar of Iron into the all creatures. Early in the day, a Patriot (or some say, it was a Bay at their first landing; this Bar will float again on the Medi-Patriotess, and indeed Truth is undiscoverable), while stand-terranean brine before we consent to be slaves." All this for ing on the firm deal-board of Fatherland's Altar, feels suddenly, four weeks or more, while the matter still hangs doubtful; with indescribable torpedo-shock of amazement, his bootsole Emigration streaming with double violence over the frontiers; pricked through from below; he clutches up suddenly this elec-

(Bouille, ii. 101.) France seething in fierce agitation of this trified bootsole and foot; discerns next instant—the point of question and prize-question: What is to be done with the fu-a gimlet or brad-awl playing up, through the firm deal-board, gitive Hereditary Representative?

and now hastily drawing itself back! Mystery, perhaps Trea-Finally, on Friday the 15th of July 1791, the National As-son? The wooden framework is impetuously broken up; and sembly decides; in what negatory manner we know. Where-behold, verily a mystery; never explicable fully to the end of upon the Theatres all close, the Bournestones and Portable-the world! Two human individuals, of mean aspect, one of them chairs begin spouting, Municipal Placards flaming on the walls, with a wooden leg, lie ensconced there, gimlet in hand: they and Proclamations published by sound of

trumpet, 'invite to must have come in overnight; they have a supply of provi-repose;' with small effect. And so, on Sunday the 17th, there sions,— no 'barrel of gunpowder' that one can see; they affect shall be a thing seen, worthy of remembering. Scroll of a Peti-to be asleep; look blank enough, and give the lamest account tion, drawn up by Brissots, Dantons, by Cordeliers, Jacobins; of themselves. "Mere curiosity; they were boring up to get an for the thing was infinitely shaken and manipulated, and many eye-hole; to see, perhaps 'with lubricity,' whatsoever, from that had a hand in it: such Scroll lies now visible, on the wooden new point of vision, could be seen:"—little that was edifying, framework of the Fatherland's Altar, for signature. Unworking one would think! But indeed what stupidest thing may not Paris, male and female, is crowding thither, all day, to sign or human Dulness, Pruriency, Lubricity, Chance and the Devil, to see. Our fair Roland herself the eye of History can discern choosing Two out of Half-a-million idle human heads, tempt there, 'in the morning;' (Madame Roland, ii. 74.) not without them to? (Hist. Parl. xi. 104-7.)

interest. In few weeks the fair Patriot will quit Paris; yet per-Sure enough, the two human individuals with their gimlet 291

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are there. Ill-starred pair of individuals! For the result of it all Bailly, looking into it with his long visage made still longer.

is that Patriotism, fretting itself, in this state of nervous ex-Auguring no good; perhaps Decheance and Deposition after citability, with hypotheses, suspicions and reports, keeps ques-all! Stop it, ye Constitutional Patriots; fire itself is quench-tioning these two distracted human individuals, and again able, yet only quenchable at first!

questioning them; claps them into the nearest Guardhouse, Stop it, truly: but how stop it? Have not the first Free People clutches them out again; one hypothetic group snatching them of the Universe a right to petition?— Happily, if also unhap-from another: till finally, in such extreme state of nervous expily, here is one proof of riot: these two human individuals,

citability, Patriotism hangs them as spies of Sieur Motier; and hanged at the Lanterne. Proof, O treacherous Sieur Motier?

the life and secret is choked out of them forevermore. Forever-Were they not two human individuals sent thither by thee to more, alas! Or is a day to be looked for when these two evi-be hanged; to be a pretext for thy bloody Drapeau Rouge?

dently mean individuals, who are human nevertheless, will This question shall many a Patriot, one day, ask; and answer become Historical Riddles; and, like him of the Iron Mask (also affirmatively, strong in Preternatural Suspicion.

a human individual, and evidently nothing more),—have their Enough, towards half past seven in the evening, the mere Dissertations? To us this only is certain, that they had a gim-natural eye can behold this thing: Sieur Motier, with Munici-let, provisions and a wooden leg; and have died there on the pals in scarf, with blue National Patrollotism, rank after rank, Lanterne, as the unluckiest fools might die.

to the clang of drums; wending resolutely to the Champ-de-And so the signature goes on, in a still more excited manner.

Mars; Mayor Bailly, with elongated visage, bearing, as in sad And Chaumette, for Antiquarians possess the very Paper to duty bound, the Drapeau Rouge! Howl of angry derision rises this hour, (Ibid. xi. 113, &c.) —has signed himself 'in a flowing in treble and bass from a hundred thousand throats, at the saucy hand slightly leaned;' and Hebert, detestable Pere sight of Martial Law; which nevertheless waving its Red san-Duchene, as if 'an inked spider had dropped on the paper;'

guinary Flag, advances there, from the Gros-Caillou Entrance; Usher Maillard also has signed, and many Crosses, which can-advances, drumming and waving, towards Altar of Fatherland.

not write. And Paris, through its thousand avenues, is welling Amid still wilder howls, with objurgation, obtestation; with to the Champ-de-Mars

and from it, in the utmost excitability flights of pebbles and mud, saxa et faeces; with crackle of a of humour; central Fatherland's Altar quite heaped with sign-pistol-shot;—finally with volley-fire of Patrollotism; levelled ing Patriots and Patriotesses; the Thirty-benches and whole muskets; roll of volley on volley! Precisely after one year and internal Space crowded with onlookers, with comers and goers; three days, our sublime Federation Field is wetted, in this one regurgitating whirlpool of men and women in their Sun-manner, with French blood.

day clothes. All which a Constitutional Sieur Motier sees; and Some 'Twelve unfortunately shot,' reports Bailly, counting 292

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by units; but Patriotism counts by tens and even by hundreds.

handsel the new Social Edifice, and first raise heat and reek Not to be forgotten, nor forgiven! Patriotism flies, shrieking, there, in the name of Hope.

execrating. Camille ceases Journalising, this day; great Danton The Revision, especially with a throne standing on its ver-with Camille and Freron have taken wing, for their life; Marat tex, has been a work of difficulty, of delicacy. In the way of burrows deep in the Earth, and is silent. Once more Patrollotism propping and buttressing, so indispensable now, something has triumphed: one other time; but it is the last.

could be done; and yet, as is feared, not enough. A repentant This was the Royal Flight to Varennes. Thus was the Throne Barnave Triumvirate, our Rabauts, Duports, Thourets, and in-overturned thereby; but thus also was it victoriously set up deed all Constitutional Deputies did strain every nerve: but again—on its vertex; and will stand while it can be held.

the Extreme Left was so noisy; the People were so suspicious, clamorous to have the work ended: and then the loyal Right Side sat feeble petulant all the while, and as it were, pouting ***BOOK 2.V.***

and petting; unable to help, had they even been willing; the two Hundred and Ninety had solemnly made scission, before ***PARLIAMENT FIRST***

that: and departed, shaking the dust off their feet. To such transcendency of fret, and desperate hope that worsening of ***Chapter 2.5.I.***

the bad might the sooner end it and bring back the good, had our unfortunate loyal Right Side now come! (Toulongeon, ii.

Grande Acceptation.

56, 59.)

However, one finds that this and the other little prop has In the last nights of September, when the autumnal equinox been added, where possibility allowed. Civil-list and Privy-purse is past, and grey September fades into brown October, why are were from of old well cared for. King's Constitutional Guard, the Champs Elysees illuminated; why is Paris dancing, and fling-Eighteen hundred loyal men from the Eighty-three Departing fireworks? They are gala-nights, these last of September; ments, under a loyal Duke de Brissac; this, with trustworthy Paris may well dance, and the Universe: the Edifice of the Con-Swiss besides, is of itself something. The old loyal Bodyguards stitution is completed! Completed; nay revised, to see that are indeed dissolved, in name as well as in fact; and gone mostly there was nothing insufficient in it; solemnly proferred to his towards Coblentz. But now also those Sansculottic violent Majesty; solemnly accepted by him, to the sound of cannon-Gardes Francaises, or Centre Grenadiers, shall have their mitti-salvoes, on the fourteenth of the month. And now by such mus: they do ere long, in the Journals, not without a hoarse illumination, jubilee, dancing and fireworking, do we joyously pathos, publish their Farewell; 'wishing all Aristocrats the graves 293

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in Paris which to us are denied.' (Hist. Parl. xiii. 73.) They de-Nay, now that his Majesty has accepted the Constitution, to part, these first Soldiers of the Revolution; they hover very the sound of cannon-salvoes, who would

not hope? Our good dimly in the distance for about another year; till they can be King was misguided but he meant well. Lafayette has moved remodelled, new-named, and sent to fight the Austrians; and for an Amnesty, for universal forgiving and forgetting of Revo-then History beholds them no more. A most notable Corps of lutionary faults; and now surely the glorious Revolution cleared men; which has its place in World-History;—though to us, so of its rubbish, is complete! Strange enough, and touching in is History written, they remain mere rubrics of men; nameless; several ways, the old cry of Vive le Roi once more rises round a shaggy Grenadier Mass, crossed with buff-belts. And yet might King Louis the Hereditary Representative. Their Majesties went we not ask: What Argonauts, what Leonidas' Spartans had done to the Opera; gave money to the Poor: the Queen herself, now such a work? Think of their destiny: since that May morning, when the Constitution is accepted, hears voice of cheering.

some three years ago, when they, unparticipating, trundled Bygone shall be bygone; the New Era shall begin! To and fro, off d'Espremenil to the Calypso Isles; since that July evening, amid those lamp-galaxies of the Elysian Fields, the Royal Car-some two years ago, when they, participating and sacreing riage slowly wends and rolls; every where with vivats, from a with knit brows, poured a volley into Besenval's Prince de multitude striving to be glad. Louis looks out, mainly on the Lambesc! History waves them her mute adieu.

variegated lamps and gay human groups, with satisfaction So that the Sovereign Power, these Sansculottic Watchdogs, enough for the hour. In her Majesty's face, 'under that kind more like wolves, being leashed and led away from his Tuileries, graceful smile a deep sadness is legible.' (De Stael, Consider-breathes freer. The Sovereign Power is guarded henceforth by a ations, i. c. 23.) Brilliancies, of valour and of wit, stroll here loyal Eighteen hundred,—whom Contrivance, under various pre-observant: a Dame de Stael, leaning most probably on the arm texts, may gradually swell to Six thousand; who will hinder no of her Narbonne. She meets Deputies; who have built this Con-Journey to Saint-Cloud. The sad Varennes business has been stitution; who saunter here with vague communings,—not soldered up;

cemented, even in the blood of the Champ-de-Mars, without thoughts whether it will stand. But as yet melodious these two months and more; and indeed ever since, as formerly, fiddlestrings twang and warble every where, with the rhythm Majesty has had its privileges, its 'choice of residence,' though, of light fantastic feet; long lamp-galaxies fling their coloured for good reasons, the royal mind 'prefers continuing in Paris.'

radiance; and brass-lunged Hawkers elbow and bawl, "Grande Poor royal mind, poor Paris; that have to go mumming; envel-Acceptation, Constitution Monarchique:" it behoves the Son oped in speciosities, in falsehood which knows itself false; and of Adam to hope. Have not Lafayette, Barnave, and all Consti-to enact mutually your sorrowful farce-tragedy, being bound to tutionalists set their shoulders handsomely to the inverted it; and on the whole, to hope always, in spite of hope!

pyramid of a throne? Feuillans, including almost the whole 294

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Constitutional Respectability of France, perorate nightly from Convention, —is evidently one of the most ticklish points. The their tribune; correspond through all Post-offices; denounc-august moribund Assembly debated it for four entire days.

ing unquiet Jacobinism; trusting well that its time is nigh done.

Some thought a change, or at least reviewal and new approval, Much is uncertain, questionable: but if the Hereditary Repre-might be admissible in thirty years; some even went lower, sentative be wise and lucky, may one not, with a sanguine down to twenty, nay to fifteen. The august Assembly had once Gaelic temper, hope that he will get in motion better or worse; decided for thirty years; but it revoked that, on better that what is wanting to him will gradually be gained and added?

thoughts; and did not fix any date of time, but merely some For the rest, as we must repeat, in this building of the Con-vague outline of a posture of circumstances, and on the whole stitutional Fabric, especially in this

Revision of it, nothing that left the matter hanging. (Choix de Rapports, &c. (Paris, 1825), one could think of to give it new strength, especially to steady vi. 239-317.) Doubtless a National Convention can be as-it, to give it permanence, and even eternity, has been forgot-sembled even within the thirty years: yet one may hope, not; ten. Biennial Parliament, to be called Legislative, Assemblee but that Legislatives, biennial Parliaments of the common kind, Legislative; with Seven Hundred and Forty-five Members, cho-with their limited faculty, and perhaps quiet successive addi-sen in a judicious manner by the 'active citizens' alone, and tions thereto, may suffice, for generations, or indeed while even by electing of electors still more active: this, with privi-computed Time runs.

leges of Parliament shall meet, self-authorized if need be, and Furthermore, be it noted that no member of this Constitu-self-dissolved; shall grant money-supplies and talk; watch over ent has been, or could be, elected to the new Legislative. So the administration and authorities; discharge for ever the func-noble-minded were these Law-makers! cry some: and Solon-tions of a Constitutional Great Council, Collective Wisdom, and like would banish themselves. So splenetic! cry more: each National Palaver,—as the Heavens will enable. Our First bien-grudging the other, none daring to be outdone in self-denial nial Parliament, which indeed has been a-choosing since early by the other. So unwise in either case! answer all practical in August, is now as good as chosen. Nay it has mostly got to men. But consider this other self-denying ordinance, That none Paris: it arrived gradually;—not without pathetic greeting to of us can be King's Minister, or accept the smallest Court Apits venerable Parent, the now moribund Constituent; and sat pointment, for the space of four, or at lowest (and on long there in the Galleries, reverently listening; ready to begin, the debate and Revision), for the space of two years! So moves the instant the ground were clear.

incorruptible seagreen Robespierre; with cheap magnanimity Then as to changes in the Constitution itself? This, impos-he; and none dare be outdone by him. It was such a law, not so sible for any Legislative, or common biennial Parliament, and superfluous then, that sent Mirabeau to

the Gardens of Saint-possible solely for some resuscitated Constituent or National Cloud, under cloak of darkness, to that colloquy of the gods; 295

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and thwarted many things. Happily and unhappily there is no had its beginning, and must likewise have its end. A Phan-Mirabeau now to thwart.

tasm-Reality born of Time, as the rest of us are; flitting ever Welcomer meanwhile, welcome surely to all right hearts, is backwards now on the tide of Time: to be long remembered of Lafayette's chivalrous Amnesty. Welcome too is that hard-wrung men. Very strange Assemblages, Sanhedrims, Amphictyonics, Union of Avignon; which has cost us, first and last, 'thirty Trades Unions, Ecumenic Councils, Parliaments and Congresses, sessions of debate,' and so much else: may it at length prove have met together on this Planet, and dispersed again; but a lucky! Rousseau's statue is decreed: virtuous Jean-Jacques, stranger Assemblage than this august Constituent, or with a Evangelist of the Contrat Social. Not Drouet of Varennes; nor stranger mission, perhaps never met there. Seen from the dis-worthy Lataille, master of the old world-famous Tennis Court tance, this also will be a miracle. Twelve Hundred human indi-in Versailles, is forgotten; but each has his honourable men-viduals, with the Gospel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau in their tion, and due reward in money. (Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. xi.

pocket, congregating in the name of Twenty-five Millions, with 473.) Whereupon, things being all so neatly winded up, and full assurance of faith, to 'make the Constitution:' such sight, the Deputations, and Messages, and royal and other Ceremonials the acme and main product of the Eighteenth Century, our having rustled by; and the King having now affectionately World can witness once only. For Time is rich in wonders, in perorated about peace and tranquilisation, and members hav-monstrosities most rich; and is observed never to repeat him-ing answered "Oui! oui!" with effusion, even with tears,—Presi-self, or any of his Gospels:—surely least of all, this Gospel dent Thouret, he of the Law Reforms, rises, and, with a strong according to Jean-Jacques. Once it was right and indispens-

voice, utters these memorable last-words: "The National Conable, since such had become the Belief of men; but once also is stituent Assembly declares that it has finished its mission; enough.

and that its sittings are all ended." Incorruptible Robespierre, They have made the Constitution, these Twelve Hundred virtuous Petion are borne home on the shoulders of the people; Jean-Jacques Evangelists; not without result. Near twenty-with vivats heaven-high. The rest glide quietly to their respec-nine months they sat, with various fortune; in various capac-tive places of abode. It is the last afternoon of September, ity;—always, we may say, in that capacity of carborne Caroccio, 1791; on the morrow morning the new Legislative will begin.

and miraculous Standard of the Revolt of Men, as a Thing high So, amid glitter of illuminated streets and Champs Elysees, and lifted up; whereon whosoever looked might hope healing.

and crackle of fireworks and glad deray, has the first National They have seen much: cannons levelled on them; then sud-Assembly vanished; dissolving, as they well say, into blank denly, by interposition of the Powers, the cannons drawn back; Time; and is no more. National Assembly is gone, its work re-and a war-god Broglie vanishing, in thunder not his own, amid maining; as all Bodies of men go, and as man himself goes: it the dust and downrushing of a Bastille and Old Feudal France.

They have suffered somewhat: Royal Session, with rain and dor, spite of the Self-denying Law; brisk young Marquis Oath of the Tennis-Court; Nights of Pentecost; Insurrections Chauvelin acting as Ambassador's-Cloak. In London too, one of Women. Also have they not done somewhat? Made the Con-finds Petion the virtuous; harangued and haranguing, pledg-stitution, and managed all things the while; passed, in these ing the wine-cup with Constitutional Reform Clubs, in solemn twenty-nine months, 'twenty-five

hundred Decrees,' which on tavern-dinner. Incorruptible Robespierre retires for a little to the average is some three for each day, including Sundays!

native Arras: seven short weeks of quiet; the last appointed Brevity, one finds, is possible, at times: had not Moreau de St.

him in this world. Public Accuser in the Paris Department, ac-Mery to give three thousand orders before rising from his knowledged highpriest of the Jacobins; the glass of incorrupt-seat?—There was valour (or value) in these men; and a kind of ible thin Patriotism, for his narrow emphasis is loved of all the faith,—were it only faith in this, That cobwebs are not cloth; narrow,—this man seems to be rising, somewhither? He sells that a Constitution could be made. Cobwebs and chimeras ought his small heritage at Arras; accompanied by a Brother and a verily to disappear; for a Reality there is. Let formulas, soul-Sister, he returns, scheming out with resolute timidity a small killing, and now grown body-killing, insupportable, begone, sure destiny for himself and them, to his old lodging, at the in the name of Heaven and Earth!—Time, as we say, brought Cabinetmaker's, in the Rue St. Honore:—O resolute-tremu-forth these Twelve Hundred; Eternity was before them, Eterlous incorruptible seagreen man, towards what a destiny!

nity behind: they worked, as we all do, in the confluence of Lafayette, for his part, will lay down the command. He re-Two Eternities; what work was given them. Say not that it was tires Cincinnatus-like to his hearth and farm; but soon leaves nothing they did. Consciously they did somewhat; uncon-them again. Our National Guard, however, shall henceforth have sciously how much! They had their giants and their dwarfs, no one Commandant; but all Colonels shall command in suc-they accomplished their good and their evil; they are gone, cession, month about. Other Deputies we have met, or Dame and return no more. Shall they not go with our blessing, in de Stael has met, 'sauntering in a thoughtful manner;' perhaps these circumstances; with our mild farewell?

uncertain what to do. Some, as Barnave, the Lameths, and their By post, by diligence, on saddle or sole; they are gone: to-Duport, will continue here in

Paris: watching the new biennial wards the four winds! Not a few over the marches, to rank at Legislative, Parliament the First; teaching it to walk, if so might Coblentz. Thither wended Maury, among others; but in the be; and the Court to lead it.

end towards Rome,—to be clothed there in red Cardinal plush; Thus these: sauntering in a thoughtful manner; travelling in falsehood as in a garment; pet son (her last-born?) of the by post or diligence,—whither Fate beckons. Giant Mirabeau Scarlet Woman. Talleyrand-Perigord, excommunicated Consti-slumbers in the Pantheon of Great Men: and France? and Eu-tutional Bishop, will make his way to London; to be Ambassa-rope?—The brass-lunged Hawkers sing "Grand Acceptation, 297

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Monarchic Constitution" through these gay crowds: the Mor-except for rare specific purposes, let them rest, in melancholy row, grandson of Yesterday, must be what it can, as To-day its peace.

father is. Our new biennial Legislative begins to constitute On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself; or a public itself on the first of October, 1791.

Body of men to itself! Aesop's fly sat on the chariot-wheel, exclaiming, What a dust I do raise! Great Governors, clad in ***Chapter 2.5.II.***

purple with fasces and insignia, are governed by their valets, by the pouting of their women and children; or, in Constitu-The Book of the Law.

tional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that; I am doing this or that! For thou knowest If the august Constituent Assembly itself, fixing the regards it not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple of the Universe, could, at the present distance of time and Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of place, gain comparatively small attention from us, how much this great Babylon which he has builded; and is a nondescript less can this poor Legislative! It has its Right Side and its Left; biped-quadruped, on the eve of a seven-years

course of graz-the less Patriotic and the more, for Aristocrats exist not here ing! These Seven Hundred and Forty-five elected individuals or now: it spouts and speaks: listens to Reports, reads Bills doubt not but they are the First biennial Parliament, come to and Laws; works in its vocation, for a season: but the history govern France by parliamentary eloquence: and they are what?

of France, one finds, is seldom or never there. Unhappy Legis-And they have come to do what? Things foolish and not wise!

lative, what can History do with it; if not drop a tear over it, It is much lamented by many that this First Biennial had no almost in silence? First of the two-year Parliaments of France, members of the old Constituent in it, with their experience of which, if Paper Constitution and oft-repeated National Oath parties and parliamentary tactics; that such was their foolish could avail aught, were to follow in softly-strong indissoluble Self-denying Law. Most surely, old members of the Constitu-sequence while Time ran,—it had to vanish dolefully within ent had been welcome to us here. But, on the other hand, one year; and there came no second like it. Alas! your biennial what old or what new members of any Constituent under the Parliaments in endless indissoluble sequence; they, and all that Sun could have effectually profited? There are First biennial Constitutional Fabric, built with such explosive Federation Parliaments so postured as to be, in a sense, beyond wisdom; Oaths, and its top-stone brought out with dancing and varie-where wisdom and folly differ only in degree, and wreckage gated radiance, went to pieces, like frail crockery, in the crash and dissolution are the appointed issue for both.

of things; and already, in eleven short months, were in that Old-Constituents, your Barnaves, Lameths and the like, for Limbo near the Moon, with the ghosts of other Chimeras. There, whom a special Gallery has been set apart, where they may sit 298

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in honour and listen, are in the habit of sneering at these new fiery Claude Fauchet, Te-Deum Fauchet Bishop of Calvados, from Legislators; (Dumouriez, ii. 150, &c.) but let not us! The poor the utmost North-West. No Mirabeau now sits here, who had Seven Hundred and Forty-five, sent together by the active citi-swallowed formulas: our only Mirabeau now is Danton, work-zens of France, are what they could be; do what is fated them.

ing as yet out of doors; whom some call 'Mirabeau of the That they are of Patriot temper we can well understand. Aris-Sansculottes.'

tocrat Noblesse had fled over the marches, or sat brooding Nevertheless we have our gifts,—especially of speech and silent in their unburnt Chateaus; small prospect had they in logic. An eloquent Vergniaud we have; most mellifluous yet Primary Electoral Assemblies. What with Flights to Varennes, most impetuous of public speakers; from the region named what with Days of Poniards, with plot after plot, the People Gironde, of the Garonne: a man unfortunately of indolent hab-are left to themselves; the People must needs choose Defend-its; who will sit playing with your children, when he ought to ers of the People, such as can be had. Choosing, as they also be scheming and perorating. Sharp bustling Guadet; consider-will ever do, 'if not the ablest man, yet the man ablest to be ate grave Censonne; kind-sparkling mirthful young Ducos; chosen!' Fervour of character, decided Patriot-Constitutional Valaze doomed to a sad end: all these likewise are of that feeling; these are qualities: but free utterance, mastership in Gironde, or Bourdeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional tongue-fence; this is the quality of qualities. Accordingly one principles; of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectabil-finds, with little astonishment, in this First Biennial, that as ity; who will have the Reign of Liberty establish itself, but many as Four hundred Members are of the Advocate or Attor-only by respectable methods. Round whom others of like tem-ney species. Men who can speak, if there be aught to speak: per will gather; known by and by as Girondins, to the sorrow-nay here are men also who can think, and even act. Candour ing wonder of the world. Of which sort note Condorcet, Mar-will say of this ill-fated First French Parliament that it wanted quis and Philosopher; who has worked at much, at Paris Mu-

not its modicum of talent, its modicum of honesty; that it, nicipal Constitution, Differential Calculus, Newspaper Chronique neither in the one respect nor in the other, sank below the de Paris, Biography, Philosophy; and now sits here as two-average of Parliaments, but rose above the average. Let aver-years Senator: a notable Condorcet, with stoical Roman face, age Parliaments, whom the world does not guillotine, and cast and fiery heart; 'volcano hid under snow;' styled likewise, in forth to long infamy, be thankful not to themselves but to irreverent language, 'mouton enrage,' peaceablest of creatures their stars!

bitten rabid! Or note, lastly, Jean-Pierre Brissot; whom Des-France, as we say, has once more done what it could: fervid tiny, long working noisily with him, has hurled hither, say, to men have come together from wide separation; for strange have done with him. A biennial Senator he too; nay, for the issues. Fiery Max Isnard is come, from the utmost South-East; present, the king of such. Restless, scheming, scribbling Brissot; 299

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who took to himself the style de Warville, heralds know not in come a practical fulminatory Height, and make the name of the least why;—unless it were that the father of him did, in an Mountain famous-infamous to all times and lands.

unexceptionable manner, perform Cookery and Vintnery in the Honour waits not on this Mountain; nor as yet even loud Village of Ouarville? A man of the windmill species, that grinds dishonour. Gifts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of always, turning towards all winds; not in the steadiest man-thinking; solely this one gift of assured faith, of audacity that ner.

will defy the Earth and the Heavens. Foremost here are the In all these men there is talent, faculty to work; and they Cordelier Trio: hot Merlin from Thionville, hot Bazire, Attor-will do it: working and shaping, not without effect, though neys both; Chabot, disfrocked Capuchin, skilful in agio. Law-alas not in marble, only in quicksand!—But the highest fac-yer Lacroix,

who wore once as subaltern the single epaulette, ulty of them all remains yet to be mentioned; or indeed has has loud lungs and a hungry heart. There too is Couthon, little yet to unfold itself for mention: Captain Hippolyte Carnot, dreaming what he is;—whom a sad chance has paralysed in sent hither from the Pas de Calais; with his cold mathematical the lower extremities. For, it seems, he sat once a whole night, head, and silent stubbornness of will: iron Carnot, far-plan-not warm in his true love's bower (who indeed was by law ning, imperturbable, unconquerable; who, in the hour of need, another's), but sunken to the middle in a cold peat-bog, be-shall not be found wanting. His hair is yet black; and it shall ing hunted out; quaking for his life, in the cold quaking mo-grow grey, under many kinds of fortune, bright and troublous; rass; (Dumouriez, ii. 370.) and goes now on crutches to the and with iron aspect this man shall face them all.

end. Cambon likewise, in whom slumbers undeveloped such a Nor is Cote Droit, and band of King's friends, wanting: finance-talent for printing of Assignats; Father of Paper-money; Vaublanc, Dumas, Jaucourt the honoured Chevalier; who love who, in the hour of menace, shall utter this stern sentence, Liberty, yet with Monarchy over it; and speak fearlessly ac-

'War to the Manorhouse, peace to the Hut, Guerre aux Cha-cording to that faith;—whom the thick-coming hurricanes will teaux, paix aux Chaumieres!' (Choix de Rapports, xi. 25.) sweep away. With them, let a new military Theodore Lameth Lecointre, the intrepid Draper of Versailles, is welcome here; be named;—were it only for his two Brothers' sake, who look known since the Opera-Repast and Insurrection of Women.

down on him, approvingly there, from the Old-Constituents'

Thuriot too; Elector Thuriot, who stood in the embrasures of Gallery. Frothy professing Pastorets, honey-mouthed concilia-the Bastille, and saw Saint-Antoine rising in mass; who has tory Lamourettes, and speechless nameless individuals sit plen-many other things to see. Last and grimmest of all note old tiful, as Moderates, in the middle. Still less is a Cote Gauche Ruhl, with his brown dusky face and long white hair; of Alsa-wanting: extreme Left; sitting on the topmost benches, as if tian Lutheran breed; a

man whom age and book-learning have aloft on its speculatory Height or Mountain, which will be-not taught; who, haranguing the old men of Rheims, shall hold 300

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up the Sacred Ampulla (Heavensent, wherefrom Clovis and all work as the First of the French Parliaments: and make the Con-Kings have been anointed) as a mere worthless oil-bottle, and stitution march. Did they not, at their very instalment, go dash it to sherds on the pavement there; who, alas, shall dash through the most affecting Constitutional ceremony, almost much to sherds, and finally his own wild head, by pistol-shot, with tears? The Twelve Eldest are sent solemnly to fetch the and so end it.

Constitution itself, the printed book of the Law. Archivist Such lava welters redhot in the bowels of this Mountain; Camus, an Old-Constituent appointed Archivist, he and the unknown to the world and to itself! A mere commonplace Ancient Twelve, amid blare of military pomp and clangour, enter, Mountain hitherto; distinguished from the Plain chiefly by its bearing the divine Book: and President and all Legislative Sena-superior barrenness, its baldness of look: at the utmost it may, tors, laying their hand on the same, successively take the Oath, to the most observant, perceptibly smoke. For as yet all lies so with cheers and heart-effusion, universal three-times-three.

solid, peaceable; and doubts not, as was said, that it will en-

(Moniteur, Seance du 4 Octobre 1791.) In this manner they dure while Time runs. Do not all love Liberty and the Constitu-begin their Session. Unhappy mortals! For, that same day, his tion? All heartily;—and yet with degrees. Some, as Chevalier Majesty having received their Deputation of welcome, as Jaucourt and his Right Side, may love Liberty less than Roy-seemed, rather drily, the Deputation cannot but feel slighted, alty, were the trial made; others, as Brissot and his Left Side, cannot but lament such slight: and thereupon our cheering may love it more than Royalty. Nay again of these latter some swearing First Parliament sees itself, on the morrow,

obliged may love Liberty more than Law itself; others not more. Parto explode into fierce retaliatory sputter, of anti-royal Enact-ties will unfold themselves; no mortal as yet knows how. Forces ment as to how they, for their part, will receive Majesty; and work within these men and without: dissidence grows opposi-how Majesty shall not be called Sire any more, except they tion; ever widening; waxing into incompatibility and please: and then, on the following day, to recal this Enact-internecine feud: till the strong is abolished by a stronger; ment of theirs, as too hasty, and a mere sputter though not himself in his turn by a strongest! Who can help it? Jaucourt unprovoked.

and his Monarchists, Feuillans, or Moderates; Brissot and his An effervescent well-intentioned set of Senators; too com-Brissotins, Jacobins, or Girondins; these, with the Cordelier Trio, bustible, where continual sparks are flying! Their History is a and all men, must work what is appointed them, and in the series of sputters and quarrels; true desire to do their func-way appointed them.

tion, fatal impossibility to do it. Denunciations, reprimandings And to think what fate these poor Seven Hundred and Forty-of King's Ministers, of traitors supposed and real; hot rage and five are assembled, most unwittingly, to meet! Let no heart be fulmination against fulminating Emigrants; terror of Austrian so hard as not to pity them. Their soul's wish was to live and Kaiser, of 'Austrian Committee' in the Tuileries itself: rage and 301

haunting terror, haste and dim desperate bewilderment!—

Left Side confounding itself with Right; barren Mountain rush-Haste, we say; and yet the Constitution had provided against ing down to fruitful Plain, Pastoret into the arms of Condorcet, haste. No Bill can be passed till it have been printed, till it injured to the breast of injurer, with tears; and all swearing have been thrice read, with intervals of eight days;—'unless that

whosoever wishes either Feuillant Two-Chamber Monar-the Assembly shall beforehand decree that there is urgency.'

chy or Extreme-Jacobin Republic, or any thing but the Consti-Which, accordingly, the Assembly, scrupulous of the Constitu-tution and that only, shall be anathema marantha. (Moniteur, tion, never omits to do: Considering this, and also considering Seance du 6 Juillet 1792.) Touching to behold! For, literally that, and then that other, the Assembly decrees always 'qu'il on the morrow morning, they must again quarrel, driven by y a urgence;' and thereupon 'the Assembly, having decreed Fate; and their sublime reconcilement is called derisively Baiser that there is urgence,' is free to decree—what indispensable de L'amourette, or Delilah Kiss.

distracted thing seems best to it. Two thousand and odd de-Like fated Eteocles-Polynices Brothers, embracing, though crees, as men reckon, within Eleven months! (Montgaillard, iii.

in vain; weeping that they must not love, that they must hate 1. 237.) The haste of the Constituent seemed great; but this is only, and die by each other's hands! Or say, like doomed Famil-treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick; and iar Spirits; ordered, by Art Magic under penalties, to do a harder they have to keep pace with that. Unhappy Seven Hundred than twist ropes of sand: 'to make the Constitution march.' If and Forty-five: true-patriotic, but so combustible; being fired, the Constitution would but march! Alas, the Constitution will they must needs fling fire: Senate of touchwood and rockets, not stir. It falls on its face; they tremblingly lift it on end in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continu-again: march, thou gold Constitution! The Constitution will ally flying!

not march.—"He shall march, by—!" said kind Uncle Toby, Or think, on the other hand, looking forward some months, and even swore. The Corporal answered mournfully: "He will of that scene they call Baiser de Lamourette! The dangers of never march in this world."

the country are now grown imminent, immeasurable; National A constitution, as we often say, will march when it images, if Assembly, hope of France, is divided against itself. In such not the old Habits and Beliefs of the Constituted; then accu-extreme circumstances, honey-mouthed Abbe Lamourette, new rately their Rights, or better indeed, their Mights;—for these Bishop of Lyons, rises, whose name, l'amourette, signifies the two, well-understood, are they not one and the same? The old sweetheart, or Delilah doxy,—he rises, and, with pathetic Habits of France are gone: her new Rights and Mights are not honied eloquence, calls on all august Senators to forget mu-yet ascertained, except in Paper-theorem; nor can be, in any tual griefs and grudges, to swear a new oath, and unite as sort, till she have tried. Till she have measured herself, in fell brothers. Whereupon they all, with vivats, embrace and swear; death-grip, and were it in utmost preternatural spasm of mad-302

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ness, with Principalities and Powers, with the upper and the however, one cannot help noticing.

under, internal and external; with the Earth and Tophet and Above all places, the unluminous combustion in Avignon the very Heaven! Then will she know.—Three things bode ill and the Comtat Venaissin was fierce. Papal Avignon, with its for the marching of this French Constitution: the French People; Castle rising sheer over the Rhone-stream; beautifullest Town, the French King; thirdly the French Noblesse and an assembled with its purple vines and gold-orange groves: why must fool-European World.

ish old rhyming Rene, the last Sovereign of Provence, bequeath it to the Pope and Gold Tiara, not rather to Louis Eleventh ***Chapter 2.5.III.***

with the Leaden Virgin in his hatband? For good and for evil!

Popes, Anti-popes, with their pomp, have dwelt in that Castle ***Avignon.***

of Avignon rising sheer over the Rhone-stream: there Laura de Sade went to hear mass; her Petrarch twanging and singing by But quitting generalities,

what strange Fact is this, in the far the Fountain of Vaucluse hard by, surely in a most melancholy South-West, towards which the eyes of all men do now, in the manner. This was in the old days.

end of October, bend themselves? A tragical combustion, long And now in these new days, such issues do come from a smoking and smouldering unluminous, has now burst into flame squirt of the pen by some foolish rhyming Rene, after centu-there.

ries, this is what we have: Jourdan Coupe-tete, leading to siege Hot is that Southern Provencal blood: alas, collisions, as was and warfare an Army, from three to fifteen thousand strong, once said, must occur in a career of Freedom; different direc-called the Brigands of Avignon; which title they themselves tions will produce such; nay different velocities in the same accept, with the addition of an epithet, 'The brave Brigands of direction will! To much that went on there History, busied Avignon!' It is even so. Jourdan the Headsman fled hither from elsewhere, would not specially give heed: to troubles of Uzez, that Chatelet Inquest, from that Insurrection of Women; and troubles of Nismes, Protestant and Catholic, Patriot and Aris- began dealing in madder; but the scene was rife in other than tocrat; to troubles of Marseilles, Montpelier, Arles; to Aristo-dye-stuffs; so Jourdan shut his madder shop, and has risen, crat Camp of Jales, that wondrous real-imaginary Entity, now for he was the man to do it. The tile-beard of Jourdan is shaven fading pale-dim, then always again glowing forth deep- hued off; his fat visage has got coppered and studded with black (in the Imagination mainly);—ominous magical, 'an Aristo-carbuncles; the Silenus trunk is swollen with drink and high crat picture of war done naturally!' All this was a tragical deadly living: he wears blue National uniform with epaulettes, 'an combustion, with plot and riot, tumult by night and by day; enormous sabre, two horse-pistols crossed in his belt, and other but a dark combustion, not luminous, not noticed; which now, two smaller, sticking from his pockets;' styles himself General, 303

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and is the tyrant of men. (Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 267.) but to Universal History unknown. Gibbets we see rise, on the Consider this one fact, O Reader; and what sort of facts must one side and on the other; and wretched carcasses swinging have preceded it, must accompany it! Such things come of old there, a dozen in the row; wretched Mayor of Vaison buried Rene; and of the question which has risen, Whether Avignon before dead. (Barbaroux, Memoires, p. 26.) The fruitful cannot now cease wholly to be Papal and become French and seedfield, lie unreaped, the vineyards trampled down; there is free?

red cruelty, madness of universal choler and gall. Havoc and For some twenty-five months the confusion has lasted. Say anarchy everywhere; a combustion most fierce, but unlucent, three months of arguing; then seven of raging; then finally not to be noticed here!—Finally, as we saw, on the 14th of some fifteen months now of fighting, and even of hanging.

September last, the National Constituent Assembly, having For already in February 1790, the Papal Aristocrats had set up sent Commissioners and heard them; (Lescene Desmaisons: four gibbets, for a sign; but the People rose in June, in re-Compte rendu a l'Assemblee Nationale, 10 Septembre 1791

tributive frenzy; and, forcing the public Hangman to act, (Choix des Rapports, vii. 273-93).) having heard Petitions, held hanged four Aristocrats, on each Papal gibbet a Papal Haman.

Debates, month after month ever since August 1789; and on Then were Avignon Emigrations, Papal Aristocrats emigrating the whole 'spent thirty sittings' on this matter, did solemnly over the Rhone River; demission of Papal Consul, flight, vic-decree that Avignon and the Comtat were incorporated with tory: re-entrance of Papal Legate, truce, and new onslaught; France, and His Holiness the Pope should have what indemand the various turns of war. Petitions there were to National nity was reasonable.

Assembly; Congresses of Townships; threescore and odd Town-And so hereby all is amnestied and finished? Alas, when mad-ships voting for French Reunion, and the blessings of Liberty; ness of choler has gone through the blood of men, and gib-while some twelve of the smaller, manipulated by Aristocrats, bets have swung on this side and on that, what will a parch-gave vote the other way: with shrieks and discord! Township ment Decree and Lafayette Amnesty do? Oblivious Lethe flows against Township, Town against Town: Carpentras, long jeal-not above ground! Papal Aristocrats and Patriot Brigands are ous of Avignon, is now turned out in open war with it;—and still an eyesorrow to each other; suspected, suspicious, in what Jourdan Coupe-tete, your first General being killed in mutiny, they do and forbear. The august Constituent Assembly is gone closes his dye-shop; and does there visibly, with siege-artil-but a fortnight, when, on Sunday the Sixteenth morning of lery, above all with bluster and tumult, with the 'brave Brig-October 1791, the unquenched combustion suddenly becomes ands of Avignon,' beleaguer the rival Town, for two months, in luminous! For Anti-constitutional Placards are up, and the the face of the world!

Statue of the Virgin is said to have shed tears, and grown red.

Feats were done, doubt it not, far-famed in Parish History; (Proces-verbal de la Commune d'Avignon, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xii.

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419-23.) Wherefore, on that morning, Patriot l'Escuyer, one of through the streets; with many-voiced unmelodious Nenia; our 'six leading Patriots,' having taken counsel with his breth-funeral-wail still deeper than it is loud! The copper-face of ren and General Jourdan, determines on going to Church, in Jourdan, of bereft Patriotism, has grown black. Patriot Mu- company with a friend or two: not to hear mass, which he nicipality despatches official Narrative and tidings to Paris; values little; but to meet all the Papalists there in a body, nay orders numerous or innumerable

arrestments for inquest and to meet that same weeping Virgin, for it is the Cordeliers Church; perquisition. Aristocrats male and female are haled to the Castle; and give them a word of admonition. Adventurous errand; which lie crowded in subterranean dungeons there, bemoaned by the has the fatallest issue! What L'Escuyer's word of admonition hoarse rushing of the Rhone; cut out from help.

might be no History records; but the answer to it was a shriek-So lie they; waiting inquest and perquisition. Alas! with a ing howl from the Aristocrat Papal worshippers, many of them Jourdan Headsman for Generalissimo, with his copper-face women. A thousand-voiced shriek and menace; which as grown black, and armed Brigand Patriots chanting their Nenia, L'Escuyer did not fly, became a thousand-handed hustle and the inquest is likely to be brief. On the next day and the next, jostle; a thousand-footed kick, with tumblings and tramplings, let Municipality consent or not, a Brigand Court-Martial es-with the pricking of semstresses stilettos, scissors, and female tablishes itself in the subterranean stories of the Castle of pointed instruments. Horrible to behold; the ancient Dead, Avignon; Brigand Executioners, with naked sabre, waiting at and Petrarchan Laura, sleeping round it there; (Ugo Foscolo, the door, for a Brigand verdict. Short judgment, no appeal!

Essay on Petrarch, p. 35.) high Altar and burning tapers look-There is Brigand wrath and vengeance; not unrefreshed by ing down on it; the Virgin quite tearless, and of the natural brandy. Close by is the Dungeon of the Glaciere, or Ice-Tower: stone-colour!—L'Escuyer's friend or two rush off, like Job's there may be deeds done—? For which language has no Messengers, for Jourdan and the National Force. But heavy name!— Darkness and the shadow of horrid cruelty envelopes Jourdan will seize the Town-Gates first; does not run treble-these Castle Dungeons, that Glaciere Tower: clear only that fast, as he might: on arriving at the Cordeliers Church, the many have entered, that few have returned. Jourdan and the Church is silent, vacant; L'Escuyer, all alone, lies there, swim-Brigands, supreme now over Municipals, over all Authorities ming in his blood, at the foot of the high Altar; pricked with Patriot or Papal, reign in Avignon,

waited on by Terror and scissors; trodden, massacred;—gives one dumb sob, and gasps Silence.

out his miserable life for evermore.

The result of all which is that, on the 15th of November Sight to stir the heart of any man; much more of many men, 1791, we behold Friend Dampmartin, and subalterns beneath self-styled Brigands of Avignon! The corpse of L'Escuyer, him, and General Choisi above him, with Infantry and Cavalry, stretched on a bier, the ghastly head girt with laurel, is borne and proper cannon-carriages rattling in front, with spread ban-305

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ners, to the sound of fife and drum, wend, in a deliberate for-And Jourdan Coupe-tete? Him also we behold again, after a midable manner, towards that sheer Castle Rock, towards those day or two: in flight, through the most romantic Petrarchan broad Gates of Avignon; three new National-Assembly Com-hill-country; vehemently spurring his nag; young Ligonnet, a missioners following at safe distance in the rear. (Dampmartin, brisk youth of Avignon, with Choisi Dragoons, close in his rear!

i. 251-94.) Avignon, summoned in the name of Assembly and With such swollen mass of a rider no nag can run to advantage.

Law, flings its Gates wide open; Choisi with the rest, The tired nag, spur-driven, does take the River Sorgue; but Dampmartin and the Bons Enfans, 'Good Boys of Baufremont,'

sticks in the middle of it; firm on that chiaro fondo di Sorga; so they name these brave Constitutional Dragoons, known to and will proceed no further for spurring! Young Ligonnet dashes them of old,—do enter, amid shouts and scattered flowers. To up; the Copper-face menaces and bellows, draws pistol, per-the joy of all honest persons; to the terror only of Jourdan haps even snaps it; is nevertheless seized by the collar; is tied Headsman and the Brigands. Nay next we behold carbuncled firm, ancles under horse's belly,

and ridden back to Avignon, swollen Jourdan himself shew copper-face, with sabre and four hardly to be saved from massacre on the streets there.

pistols; affecting to talk high: engaging, meanwhile, to sur-

(Dampmartin, ubi supra.)

render the Castle that instant. So the Choisi Grenadiers enter Such is the combustion of Avignon and the South-West, when with him there. They start and stop, passing that Glaciere, it becomes luminous! Long loud debate is in the august Legis-snuffing its horrible breath; with wild yell, with cries of "Cut lative, in the Mother-Society as to what now shall be done the Butcher down!"—and Jourdan has to whisk himself with it. Amnesty, cry eloquent Vergniaud and all Patriots: let through secret passages, and instantaneously vanish.

there be mutual pardon and repentance, restoration, pacifica-Be the mystery of iniquity laid bare then! A Hundred and tion, and if so might any how be, an end! Which vote ulti-Thirty Corpses, of men, nay of women and even children (for mately prevails. So the South-West smoulders and welters again the trembling mother, hastily seized, could not leave her in-in an 'Amnesty,' or Non-remembrance, which alas cannot but fant), lie heaped in that Glaciere; putrid, under putridities: remember, no Lethe flowing above ground! Jourdan himself the horror of the world. For three days there is mournful lift-remains unchanged; gets loose again as one not yet gallows-ing out, and recognition; amid the cries and movements of a ripe; nay, as we transciently discern from the distance, is 'car-passionate Southern people, now kneeling in prayer, now storm-ried in triumph through the cities of the South.' (Deux Amis ing in wild pity and rage: lastly there is solemn sepulture, with vii. (Paris, 1797), pp. 59-71.) What things men carry!

muffled drums, religious requiem, and all the people's wail and With which transient glimpse, of a Copper-faced Portent far-tears. Their Massacred rest now in holy ground; buried in one ing in this manner through the cities of the South, we must grave.

quit these regions;—and let them smoulder. They want not 306

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their Aristocrats; proud old Nobles, not yet emigrated. Arles mune with; at lowest, has a book to publish. That young has its 'Chiffonne,' so, in symbolical cant, they name that Aris-Barbaroux and the Rolands came together; that elderly Spar-tocrat Secret-Association; Arles has its pavements piled up, by tan Roland liked, or even loved the young Spartan, and was and by, into Aristocrat barricades. Against which Rebecqui, loved by him, one can fancy: and Madame—? Breathe not, the hot-clear Patriot, must lead Marseilles with cannon. The thou poison-breath, Evil-speech! That soul is taintless, clear, Bar of Iron has not yet risen to the top in the Bay of Marseilles; as the mirror-sea. And yet if they too did look into each other's neither have these hot Sons of the Phoceans submitted to be eyes, and each, in silence, in tragical renunciance, did find that slaves. By clear management and hot instance, Rebecqui dissi-the other was all too lovely? Honi soit! She calls him 'beautiful pates that Chiffonne, without bloodshed; restores the pave-as Antinous:' he 'will speak elsewhere of that astonishing ment of Arles. He sails in Coast-barks, this Rebecqui, scrutinis-woman.'—A Madame d'Udon (or some such name, for Dumont ing suspicious Martello-towers, with the keen eye of Patrio-does not recollect quite clearly) gives copious Breakfast to tism; marches overland with despatch, singly, or in force; to the Brissotin Deputies and us Friends of Freedom, at her house City after City; dim scouring far and wide; (Barbaroux, p. 21; in the Place Vendome; with temporary celebrity, with graces Hist. Parl. xiii. 421-4.)—argues, and if it must be, fights. For and wreathed smiles; not without cost. There, amid wide babble there is much to do; Jales itself is looking suspicious. So that and jingle, our plan of Legislative Debate is settled for the Legislator Fauchet, after debate on it, has to propose Commis-day, and much counselling held. Strict Roland is seen there, sioners and a Camp on the Plain of Beaucaire: with or without but does not go often. (Dumont, Souvenirs, p. 374.) result.

Of all which, and much else, let us note only this small con-Chapter 2.5.IV.

sequence, that young Barbaroux, Advocate, Town-Clerk of Marseilles, being charged to have these things remedied, ar-No Sugar.

rived at Paris in the month of February 1792. The beautiful and brave: young Spartan, ripe in energy, not ripe in wisdom; Such are our inward troubles; seen in the Cities of the South; over whose black doom there shall flit nevertheless a certain extant, seen or unseen, in all cities and districts, North as well ruddy fervour, streaks of bright Southern tint, not wholly as South. For in all are Aristocrats, more or less malignant; swallowed of Death! Note also that the Rolands of Lyons are watched by Patriotism; which again, being of various shades, again in Paris; for the second and final time. King's Inspector-from light Fayettist-Feuillant down to deep-sombre Jacobin, ship is abrogated at Lyons, as elsewhere: Roland has his retir-has to watch itself!

ing-pension to claim, if attainable; has Patriot friends to com-Directories of Departments, what we call County Magistra-307

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cies, being chosen by Citizens of a too 'active' class, are found 114, 417.) Add Hunger too: for Bread, always dear, is getting to pull one way; Municipalities, Town Magistracies, to pull the dearer: not so much as Sugar can be had; for good reasons.

other way. In all places too are Dissident Priests; whom the Poor Simoneau, Mayor of Etampes, in this Northern region, Legislative will have to deal with: contumacious individuals, hanging out his Red Flag in some riot of grains, is trampled to working on that angriest of passions; plotting, enlisting for death by a hungry exasperated People. What a trade this of Coblentz; or suspected of plotting: fuel of a universal uncon-Mayor, in these times! Mayor of Saint-Denis hung at the stitutional heat. What to do with them? They may be consci-Lanterne, by Suspicion and Dyspepsia, as we saw long since; entious as well as contumacious: gently they should be dealt Mayor of Vaison, as we saw lately, buried before dead; and with, and yet it must be speedily. In unilluminated La Vendee now this poor Simoneau,

the Tanner, of Etampes,—whom le-the simple are like to be seduced by them; many a simple peas-gal Constitutionalism will not forget.

ant, a Cathelineau the wool-dealer wayfaring meditative with With factions, suspicions, want of bread and sugar, it is ver-his wool-packs, in these hamlets, dubiously shakes his head!

ily what they call dechire, torn asunder this poor country: Two Assembly Commissioners went thither last Autumn; conFrance and all that is French. For, over seas too come bad news.

siderate Gensonne, not yet called to be a Senator; Gallois, an In black Saint-Domingo, before that variegated Glitter in the editorial man. These Two, consulting with General Dumouriez, Champs Elysees was lit for an Accepted Constitution, there spake and worked, softly, with judgment; they have hushed had risen, and was burning contemporary with it, quite an- down the irritation, and produced a soft Report,—for the time.

other variegated Glitter and nocturnal Fulgor, had we known The General himself doubts not in the least but he can keep it: of molasses and ardent- spirits; of sugar-boileries, planta-peace there; being an able man. He passes these frosty months tions, furniture, cattle and men: skyhigh; the Plain of Cap among the pleasant people of Niort, occupies 'tolerably hand- Francais one huge whirl of smoke and flame!

some apartments in the Castle of Niort,' and tempers the minds What a change here, in these two years; since that first 'Box of men. (Dumouriez, ii. 129.) Why is there but one Dumouriez?

of Tricolor Cockades' got through the Customhouse, and Elsewhere you find South or North, nothing but untempered atrabiliar Creoles too rejoiced that there was a levelling of obscure jarring; which breaks forth ever and anon into open Bastilles! Levelling is comfortable, as we often say: levelling, clangour of riot. Southern Perpignan has its tocsin, by torch yet only down to oneself. Your pale-white Creoles, have their light; with rushing and onslaught: Northern Caen not less, by grievances:—and your yellow Quarteroons? And your dark-daylight; with Aristocrats ranged in

arms at Places of Worship; yellow Mulattoes? And your Slaves soot-black? Quarteroon Oge, Departmental compromise proving impossible; breaking into Friend of our Parisian Brissotin Friends of the Blacks, felt, for musketry and a Plot discovered! (Hist. Parl. xii. 131, 141; xiii.

his share too, that Insurrection was the most sacred of duties.

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So the tricolor Cockades had fluttered and swashed only some inadequate rate of twenty-five sous, or thirteen pence a pound.

three months on the Creole hat, when Oge's signal-conflagra-

"Abstain from it?" yes, ye Patriot Sections, all ye Jacobins, tions went aloft; with the voice of rage and terror. Repressed, abstain! Louvet and Collot-d'Herbois so advise; resolute to doomed to die, he took black powder or seedgrains in the make the sacrifice: though "how shall literary men do without hollow of his hand, this Oge; sprinkled a film of white ones on coffee?" Abstain, with an oath; that is the surest! (Debats des the top, and said to his Judges, "Behold they are white;"—

Jacobins, &c. (Hist. Parl. xiii. 171, 92-98.) then shook his hand, and said "Where are the Whites, Ou sont Also, for like reason, must not Brest and the Shipping Interles Blancs?"

est languish? Poor Brest languishes, sorrowing, not without So now, in the Autumn of 1791, looking from the sky-win-spleen; denounces an Aristocrat Bertrand-Moleville traitorous dows of Cap Francais, thick clouds of smoke girdle our hori-Aristocrat Marine-Minister. Do not her Ships and King's Ships zon, smoke in the day, in the night fire; preceded by fugitive lie rotting piecemeal in harbour; Naval Officers mostly fled, shrieking white women, by Terror and Rumour. Black demonised and on furlough too, with pay? Little stirring there; if it be squadrons are massacring and harrying, with nameless cruelty.

not the Brest Gallies, whip-driven, with their Galley-Slaves,—

They fight and fire 'from behind thickets and coverts,' for the alas, with some Forty of our hapless Swiss Soldiers of Chateau-Black man loves the Bush; they rush to the attack, thousands Vieux, among others! These Forty Swiss, too mindful of Nanci, strong, with brandished cutlasses and fusils, with caperings, do now, in their red wool caps, tug sorrowfully at the oar; shoutings and vociferation,—which, if the White Volunteer looking into the Atlantic brine, which reflects only their own Company stands firm, dwindle into staggerings, into quick sorrowful shaggy faces; and seem forgotten of Hope.

gabblement, into panic flight at the first volley, perhaps be-But, on the whole, may we not say, in fugitive language, fore it. (Deux Amis, x. 157.) Poor Oge could be broken on the that the French Constitution which shall march is very rheu-wheel; this fire-whirlwind too can be abated, driven up into matic, full of shooting internal pains, in joint and muscle; and the Mountains: but Saint-Domingo is shaken, as Oge's will not march without difficulty?

seedgrains were; shaking, writhing in long horrid death-throes, it is Black without remedy; and remains, as African Haiti, a ***Chapter 2.5.V.***

monition to the world.

O my Parisian Friends, is not this, as well as Regraters and ***Kings and Emigrants.***

Feuillant Plotters, one cause of the astonishing dearth of Sugar!

The Grocer, palpitant, with drooping lip, sees his Sugar taxe; Extremely rheumatic Constitutions have been known to march, weighed out by Female Patriotism, in instant retail, at the and keep on their feet, though in a staggering sprawling man-309

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ner, for long periods, in virtue of one thing only: that the lie rotting in harbour, their officers gone; the Armies Head were healthy. But this Head of the French Constitution!

disorganised; robbers scour the highways, which wear down What King Louis is and cannot help being, Readers already unrepaired; all Public Service lies slack and waste: the Execu-know. A King who cannot take the Constitution, nor reject the tive makes no effort, or an effort only to throw the blame on Constitution: nor do anything at all, but miserably ask, What the Constitution. Shamming death, 'faisant le mort!' What shall I do? A King environed with endless confusions; in whose Constitution, use it in this manner, can march? 'Grow to disown mind is no germ of order. Haughty implacable remnants gust the Nation' it will truly, (Bertrand-Moleville, i. c. 4.)—

of Noblesse struggling with humiliated repentant Barnave-unless you first grow to disgust the Nation! It is Bertrand de Lameths: struggling in that obscure element of fetchers and Moleville's plan, and his Majesty's; the best they can form.

carriers, of Half-pay braggarts from the Cafe Valois, of Cham-Or if, after all, this best-plan proved too slow; proved a fail-bermaids, whisperers, and subaltern officious persons; fierce ure? Provident of that too, the Queen, shrouded in deepest Patriotism looking on all the while, more and more suspicious, mystery, 'writes all day, in cipher, day after day, to Coblentz;'

from without: what, in such struggle, can they do? At best, Engineer Goguelat, he of the Night of Spurs, whom the cancel one another, and produce zero. Poor King! Barnave and Lafayette Amnesty has delivered from Prison, rides and runs.

your Senatorial Jaucourts speak earnestly into this ear; Now and then, on fit occasion, a Royal familiar visit can be Bertrand-Moleville, and Messengers from Coblentz, speak ear-paid to that Salle de Manege, an affecting encouraging Royal nestly into that: the poor Royal head turns to the one side Speech (sincere, doubt it not, for the moment) can be deliv-and

to the other side; can turn itself fixedly to no side. Let ered there, and the Senators all cheer and almost weep;—at Decency drop a veil over it: sorrier misery was seldom enacted the same time Mallet du Pan has visibly ceased editing, and in the world. This one small fact, does it not throw the saddest invisibly bears abroad a King's Autograph, soliciting help from light on much? The Queen is lamenting to Madam Campan: the Foreign Potentates. (Moleville, i. 370.) Unhappy Louis, do

"What am I to do? When they, these Barnaves, get us advised this thing or else that other,—if thou couldst!

to any step which the Noblesse do not like, then I am pouted The thing which the King's Government did do was to stag-at; nobody comes to my card table; the King's Couchee is soli-ger distractedly from contradiction to contradiction; and wed-tary." (Campan, ii. 177-202.) In such a case of dubiety, what is ding Fire to Water, envelope itself in hissing, and ashy steam!

one to do? Go inevitably to the ground!

Danton and needy corruptible Patriots are sopped with pre-The King has accepted this Constitution, knowing before-sents of cash: they accept the sop: they rise refreshed by it, hand that it will not serve: he studies it, and executes it in the and travel their own way. (Ibid. i. c. 17.) Nay, the King's Gov-hope mainly that it will be found inexecutable. King's Ships ernment did likewise hire Hand-clappers, or claqueurs, per-310

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sons to applaud. Subterranean Rivarol has Fifteen Hundred were accustomed to resort thither on that day specially to men in King's pay, at the rate of some ten thousand pounds pay their court, gave him the most humiliating reception. They sterling, per month; what he calls 'a staff of genius:' Paragraph-came pressing round him; managing, as if by mistake, to tread writers, Placard-Journalists; 'two hundred and eighty Applaud-on his toes, to elbow him towards the door, and not let him ers, at three shillings a day:' one of the strangest Staffs ever enter again. He went

downstairs to her Majesty's Apartments, commanded by man. The muster-rolls and account-books of where cover was laid; so soon as he shewed face, sounds rose which still exist. (Montgaillard, iii. 41.) Bertrand-Moleville him-on all sides, "Messieurs, take care of the dishes," as if he had self, in a way he thinks very dexterous, contrives to pack the carried poison in his pockets. The insults which his presence Galleries of the Legislative; gets Sansculottes hired to go every where excited forced him to retire without having seen thither, and applaud at a signal given, they fancying it was the Royal Family: the crowd followed him to the Queen's Stair-Petion that bid them: a device which was not detected for case; in descending, he received a spitting (crachat) on the almost a week. Dexterous enough; as if a man finding the Day head, and some others, on his clothes. Rage and spite were fast decline should determine on altering the Clockhands: that seen visibly painted on his face:' (Bertrand-Moleville, i. 177.) is a thing possible for him.

as indeed how could they miss to be? He imputes it all to the Here too let us note an unexpected apparition of Philippe King and Queen, who know nothing of it, who are even much d'Orleans at Court: his last at the Levee of any King. D'Orleans, grieved at it; and so descends, to his Chaos again. Bertrand sometime in the winter months seemingly, has been appointed was there at the Chateau that day himself, and an eye-witness to that old first-coveted rank of Admiral,—though only over to these things.

ships rotting in port. The wished-for comes too late! However, For the rest, Nonjurant Priests, and the repression of them, he waits on Bertrand-Moleville to give thanks: nay to state will distract the King's conscience; Emigrant Princes and No-that he would willingly thank his Majesty in person; that, in blesse will force him to double-dealing: there must be veto on spite of all the horrible things men have said and sung, he is veto; amid the ever-waxing indignation of men. For Patrio-far from being his Majesty's enemy; at bottom, how far!

tism, as we said, looks on from without, more and more suspi-Bertrand delivers the message, brings about the royal Intercious. Waxing tempest, blast after blast, of Patriot indigna-view, which does pass to the satisfaction

of his Majesty; tion, from without; dim inorganic whirl of Intrigues, Fatuities, d'Orleans seeming clearly repentant, determined to turn over within! Inorganic, fatuous; from which the eye turns away. De a new leaf. And yet, next Sunday, what do we see? 'Next Sun-Stael intrigues for her so gallant Narbonne, to get him made day,' says Bertrand, 'he came to the King's Levee; but the Court-War-Minister; and ceases not, having got him made. The King iers ignorant of what had passed, the crowd of Royalists who shall fly to Rouen; shall there, with the gallant Narbonne, prop-311

erly 'modify the Constitution.' This is the same brisk Narbonne, the Korff Berline go whither it listed! Nameless incoherency, who, last year, cut out from their entanglement, by force of incompatibility, perhaps prodigies at which the world still shud-dragoons, those poor fugitive Royal Aunts: men say he is at ders, had been spared.

bottom their Brother, or even more, so scandalous is scandal.

But now comes the third thing that bodes ill for the march-He drives now, with his de Stael, rapidly to the Armies, to the ing of this French Constitution: besides the French People, and Frontier Towns; produces rose-coloured Reports, not too cred-the French King, there is thirdly—the assembled European ible; perorates, gesticulates; wavers poising himself on the top, world? it has become necessary now to look at that also. Fair for a moment, seen of men; then tumbles, dismissed, washed France is so luminous: and round and round it, is troublous away by the Time-flood.

Cimmerian Night. Calonnes, Breteuils hover dim, far-flown; Also the fair Princess de Lamballe intrigues, bosom friend of overnetting Europe with intrigues. From Turin to Vienna; to her Majesty: to the angering of Patriotism. Beautiful Unfortu-Berlin, and utmost Petersburg in the frozen North! Great Burke nate, why did she ever return from England? Her small silver-has raised his great voice long ago; eloquently demonstrating voice, what can it profit in that piping of the black World-that the end of an Epoch is come, to all appearance the end of tornado? Which will whirl her, poor

fragile Bird of Paradise, Civilised Time. Him many answer: Camille Desmoulins, Clootz against grim rocks. Lamballe and de Stael intrigue visibly, apart Speaker of Mankind, Paine the rebellious Needleman, and or together: but who shall reckon how many others, and in honourable Gallic Vindicators in that country and in this: but what infinite ways, invisibly! Is there not what one may call the great Burke remains unanswerable; 'The Age of Chivalry is an 'Austrian Committee,' sitting invisible in the Tuileries; cen-gone,' and could not but go, having now produced the still tre of an invisible AntiNational Spiderweb, which, for we sleep more indomitable Age of Hunger. Altars enough, of the Dubois-among mysteries, stretches its threads to the ends of the Earth?

Rohan sort, changing to the Gobel-and-Talleyrand sort, are Journalist Carra has now the clearest certainty of it: to Brissotin faring by rapid transmutation to, shall we say, the right Pro-Patriotism, and France generally, it is growing more and more prietor of them? French Game and French Game-Preservers did probable.

alight on the Cliffs of Dover, with cries of distress. Who will say O Reader, hast thou no pity for this Constitution? Rheu-that the end of much is not come? A set of mortals has risen, matic shooting pains in its members; pressure of hydrocephale who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a and hysteric vapours on its Brain: a Constitution divided against practical Fact; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in itself; which will never march, hardly even stagger? Why were this Earth, supposed always to be Belial's, which 'the Supreme not Drouet and Procureur Sausse in their beds, that unblessed Quack' was to inherit! Who will say that Church, State, Throne, Varennes Night! Why did they not, in the name of Heaven, let Altar are not in danger; that the sacred Strongbox itself, last 312

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Palladium of effete Humanity, may not be blasphemously blown sue! Did not iron Birmingham, shouting 'Church and King,' it-upon, and its padlocks undone?

self knew not why, burst out, last July, into rage, drunken-The poor Constituent Assembly might act with what deli-ness, and fire; and your Priestleys, and the like, dining there cacy and diplomacy it would; declare that it abjured meddling on that Bastille day, get the maddest singeing: scandalous to with its neighbours, foreign conquest, and so forth; but from consider! In which same days, as we can remark, high Poten-the first this thing was to be predicted: that old Europe and tates, Austrian and Prussian, with Emigrants, were faring to-new France could not subsist together. A Glorious Revolution, wards Pilnitz in Saxony; there, on the 27th of August, they, oversetting State-Prisons and Feudalism; publishing, with out-keeping to themselves what further 'secret Treaty' there might burst of Federative Cannon, in face of all the Earth, that Ap-or might not be, did publish their hopes and their threatenings, pearance is not Reality, how shall it subsist amid Governments their Declaration that it was 'the common cause of Kings.'

which, if Appearance is not Reality, are—one knows not what?

Where a will to quarrel is, there is a way. Our readers remem-In death feud, and internecine wrestle and battle, it shall sub-ber that Pentecost-Night, Fourth of August 1789, when Feu-sist with them; not otherwise.

dalism fell in a few hours? The National Assembly, in abolish-Rights of Man, printed on Cotton Handkerchiefs, in various ing Feudalism, promised that 'compensation' should be given; dialects of human speech, pass over to the Frankfort Fair.

and did endeavour to give it. Nevertheless the Austrian Kaiser (Toulongeon, i. 256.) What say we, Frankfort Fair? They have answers that his German Princes, for their part, cannot be crossed Euphrates and the fabulous Hydaspes; wafted them-unfeudalised; that they have Possessions in French Alsace, and selves beyond the Ural, Altai, Himmalayah: struck off from Feudal Rights secured to them, for which no conceivable com-wood stereotypes, in angular Picture-writing, they are jab-pensation will suffice. So this of the Possessioned Princes, bered and jingled of in China and Japan. Where will it stop?

‘Princes Possessiones’ is bandied from Court to Court; covers Kien-Lung smells mischief; not the remotest Dalai-Lama shall acres of diplomatic paper at this day: a weariness to the world.

now knead his dough-pills in peace.—Hateful to us; as is the Kaunitz argues from Vienna; Delessart responds from Paris, Night! Bestir yourselves, ye Defenders of Order! They do bestir though perhaps not sharply enough. The Kaiser and his themselves: all Kings and Kinglets, with their spiritual tempo-Possessioned Princes will too evidently come and take comral array, are astir; their brows clouded with menace. Diplo-pensation—so much as they can get. Nay might one not par-matic emissaries fly swift; Conventions, privy Conclaves astition France, as we have done Poland, and are doing; and so semble; and wise wigs wag, taking what counsel they can.

pacify it with a vengeance?

Also, as we said, the Pamphleteer draws pen, on this side From South to North! For actually it is ‘the common cause of and that: zealous fists beat the Pulpit-drum. Not without isKings.’ Swedish Gustav, sworn Knight of the Queen of France, 313

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will lead Coalised Armies;—had not Ankarstrom treasonously national Versailles; a Versailles in partibus: briguing, intrigu-shot him; for, indeed, there were griefs nearer home. (30th ing, favouritism, strumpetocracy itself, they say, goes on there; March 1792 (Annual Register, p. 11). Austria and Prussia speak all the old activities, on a small scale, quickened by hungry at Pilnitz; all men intensely listening: Imperial Rescripts have Revenge.

gone out from Turin; there will be secret Convention at Vienna.

Enthusiasm, of loyalty, of hatred and hope, has risen to a Catherine of Russia beckons approvingly; will help, were she high pitch; as, in any Coblentz tavern, you may hear, in speech, ready. Spanish Bourbon stirs amid his pillows; from him too, and in singing. Maury assists in the interior

Council; much is even from him, shall there come help. Lean Pitt, 'the Minister decided on; for one thing, they keep lists of the dates of your of Preparatives,' looks out from his watch-tower in Saint-emigrating; a month sooner, or a month later determines your James's, in a suspicious manner. Councillors plotting, Calonnes greater or your less right to the coming Division of the Spoil.

dim-hovering;—alas, Serjeants rub-a-dubbing openly through Cazales himself, because he had occasionally spoken with a all manner of German market-towns, collecting ragged valour!

Constitutional tone, was looked on coldly at first: so pure are (Toulongeon, ii. 100-117.) Look where you will, immeasur-our principles. (Montgaillard, iii. 517; Toulongeon, (ubi suable Obscurantism is girdling this fair France; which, again, pra).) And arms are a-hammering at Liege; 'three thousand will not be girdled by it. Europe is in travail; pang after pang; horses' ambling hitherward from the Fairs of Germany: Cavalry what a shriek was that of Pilnitz! The birth will be: war.

enrolling; likewise Foot-soldiers, 'in blue coat, red waistcoat, Nay the worst feature of the business is this last, still to be and nankeen trousers!' (See Hist. Parl. xiii. 11-38, 41-61, 358, named; the Emigrants at Coblentz, so many thousands rank-

&c.) They have their secret domestic correspondences, as their ing there, in bitter hate and menace: King's Brothers, all Princes open foreign: with disaffected Crypto-Aristocrats, with con-of the Blood except wicked d'Orleans; your duelling de Castries, tumacious Priests, with Austrian Committee in the Tuileries.

your eloquent Cazales; bull-headed Malseignes, a wargod Deserters are spirited over by assiduous crimps; Royal-Allemand Broglie; Distaff Seigneurs, insulted Officers, all that have ridis gone almost wholly. Their route of march, towards France den across the Rhine-stream;—d'Artois welcoming Abbe Maury and the Division of the Spoil, is marked out, were the Kaiser with a kiss, and clasping him publicly to his own royal heart!

once ready. "It is said, they mean to poison the sources; but,"

Emigration, flowing over the Frontiers, now in drops, now in adds Patriotism making Report of it, "they will not poison the streams, in various humours of fear, of petulance, rage and source of Liberty," whereat 'on applaudit,' we cannot but ap-hope, ever since those first Bastille days when d'Artois went, plaud. Also they have manufactories of False Assignats; and

'to shame the citizens of Paris,'—has swollen to the size of a men that circulate in the interior distributing and disbursing Phenomenon of the world. Coblentz is become a small extra-the same; one of these we denounce now to Legislative Patrio-314

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tism: 'A man Lebrun by name; about thirty years of age, with thorities, or the accredited Similitude of such: they sat there, blonde hair and in quantity; has,' only for the time being surely, uniting King with Commonalty; transmitting and translating

'a black-eye, oeil poche; goes in a wiski with a black horse,'

gradually, from degree to degree, the command of the one (Moniteur, Seance du 2 Novembre 1791 (Hist. Parl. xii. 212).)—

into the obedience of the other; rendering command and obe-always keeping his Gig!

dience still possible. Had they understood their place, and what Unhappy Emigrants, it was their lot, and the lot of France!

to do in it, this French Revolution, which went forth explo-They are ignorant of much that they should know: of them-sively in years and in months, might have spread itself over selves, of what is around them. A Political Party that knows generations; and not a torture-death but a quiet euthanasia not when it is beaten, may become one of the fatallist of things, have been provided for many things.

to itself, and to all. Nothing will convince these men that they But they were proud and high, these men; they were not cannot scatter the French Revolution at the first blast of their wise to consider. They spurned all from them; in disdainful war-trumpet; that the French Revolution is other than a blus-hate, they drew the sword and flung away the scabbard. France tering Effervescence, of brawlers and spouters, which, at the has not only no Hierarchy of Authorities, to translate com-flash of chivalrous broadswords, at the rustle of gallows-ropes, mand into obedience; its Hierarchy of Authorities has fled to will burrow itself, in dens the deeper the welcomer. But, alas, the enemies of France; calls loudly on the enemies of France to what man does know and measure himself, and the things interfere armed, who want but a pretext to do that. Jealous that are round him;—else where were the need of physical Kings and Kaisers might have looked on long, meditating in-fighting at all? Never, till they are cleft asunder, can these terference, yet afraid and ashamed to interfere: but now do heads believe that a Sansculottic arm has any vigour in it: not the King's Brothers, and all French Nobles, Dignitaries and cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe.

Authorities that are free to speak, which the King himself is One may say, without spleen against his poor erring broth-not,—passionately invite us, in the name of Right and of ers of any side, that above all other mischiefs, this of the Emi-Might? Ranked at Coblentz, from Fifteen to Twenty thousand grant Nobles acted fatally on France. Could they have known, stand now brandishing their weapons, with the cry: On, on!

could they have understood! In the beginning of 1789, a Yes, Messieurs, you shall on;—and divide the spoil according splendour and a terror still surrounded them: the Conflagra-to your dates of emigrating.

tion of their Chateaus, kindled by months of obstinacy, went Of all which things a poor Legislative Assembly, and Patriot out after the Fourth of August; and might have continued France, is informed: by denunciant friend, by triumphant foe.

out, had they at all known what to defend, what to relinquish Sulleau's Pamphlets, of the Rivarol Staff of Genius, circulate; as indefensible. They

were still a graduated Hierarchy of Au-heralding supreme hope. Durosoy's Placards tapestry the walls; 315

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Chant du Coq crows day, pecked at by Tallien's Ami des Citoyens.

own inevitable expenditures. Our Revenue is Assignats; emis-King's-Friend, Royou, Ami du Roi, can name, in exact arith-sion on emission of Paper-money. And the Army; our Three metical ciphers, the contingents of the various Invading Po-grand Armies, of Rochambeau, of Luckner, of Lafayette? Lean, tentates; in all, Four hundred and nineteen thousand Foreign disconsolate hover these Three grand Armies, watching the fighting men, with Fifteen thousand Emigrants. Not to reckon Frontiers there; three Flights of long-necked Cranes in moult-these your daily and hourly desertions, which an Editor must ing time;—wretched, disobedient, disorganised; who never saw daily record, of whole Companies, and even Regiments, crying fire; the old Generals and Officers gone across the Rhine. War-Vive le Roi, vive la Reine, and marching over with banners spread: minister Narbonne, he of the rose-coloured Reports, solicits (Ami du Roi Newspaper (in Hist. Parl. xiii. 175).)—lies all, and recruitments, equipments, money, always money; threatens, wind; yet to Patriotism not wind; nor, alas, one day, to Royou!

since he can get none,—to 'take his sword,' which belongs to Patriotism, therefore, may brawl and babble yet a little while: himself, and go serve his country with that. (Moniteur, Seance but its hours are numbered: Europe is coming with Four hun-du 23 Janvier, 1792; Biographie des Ministres para Narbonne.) dred and nineteen thousand and the Chivalry of France; the The question of questions is: What shall be done? Shall we, gallows, one may hope, will get its own.

with a desperate defiance which Fortune sometimes favours, draw the sword at once, in the face of this in-rushing world of ***Chapter 2.5.VI.***

Emigration and Obscurantism; or wait, and temporise and diplomatise, till, if possible, our resources mature themselves ***Brigands and Jales.***

a little? And yet again are our resources growing towards maturity; or growing the other way? Dubious: the ablest Patriots We shall have War, then; and on what terms! With an Executive are divided; Brissot and his Brissotins, or Girondins, in the Leg-

'pretending,' really with less and less deceptiveness now, 'to be islative, cry aloud for the former defiant plan; Robespierre, in dead;' casting even a wishful eye towards the enemy: on such the Jacobins, pleads as loud for the latter dilatory one: with terms we shall have War.

responses, even with mutual reprimands; distracting the Mother Public Functionary in vigorous action there is none; if it be of Patriotism. Consider also what agitated Breakfasts there not Rivarol with his Staff of Genius and Two hundred and eighty may be at Madame d'Udon's in the Place Vendome! The alarm Applauders. The Public Service lies waste: the very tax-gath-of all men is great. Help, ye Patriots; and O at least agree; for erer has forgotten his cunning: in this and the other Provincial the hour presses. Frost was not yet gone, when in that 'toler-Board of Management (Directoire de Departmente) it is found ably handsome apartment of the Castle of Niort,' there arrived advisable to retain what Taxes you can gather, to pay your a Letter: General Dumouriez must to Paris. It is Warminister 316

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Narbonne that writes; the General shall give counsel about ing, things sacred given to the dogs;" and so produces, from many things. (Dumouriez, ii. c. 6.) In the month of February the pious Mountaineer throat, rough growlings. "Shall we not 1792, Brissotin friends welcome their Dumouriez Polymetis,—

testify, then, ye brave hearts of the Cevennes; march to the comparable really to an antique Ulysses in modern costume; rescue? Holy Religion; duty to God and King?" "Si fait, si fait, quick, elastic, shifty, insuppressible, a 'many-counselled man.'

Just so, just so," answer the brave hearts always: "Mais il y a Let the Reader fancy this fair France with a whole Cimmerian de bien bonnes choses dans la Revolution, But there are many Europe girdling her, rolling in on her; black, to burst in red good things in the Revolution too!"—And so the matter, ca-thunder of War; fair France herself hand-shackled and foot-jole as we may, will only turn on its axis, not stir from the shackled in the weltering complexities of this Social Clothing, spot, and remains theatrical merely. (Dampmartin, i. 201.) or Constitution, which they have made for her; a France that, Nevertheless deepen your cajolery, harp quick and quicker, in such Constitution, cannot march! And Hunger too; and plot-ye Royalist Seigneurs; with a deadlift effort you may bring it ting Aristocrats, and excommunicating Dissident Priests: 'The to that. In the month of June next, this Camp of Jales will man Lebrun by name' urging his black wiski, visible to the eye: step forth as a theatricality suddenly become real; Two thou-and, still more terrible in his invisibility, Engineer Goguelat, sand strong, and with the boast that it is Seventy thousand: with Queen's cipher, riding and running!

most strange to see; with flags flying, bayonets fixed; with The excommunicatory Priests give new trouble in the Maine Proclamation, and d'Artois Commission of civil war! Let some and Loire; La Vendee, nor Cathelineau the wool-dealer, has not Rebecqui, or other the like hot-clear Patriot; let some 'Lieu-ceased grumbling and rumbling. Nay behold Jales itself once tenant-Colonel Aubry,' if Rebecqui is busy elsewhere, raise in-more: how often does that real-imaginary Camp of the Fiend stantaneous National Guards, and disperse and dissolve it; and require to be extinguished! For near two years now, it has blow the Old Castle asunder, (Moniteur, Seance du 15 Juillet waned faint and again waxed bright, in the bewildered soul of 1792.) that so, if possible, we hear of it no more!

Patriotism: actually, if Patriotism knew it, one of the most In the Months of February and March, it is recorded, the surprising products of Nature working with Art. Royalist terror, especially of rural France, had risen even to the tran-Seigneurs, under this or the other pretext, assemble the simple scendental pitch: not far from madness. In Town and Hamlet is people of these Cevennes Mountains; men not unused to re-rumour; of war,

massacre: that Austrians, Aristocrats, above volt, and with heart for fighting, could their poor heads be all, that The Brigands are close by. Men quit their houses and got persuaded. The Royalist Seigneur harangues; harping huts; rush fugitive, shrieking, with wife and child, they know mainly on the religious string: "True Priests maltreated, false not whither. Such a terror, the eye-witnesses say, never fell on Priests intruded, Protestants (once dragooned) now triumpha Nation; nor shall again fall, even in Reigns of Terror expressly 317

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so-called. The Countries of the Loire, all the Central and South-disprofit us. On the 17th of January, the Legislative, for one East regions, start up distracted, 'simultaneously as by an elec-thing, got its High Court, its Haute Cour, set up at Orleans.

tric shock;'—for indeed grain too gets scarcer and scarcer. 'The The theory had been given by the Constituent, in May last, people barricade the entrances of Towns, pile stones in the but this is the reality: a Court for the trial of Political Offences; upper stories, the women prepare boiling water; from moment a Court which cannot want work. To this it was decreed that to moment, expecting the attack. In the Country, the alarm-there needed no royal Acceptance, therefore that there could bell rings incessant: troops of peasants, gathered by it, scour be no Veto. Also Priests can now be married; ever since last the highways, seeking an imaginary enemy. They are armed October. A patriotic adventurous Priest had made bold to marry mostly with scythes stuck in wood; and, arriving in wild troops himself then; and not thinking this enough, came to the bar at the barricaded Towns, are themselves sometimes taken for with his new spouse; that the whole world might hold honey-Brigands.' (Newspapers, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xiii. 325).) moon with him, and a Law be obtained.

So rushes old France: old France is rushing down. What the Less joyful are the Laws against Refractory Priests; and yet end will be is known to no mortal; that the end is near all no less needful! Decrees on Priests and Decrees on Emigrants: mortals may know.

these are the two brief Series of Decrees, worked out with endless debate, and then cancelled by Veto, which mainly con-Chapter 2.5.VII.

cern us here. For an august National Assembly must needs conquer these Refractories, Clerical or Laic, and thumbscrew ***Constitution will not march.***

them into obedience; yet, behold, always as you turn your legislative thumbscrew, and will press and even crush till Re-To all which our poor Legislative, tied up by an unmarching fractories give way,—King's Veto steps in, with magical pa-Constitution, can oppose nothing, by way of remedy, but mere ralysis; and your thumbscrew, hardly squeezing, much less bursts of parliamentary eloquence! They go on, debating, de-crushing, does not act!

nouncing, objurgating: loud weltering Chaos, which devours Truly a melancholy Set of Decrees, a pair of Sets; paralysed itself.

by Veto! First, under date the 28th of October 1791, we have But their two thousand and odd Decrees? Reader, these hap-Legislative Proclamation, issued by herald and bill-sticker; in-pily concern not thee, nor me. Mere Occasional Decrees, foolish viting Monsieur, the King's Brother to return within two and not foolish; sufficient for that day was its own evil! Of the months, under penalties. To which invitation Monsieur replies whole two thousand there are not, now half a score, and these nothing; or indeed replies by Newspaper Parody, inviting the mostly blighted in the bud by royal Veto, that will profit or august Legislative 'to return to common sense within two 318

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months,' under penalties. Whereupon the Legislative must take other indiscreet Member sent to the Abbaye Prison for three stronger measures. So, on the 9th of November, we declare all days! Suspected Persons must be summoned and questioned; Emigrants to be 'suspect of conspiracy;' and, in brief, to be old M. de Sombreuil of the Invalides has to give account of

'outlawed,' if they have not returned at Newyear's-day:—Will himself, and why he leaves his Gates open. Unusual smoke the King say Veto? That 'triple impost' shall be levied on these rose from the Sevres Pottery, indicating conspiracy; the Pot-men's Properties, or even their Properties be 'put in sequestra-ters explained that it was Necklace-Lamotte's Memoirs, bought tion,' one can understand. But further, on Newyear's-day it-up by her Majesty, which they were endeavouring to suppress self, not an individual having 'returned,' we declare, and with by fire, (Moniteur, Seance du 28 Mai 1792; Campan, ii. 196.)—

fresh emphasis some fortnight later again declare, That Mon-which nevertheless he that runs may still read.

sieur is dechu, forfeited of his eventual Heirship to the Crown; Again, it would seem, Duke de Brissac and the King's Consti-nay more that Conde, Calonne, and a considerable List of oth-tutional-Guard are 'making cartridges secretly in the cellars;' a ers are accused of high treason; and shall be judged by our set of Royalists, pure and impure; black cutthroats many of High Court of Orleans: Veto!—Then again as to Nonjurant them, picked out of gaming houses and sinks; in all Six thou-Priests: it was decreed, in November last, that they should sand instead of Eighteen hundred; who evidently gloom on us forfeit what Pensions they had; be 'put under inspection, un-every time we enter the Chateau. (Dumouriez, ii. 168.) Where-der surveillance,' and, if need were, be banished: Veto! A still fore, with infinite debate, let Brissac and King's Guard be dis-sharper turn is coming; but to this also the answer will be, banded. Disbanded accordingly they are; after only two months Veto.

of existence, for they did not get on foot till March of this Veto after Veto; your thumbscrew paralysed! Gods and men same year. So ends briefly the King's new Constitutional Maison may see that the Legislative is in a false position. As, alas, Militaire; he must now be guarded by mere Swiss and blue who is in a true one? Voices already murmur for a 'National Nationals again. It seems the lot of Constitutional things. New Convention.' (December 1791 (Hist. Parl. xii. 257).) This poor Constitutional Maison Civile he would never even establish, Legislative, spurred and stung into

action by a whole France much as Barnave urged it; old resident Duchesses sniffed at it, and a whole Europe, cannot act; can only objurgate and per- and held aloof; on the whole her Majesty thought it not worth orate; with stormy 'motions,' and motion in which is no way: while, the Noblesse would so soon be back triumphant.

with effervescence, with noise and fuliginous fury!

(Campan, ii. c. 19.)

What scenes in that National Hall! President jingling his in-Or, looking still into this National Hall and its scenes, be-audible bell; or, as utmost signal of distress, clapping on his hold Bishop Torne, a Constitutional Prelate, not of severe mor-hat; 'the tumult subsiding in twenty minutes,' and this or the als, demanding that 'religious costumes and such caricatures'

be abolished. Bishop Torne warms, catches fire; finishes by your hearts against these mangeurs d'hommes!" (See Moniteur, untying, and indignantly flinging on the table, as if for gage Seances (in Hist. Parl. xiii. xiv.).)

or bet, his own pontifical cross. Which cross, at any rate, is But above all things, for this is a continual business, the instantly covered by the cross of Te-Deum Fauchet, then by Legislative has to reprimand the King's Ministers. Of His other crosses, and insignia, till all are stripped; this clerical Majesty's Ministers we have said hitherto, and say, next to Senator clutching off his skull-cap, that other his frill-collar,—

nothing. Still more spectral these! Sorrowful; of no perma-lest Fanaticism return on us. (Moniteur, du 7 Avril 1792; Deux nency any of them, none at least since Montmorin vanished: Amis, vii. 111.)

the 'eldest of the King's Council' is occasionally not ten days Quick is the movement here! And then so confused, unsub-old! (Dumouriez, ii. 137.) Feuillant-Constitutional, as your re-stantial, you might call it almost spectral; pallid, dim, inane, spectable Cahier de Gerville, as your respectable unfortunate like the Kingdoms of Dis! Unruly Liguet, shrunk to a kind of Delessarts; or Royalist-Constitutional, as Montmorin last Friend spectre for us, pleads here, some cause that he has: amid rumour of Necker; or Aristocrat as Bertrand-Moleville: they flit there and interruption, which excel human patience; he 'tears his phantom-like, in the huge simmering confusion; poor shad-papers, and withdraws,' the irascible adust little man. Nay ows, dashed in the racking winds; powerless, without mean-honourable members will tear their papers, being effervescent: ing;—whom the human memory need not charge itself with.

Merlin of Thionville tears his papers, crying: "So, the People But how often, we say, are these poor Majesty's Ministers cannot be saved by you!" Nor are Deputations wanting: Depu-summoned over; to be questioned, tutored; nay, threatened, tations of Sections; generally with complaint and denounce-almost bullied! They answer what, with adroitest simulation ment, always with Patriot fervour of sentiment: Deputation of and casuistry, they can: of which a poor Legislative knows not Women, pleading that they also may be allowed to take Pikes, what to make. One thing only is clear, That Cimmerian Europe and exercise in the Champ-de-Mars. Why not, ye Amazons, if it is girdling us in; that France (not actually dead, surely?) can-be in you? Then occasionally, having done our message and not march. Have a care, ye Ministers! Sharp Guadet transfixes got answer, we 'defile through the Hall, singing ca-ira;' or rather you with cross-questions, with sudden Advocate-conclusions; roll and whirl through it, 'dancing our ronde patriotique the the sleeping tempest that is in Vergniaud can be awakened.

while,'—our new Carmagnole, or Pyrrhic wardance and liberty-Restless Brissot brings up Reports, Accusations, endless thin dance. Patriot Huguenin, Ex-Advocate, Ex-Carabineer, Ex-Clerk Logic; it is the man's highday even now. Condorcet redacts, of the Barriers, comes deputed, with Saint-Antoine at his heels; with his firm pen, our 'Address of the Legislative Assembly to denouncing Anti-patriotism, Famine, Forstalment and Man-the

French Nation.' (16th February 1792 (Choix des Rapports, eaters; asks an august Legislative: "Is there not a tocsin in viii. 375-92).) Fiery Max Isnard, who, for the rest, will "carry 320

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not Fire and Sword" on those Cimmerian Enemies "but Lib-Municipality, the Public, for the Public is now admitted too, erty,"—is for declaring "that we hold Ministers responsible; may behold an energetic Danton; further, an epigrammatic slow-and that by responsibility we mean death, nous entendons la sure Manuel; a resolute unrepentant Billaud-Varennes, of Je-mort."

suit breeding; Tallien able-editor; and nothing but Patriots, For verily it grows serious: the time presses, and traitors better or worse. So ran the November Elections: to the joy of there are. Bertrand-Moleville has a smooth tongue, the known most citizens; nay the very Court supported Petion rather than Aristocrat; gall in his heart. How his answers and explanations Lafayette. And so Bailly and his Feuillants, long waning like flow ready; jesuitic, plausible to the ear! But perhaps the the Moon, had to withdraw then, making some sorrowful obei-notablest is this, which befel once when Bertrand had done sance, into extinction;—or indeed into worse, into lurid half-answering and was withdrawn. Scarcely had the august As-light, grimmed by the shadow of that Red Flag of theirs, and sembly begun considering what was to be done with him, when bitter memory of the Champ-de-Mars. How swift is the progress the Hall fills with smoke. Thick sour smoke: no oratory, only of things and men! Not now does Lafayette, as on that Federa-wheezing and barking;—irremediable; so that the august Astion-day, when his noon was, 'press his sword firmly on the sembly has to adjourn! (Courrier de Paris, 14 Janvier, 1792

Fatherland's Altar,' and swear in sight of France: ah no; he, wan-

(Gorsas's Newspaper), in Hist. Parl. xiii. 83.) A miracle? Typical ing and setting ever since that hour, hangs now, disastrous, on miracle? One knows

not: only this one seems to know, that the edge of the horizon; commanding one of those Three moult-

'the Keeper of the Stoves was appointed by Bertrand' or by ing Crane-flights of Armies, in a most suspected, unfruitful, some underling of his!—O fuliginous confused Kingdom of Dis, uncomfortable manner!

with thy Tantalus-Ixion toils, with thy angry Fire-floods, and But, at most, cannot Patriotism, so many thousands strong Streams named of Lamentation, why hast thou not thy Lethe in this Metropolis of the Universe, help itself? Has it not right-too, that so one might finish?

hands, pikes? Hammering of pikes, which was not to be prohibited by Mayor Bailly, has been sanctioned by Mayor Petion; ***Chapter 2.5.VIII.***

sanctioned by Legislative Assembly. How not, when the King's so-called Constitutional Guard 'was making cartridges in se-The Jacobins.

cret?' Changes are necessary for the National Guard itself; this whole Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Guard must be disbanded.

Nevertheless let not Patriotism despair. Have we not, in Paris Likewise, citizens without uniform may surely rank in the Guard, at least, a virtuous Petion, a wholly Patriotic Municipality?

the pike beside the musket, in such a time: the 'active' citizen Virtuous Petion, ever since November, is Mayor of Paris: in our and the passive who can fight for us, are they not both wel-321

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come?—O my Patriot friends, indubitably Yes! Nay the truth of men. They are 'Lords of the Articles,' our Jacobins; they origi-is, Patriotism throughout, were it never so white-frilled, logi-nate debates for the Legislative; discuss Peace and War; settle cal, respectable, must either lean itself heartily on beforehand what the Legislative is to do. Greatly to the scan-Sansculottism, the black, bottomless; or else vanish, in the dal of

philosophical men, and of most Historians;—who do in frightfullest way, to Limbo! Thus some, with upturned nose, that judge naturally, and yet not wisely. A Governing power will altogether sniff and disdain Sansculottism; others will lean must exist: your other powers here are simulacra; this power is heartily on it; nay others again will lean what we call heart-it.

lessly on it: three sorts; each sort with a destiny correspond-Great is the Mother-Society: She has had the honour to be ing. (Discours de Bailly, Reponse de Petion (Moniteur du 20

denounced by Austrian Kaunitz; (Moniteur, Seance du 29 Mars, Novembre 1791).)

1792.) and is all the dearer to Patriotism. By fortune and valour, In such point of view, however, have we not for the present she has extinguished Feuillantism itself, at least the Feuillant a Volunteer Ally, stronger than all the rest: namely, Hunger?

Club. This latter, high as it once carried its head, she, on the Hunger; and what rushing of Panic Terror this and the sum-18th of February, has the satisfaction to see shut, extinct; total of our other miseries may bring! For Sansculottism grows Patriots having gone thither, with tumult, to hiss it out of by what all other things die of. Stupid Peter Baille almost pain. The Mother Society has enlarged her locality, stretches made an epigram, though unconsciously, and with the Patriot now over the whole nave of the Church. Let us glance in, with world laughing not at it but at him, when he wrote 'Tout va the worthy Toulongeon, our old Ex-Constituent Friend, who bien ici, le pain manque, All goes well here, victuals not to be happily has eyes to see: 'The nave of the Jacobins Church,' says had.' (Barbaroux, p. 94.)

he, 'is changed into a vast Circus, the seats of which mount up Neither, if you knew it, is Patriotism without her Constitu-circularly like an amphitheatre to the very groin of the domed tion that can march; her not impotent Parliament; or call it, roof. A high Pyramid of black marble, built against one of the Ecumenic Council, and General-Assembly of the Jean-

Jacques walls, which was formerly a funeral monument, has alone been Churches: the mother-society, namely! Mother-Society with her left standing: it serves now as back to the Office-bearers' Bu-three hundred full-grown Daughters; with what we can call reau. Here on an elevated Platform sit President and Secretar-little Granddaughters trying to walk, in every village of France, ies, behind and above them the white Busts of Mirabeau, of numerable, as Burke thinks, by the hundred thousand. This is Franklin, and various others, nay finally of Marat. Facing this the true Constitution; made not by Twelve-Hundred august is the Tribune, raised till it is midway between floor and groin Senators, but by Nature herself; and has grown, unconsciously, of the dome, so that the speaker's voice may be in the centre.

out of the wants and the efforts of these Twenty-five Millions From that point, thunder the voices which shake all Europe: 322

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down below, in silence, are forging the thunderbolts and the Tous, All, All!" But the Chief Priest and Speaker of this place, firebrands. Penetrating into this huge circuit, where all is out as we said, is Robespierre, the longwinded incorruptible man.

of measure, gigantic, the mind cannot repress some movement What spirit of Patriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one of terror and wonder; the imagination recals those dread fact, it seems to us, will evince: that fifteen hundred human temples which Poetry, of old, had consecrated to the Aveng-creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of ing Deities.' (Toulongeon, ii. 124.)

Robespierre; nay, listened nightly, hour after hour, applausive; Scenes too are in this Jacobin Amphitheatre,—had History and gaped as for the word of life. More insupportable indi-time for them. Flags of the 'Three free Peoples of the Universe,'

vidual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tri-trinal brotherly flags of England, America, France, have been bune. Acrid, implacable-

impotent; dull-drawling, barren as the waved here in concert; by London Deputation, of Whigs or Harmattan-wind! He pleads, in endless earnest-shallow speech, Wighs and their Club, on this hand, and by young French against immediate War, against Woollen Caps or Bonnets Citizenesses on that; beautiful sweet-tongued Female Citizens, Rouges, against many things; and is the Trismegistus and Dalai-who solemnly send over salutation and brotherhood, also Tri-Lama of Patriot men. Whom nevertheless a shrill-voiced little color stitched by their own needle, and finally Ears of Wheat; man, yet with fine eyes, and a broad beautifully sloping brow, while the dome rebellows with Vivent les trois peuples libres!

rises respectfully to controvert: he is, say the Newspaper Refrom all throats: —a most dramatic scene. Demoiselle Theroigne porters, 'M. Louvet, Author of the charming Romance of Faublas.'

recites, from that Tribune in mid air, her persecutions in Aus-Steady, ye Patriots! Pull not yet two ways; with a France rush-tria; comes leaning on the arm of Joseph Chenier, Poet Chenier, ing panic-stricken in the rural districts, and a Cimmerian Eu-to demand Liberty for the hapless Swiss of Chateau-Vieux.

rope storming in on you!

(Debats des Jacobins (Hist. Parl. xiii. 259, &c.).) Be of hope, ye Forty Swiss; tugging there, in the Brest waters; not forgot-Chapter 2.5.IX.

ten!

Deputy Brissot perorates from that Tribune; Desmoulins, our ***Minister Roland.***

wicked Camille, interjecting audibly from below, "Coquin!" Here, though oftener in the Cordeliers, reverberates the lion-voice About the vernal equinox, however, one unexpected gleam of of Danton; grim Billaud-Varennes is here; Collot d'Herbois, hope does burst forth on Patriotism: the appointment of a pleading for the Forty Swiss; tearing a passion to rags.

thoroughly Patriot Ministry. This also his Majesty, among his Apophthegmatic Manuel winds up in this pithy way: "A Minis-innumerable experiments of wedding fire to water, will try.

ter must perish!"—to which the Amphitheatre responds: "Tous, Quod bonum sit. Madame d'Udon's Breakfasts have jingled with 323

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a new significance; not even Genevese Dumont but had a word this gilding; it was he who ground these lustres, Venetian mirin it. Finally, on the 15th and onwards to the 23d day of March, rors; who polished this inlaying, this veneering and or-moulu; 1792, when all is negociated,—this is the blessed issue; this and made it, by rubbing of the proper lamp, an Aladdin's Pal-Patriot Ministry that we see.

ace:—and now behold, he wanders dim-flitting over Europe, General Dumouriez, with the Foreign Portfolio shall ply half-drowned in the Rhine-stream, scarcely saving his Papers!

Kaunitz and the Kaiser, in another style than did poor Vos non vobis.—The fair Roland, equal to either fortune, has Delessarts; whom indeed we have sent to our High Court of her public Dinner on Fridays, the Ministers all there in a body: Orleans for his sluggishness. Warminister Narbonne is washed she withdraws to her desk (the cloth once removed), and seems away by the Time-flood; poor Chevalier de Grave, chosen by busy writing; nevertheless loses no word: if for example Deputy the Court, is fast washing away: then shall austere Servan, Brissot and Minister Claviere get too hot in argument, she, not able Engineer-Officer, mount suddenly to the War Department.

without timidity, yet with a cunning gracefulness, will inter-Genevese Claviere sees an old omen realized: passing the Fi-pose. Deputy Brissot's head, they say, is getting giddy, in this nance Hotel, long years ago, as a poor Genevese Exile, it was sudden height: as feeble heads do.

borne wondrously on his mind that he was to be Finance Min-Envious men insinuate that the Wife Roland is Minister, and ister; and now he is it;—and his poor Wife, given up by the not the Husband: it is happily the worst they have to charge Doctors, rises and walks, not the victim of nerves but their her with. For the rest, let whose head soever be getting giddy, vanquisher. (Dumont, c. 20, 21.) And above all, our Minister it is not this brave woman's. Serene and queenly here, as she of the Interior? Roland de la Platriere, he of Lyons! So have the was of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines Convent!

Brissotins, public or private Opinion, and Breakfasts in the Place She who has quietly shelled French-beans for her dinner; be-Vendome decided it. Strict Roland, compared to a Quaker ing led to that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and com-endimanche, or Sunday Quaker, goes to kiss hands at the putation; and knowing what that was, and what she was: such Tuileries, in round hat and sleek hair, his shoes tied with mere a one will also look quietly on or-moulu and veneering, not riband or ferrat! The Supreme Usher twitches Dumouriez aside: ignorant of these either. Calonne did the veneering: he gave

"Quoi, Monsieur! No buckles to his shoes?"—"Ah, Monsieur,"

dinners here, old Besenval diplomatically whispering to him; answers Dumouriez, glancing towards the ferrat: "All is lost, and was great: yet Calonne we saw at last 'walk with long Tout est perdu." (Madame Roland, ii. 80-115.) strides.' Necker next: and where now is Necker? Us also a swift And so our fair Roland removes from her upper floor in the change has brought hither; a swift change will send us hence.

Rue Saint-Jacques, to the sumptuous saloons once occupied Not a Palace but a Caravansera!

by Madame Necker. Nay still earlier, it was Calonne that did all So wags and wavers this unrestful World, day after day, month 324

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after month. The Streets of Paris, and all Cities, roll daily their and yet it is not like but different. How much is growing, si-oscillatory flood of men; which flood does, nightly, disappear, lently resistless, at all moments! Thoughts are growing; forms and lie hidden horizontal in beds and trucklebeds; and awakes of Speech are growing, and Customs and even Costumes; still on the morrow to new perpendicularity and movement. Men more visibly are actions and transactions growing, and that go their roads, foolish or wise;—Engineer Goguelat to and fro, doomed Strife, of France with herself and with the whole world.

bearing Queen's cipher. A Madame de Stael is busy; cannot The word Liberty is never named now except in conjunction clutch her Narbonne from the Time-flood: a Princess de Lamballe with another; Liberty and Equality. In like manner, what, in a is busy; cannot help her Queen. Barnave, seeing the Feuillants reign of Liberty and Equality, can these words, 'Sir,' 'obedient dispersed, and Coblentz so brisk, begs by way of final Servant,' 'Honour to be,' and such like, signify? Tatters and fi- recompence to kiss her Majesty's hand; augurs not well of her bres of old Feudality; which, were it only in the Grammatical new course; and retires home to Grenoble, to wed an heiress province, ought to be rooted out! The Mother Society has long there. The Cafe Valois and Meot the Restaurateur's hear daily since had proposals to that effect: these she could not enter- gasconade; loud babble of Half-pay Royalists, with or without tain, not at the moment. Note too how the Jacobin Brethren Poniards; remnants of Aristocrat saloons call the new Ministry are mounting new symbolical headgear: the Woollen Cap or Ministere-Sansculotte. A Louvet, of the Romance Faublas, is Nightcap, bonnet de laine, better known as bonnet rouge, the busy in the Jacobins. A Cazotte, of the Romance Diable colour being red. A thing one wears not only by way of Phrygian Amoureux, is busy elsewhere: better wert thou quiet, old Cap-of-Liberty, but also for convenience' sake, and then also Cazotte; it is a world, this, of magic become real! All men are in compliment to the Lower-class Patriots and Bastille-Heroes; busy; doing they only half guess what:—flinging seeds, of for the Red Nightcap combines all the three properties. Nay tares mostly, into the Seedfield of Time"' this, by and by, will cockades themselves begin to be made of wool, of tricolor declare wholly what.

yarn: the riband-cockade, as a symptom of Feuillant Upper-But Social Explosions have in them something dread, and as class temper, is becoming suspicious. Signs of the times.

it were mad and magical: which indeed Life always secretly Still more, note the travail-throes of Europe: or, rather, note has; thus the dumb Earth (says Fable), if you pull her man-the birth she brings; for the successive throes and shrieks, of drake-roots, will give a daemonic mad-making moan. These Austrian and Prussian Alliance, of Kaunitz Anti-jacobin Des-Explosions and Revolts ripen, break forth like dumb dread patch, of French Ambassadors cast out, and so forth, were long Forces of Nature; and yet they are Men's forces; and yet we are to note. Dumouriez corresponds with Kaunitz, Metternich, or part of them: the Daemonic that is in man's life has burst out Cobentzel, in another style that Delessarts did. Strict becomes on us, will sweep us too away!—One day here is like another, stricter; categorical answer, as to this Coblentz work and much 325

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else, shall be given. Failing which? Failing which, on the 20th ***Chapter 2.5.X.***

day of April 1792, King and Ministers step over to the Salle de Manege; promulgate how the matter stands; and poor Louis, ***Petion-National-Pique.***

'with tears in his eyes,' proposes that the Assembly do now decree War. After due eloquence, War is decreed that night.

And yet, how, on dark bottomless Cataracts there plays the War, indeed! Paris came all crowding, full of expectancy, to foolishest fantastic-coloured spray and shadow; hiding the the morning, and still more to the evening session. D'Orleans Abyss under vapoury rainbows! Alongside of this discussion with his two sons, is there; looks on, wide-eyed, from the op-as to Austrian-Prussian War, there goes on no less but more posite Gallery. (Deux Amis, vii. 146-66.) Thou canst look, O

vehemently a discussion, Whether the Forty or Two-and-forty Philippe: it is a War big with issues, for thee and for all men.

Swiss of Chateau-Vieux shall be liberated from the Brest Gallies?

Cimmerian Obscurantism and this thrice glorious Revolution And then, Whether, being liberated, they shall have a public shall wrestle for it, then: some Four-and-twenty years; in im-Festival, or only private ones?

measurable Briareus' wrestle; trampling and tearing; before they Theroigne, as we saw, spoke; and Collot took up the tale.

can come to any, not agreement, but compromise, and ap-Has not Bouille's final display of himself, in that final Night of proximate ascertainment each of what is in the other.

Spurs, stamped your so-called 'Revolt of Nanci' into a 'Massa-Let our Three Generals on the Frontiers look to it, therefore; cre of Nanci,' for all Patriot judgments? Hateful is that massa-and poor Chevalier de Grave, the Warminister, consider what he cre; hateful the Lafayette-Feuillant 'public thanks' given for will do. What is in the three Generals and Armies we may guess.

it! For indeed, Jacobin Patriotism and dispersed Feuillantism As for poor Chevalier de Grave, he, in this whirl of things all are now at death-grips; and do fight with all weapons, even coming to a press and pinch upon him, loses head, and merely with scenic shows. The walls of Paris, accordingly, are covered whirls with them, in a totally distracted manner; signing him-with Placard and Counter-Placard, on the subject of Forty Swiss self at last, 'De Grave, Mayor of Paris:' whereupon he demits, blockheads. Journal responds to Journal; Player Collot to returns over the Channel, to walk in Kensington Gardens; Poetaster Roucher; Joseph Chenier the Jacobin, squire of (Dumont, c. 19, 21.) and austere Servan, the able Engineer-Theroigne, to his Brother Andre the Feuillant; Mayor Petion to Officer, is elevated in his stead. To the post of Honour? To that Dupont de Nemours: and for the space of two months, there is of Difficulty, at least.

nowhere peace for the thought of man,—till this thing be settled.

Gloria in excelsis! The Forty Swiss are at last got 'amnestied.'

Rejoice ye Forty: doff your greasy wool Bonnets, which shall 326

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become Caps of Liberty. The Brest Daughter-Society welcomes in the riot about grains. At which Festival the Public again you from on board, with kisses on each cheek: your iron Hand-assists, unapplausive: not we.

cuffs are disputed as Relics of Saints; the Brest Society indeed On the whole, Festivals are not wanting; beautiful rainbow-can have one portion, which it will beat into Pikes, a sort of spray when all is now rushing treble-quick towards its Niagara Sacred Pikes; but the other portion must belong to Paris, and Fall. National repasts there are; countenanced by Mayor Petion; be suspended from the dome there, along with the Flags of Saint-Antoine, and the Strong Ones of the Halles defiling the Three Free Peoples! Such a goose is man; and cackles over through Jacobin Club, "their felicity," according to Santerre, plush-velvet Grand Monarques and woollen Galley-slaves; over

"not perfect otherwise;" singing many-voiced their ca-ira, danc-everything and over nothing,—and will cackle with his whole ing their ronde patriotique. Among whom one is glad to dis-soul merely if others cackle!

cern Saint-Huruge, expressly 'in white hat,' the Saint-Christo-On the ninth morning of April, these Forty Swiss blockheads pher of the Carmagnole. Nay a certain, Tambour or National arrive. From Versailles; with vivats heaven-high; with the af-Drummer, having just been presented with a little daughter, fluence of men and women. To the Townhall we conduct them; determines to have the new Frenchwoman christened on nay to the Legislative itself, though not without difficulty.

Fatherland's Altar then and there. Repast once over, he accord-They are harangued, bedinnered, begifted,—the very Court, ingly has her christened;

Fauchet the Te-Deum Bishop acting not for conscience' sake, contributing something; and their in chief, Thuriot and honourable persons standing gossips: by Public Festival shall be next Sunday. Next Sunday accordingly the name, Petion-National-Pique! (Patriote-Francais (Brissot's it is. (Newspapers of February, March, April, 1792; Iambe Newspaper), in Hist. Parl. xiii. 451.) Does this remarkable d'Andre Chenier sur la Fete des Suisses; &c., &c. (in Hist. Parl.

Citizeness, now past the meridian of life, still walk the Earth?

xiii, xiv.).) They are mounted into a 'triumphal Car resembling Or did she die perhaps of teething? Universal History is not a ship;' are carted over Paris, with the clang of cymbals and indifferent.

drums, all mortals assisting applausive; carted to the Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar; and finally carted, for Time ***Chapter 2.5.XI.***

always brings deliverance,—into invisibility for evermore.

Whereupon dispersed Feuillantism, or that Party which loves ***The Hereditary Representative.***

Liberty yet not more than Monarchy, will likewise have its Festival: Festival of Simonneau, unfortunate Mayor of Etampes, And yet it is not by carmagnole-dances and singing of ca-ira, who died for the Law; most surely for the Law, though that the work can be done. Duke Brunswick is not dancing Jacobinism disputes; being trampled down with his Red Flag carmagnoles, but has his drill serjeants busy.

On the Frontiers, our Armies, be it treason or not, behave in about to march! Let a Patriot Ministry and Legislative say, the worst way. Troops badly commanded, shall we say? Or what in these circumstances it will do? Suppress Internal En-troops intrinsically bad? Unappointed, undisciplined,

mutinous; emies, for one thing, answers the Patriot Legislative; and pro- that, in a thirty-years peace, have never seen fire? In any case, poses, on the 24th of May, its Decree for the Banishment of Lafayette's and Rochambeau's little clutch, which they made Priests. Collect also some nucleus of determined internal friends, at Austrian Flanders, has prospered as badly as clutch need adds Warminister Servan; and proposes, on the 7th of June, do: soldiers starting at their own shadow; suddenly shrieking, his Camp of Twenty-thousand. Twenty-thousand National Vol-

"On nous trahit," and flying off in wild panic, at or before the unteers; Five out of each Canton; picked Patriots, for Roland first shot;—managing only to hang some two or three Prison-has charge of the Interior: they shall assemble here in Paris; ers they had picked up, and massacre their own Commander, and be for a defence, cunningly devised, against foreign Aus- poor Theobald Dillon, driven into a granary by them in the trians and domestic Austrian Committee alike. So much can a Town of Lille.

Patriot Ministry and Legislative do.

And poor Gouvion: he who sat shiftless in that Insurrection Reasonable and cunningly devised as such Camp may, to of Women! Gouvion quitted the Legislative Hall and Parlia-Servan and Patriotism, appear, it appears not so to Feuillantism; mentary duties, in disgust and despair, when those Galley-to that Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Paris Guard; a Staff, slaves of Chateau-Vieux were admitted there. He said, "Be-one would say again, which will need to be dissolved. These tween the Austrians and the Jacobins there is nothing but a men see, in this proposed Camp of Servan's, an offence; and soldier's death for it;" (Toulongeon, ii. 149.) and so, 'in the even, as they pretend to say, an insult. Petitions there come, dark stormy night,' he has flung himself into the throat of the in consequence, from blue Feuillants in epaulettes; ill received.

Austrian cannon, and perished in the skirmish at Maubeuge Nay, in the end, there comes one Petition, called 'of the Eight on the ninth of June. Whom Legislative Patriotism shall mourn, Thousand National Guards:' so many names are on it; includ-with black mortcloths and melody in the Champ-de-

Mars: many ing women and children. Which famed Petition of the Eight a Patriot shiftier, truer none. Lafayette himself is looking al-Thousand is indeed received: and the Petitioners, all under arms, together dubious; in place of beating the Austrians, is about are admitted to the honours of the sitting,—if honours or writing to denounce the Jacobins. Rochambeau, all disconso-even if sitting there be; for the instant their bayonets appear late, quits the service: there remains only Luckner, the bab-at the one door, the Assembly 'adjourns,' and begins to flow bling old Prussian Grenadier.

out at the other. (Moniteur, Seance du 10 Juin 1792.) Without Armies, without Generals! And the Cimmerian Night, Also, in these same days, it is lamentable to see how Na-has gathered itself; Brunswick preparing his Proclamation; just tional Guards, escorting Fete Dieu or Corpus-Christi ceremo-328

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nial, do collar and smite down any Patriot that does not un-dead cerements, of a Constitutional-Vesture that were no other cover as the Hostie passes. They clap their bayonets to the than a winding-sheet; our right hand glued to our left: to wait breast of Cattle-butcher Legendre, a known Patriot ever since there, writhing and wriggling, unable to stir from the spot, till the Bastille days; and threaten to butcher him; though he sat in Prussian rope we mount to the gallows? Let the Hereditary quite respectfully, he says, in his Gig, at a distance of fifty Representative consider it well: The Decree of Priests? The Camp paces, waiting till the thing were by. Nay, orthodox females of Twenty Thousand?—By Heaven, he answers, Veto! Veto!—

were shrieking to have down the Lanterne on him. (Debats Strict Roland hands in his Letter to the King; or rather it was des Jacobins (in Hist. Parl. xiv. 429).) Madame's Letter, who wrote it all at a sitting; one of the plain-To such height has Feuillantism gone in this Corps. For inest-spoken Letters ever handed in to any King. This plain-deed, are not their Officers creatures of the chief Feuillant, spoken Letter King Louis has the benefit of reading overnight.

Lafayette? The Court too has, very naturally, been tampering He reads, inwardly digests; and next morning, the whole Pa-with them; caressing them, ever since that dissolution of the triot Ministry finds itself turned out. It is the 13th of June so-called Constitutional Guard. Some Battalions are altogether 1792. (Madame Roland, ii. 115.)

'petris, kneaded full' of Feuillantism, mere Aristocrats at bot-Dumouriez the many-counselled, he, with one Duranthon, tom: for instance, the Battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, called Minister of Justice, does indeed linger for a day or two; made up of your Bankers, Stockbrokers, and other Full-purses in rather suspicious circumstances; speaks with the Queen, al-of the Rue Vivienne. Our worthy old Friend Weber, Queen's Fos-most weeps with her: but in the end, he too sets off for the ter-brother Weber, carries a musket in that Battalion,—one Army; leaving what UnPatriot or Semi-Patriot Ministry and may judge with what degree of Patriotic intention.

Ministries can now accept the helm, to accept it. Name them Heedless of all which, or rather heedful of all which, the not: new quick-changing Phantasms, which shift like magic-Legislative, backed by Patriot France and the feeling of Neces-lantern figures; more spectral than ever!

sity, decrees this Camp of Twenty thousand. Decisive though Unhappy Queen, unhappy Louis! The two Vetos were so natu-conditional Banishment of malign Priests, it has already deral: are not the Priests martyrs; also friends? This Camp of creed.

Twenty Thousand, could it be other than of stormfullest It will now be seen, therefore, Whether the Hereditary Rep-Sansculottes? Natural; and yet, to France, unendurable. Priests resentative is for us or against us? Whether or not, to all our that co-operate with Coblentz must go elsewhither with their other woes, this intolerablest one is to be added; which ren-martyrdom: stormful Sansculottes, these and no other kind of ders us not a menaced Nation in extreme jeopardy and need, creatures, will drive back the Austrians. If thou prefer the Aus-but a paralytic Solecism of a Nation; sitting wrapped as in trians, then for the love of Heaven go join them. If not, join 329

frankly with what will oppose them to the death. Middle course tion. Roland and young Barbaroux have spread out the Map of is none.

France before them, Barbaroux says 'with tears:' they consider Or alas, what extreme course was there left now, for a man what Rivers, what Mountain ranges are in it: they will retire like Louis? Underhand Royalists, Ex-Minister Bertrand-Moleville, behind this Loire-stream, defend these Auvergne stone-laby-Ex-Constituent Malouet, and all manner of unhelpful individu-rinths; save some little sacred Territory of the Free; die at least als, advise and advise. With face of hope turned now on the in their last ditch. Lafayette indites his emphatic Letter to the Legislative Assembly, and now on Austria and Coblentz, and Legislative against Jacobinism; (Moniteur, Seance du 18 Juin round generally on the Chapter of Chances, an ancient King-1792.) which emphatic Letter will not heal the unhealable.

ship is reeling and spinning, one knows not whitherward, on Forward, ye Patriots whose audacity has no limits; it is you the flood of things.

now that must either do or die! The sections of Paris sit in deep counsel; send out Deputation after Deputation to the ***Chapter 2.5.XII.***

Salle de Manege, to petition and denounce. Great is their ire against tyrannous Veto, Austrian Committee, and the com-Procession of the Black Breeches.

bined Cimmerian Kings. What boots it? Legislative listens to the 'tocsin in our hearts;' grants us honours of the sitting, But is there a thinking man in France who, in these circum-sees us defile with jingle and fanfaronade; but the Camp of stances, can persuade himself that the Constitution will march?

Twenty Thousand, the Priest-Decree, be-vetoed by Majesty, Brunswick is stirring; he, in few days now, will march. Shall are become impossible for Legislative. Fiery Isnard says, "We France sit still, wrapped in dead

cerements and grave-clothes, will have Equality, should we descend for it to the tomb."

its right hand glued to its left, till the Brunswick Saint-Vergniaud utters, hypothetically, his stern Ezekiel-visions of Bartholomew arrive; till France be as Poland, and its Rights of the fate of Antinational Kings. But the question is: Will Man become a Prussian Gibbet?

hypothetic prophecies, will jingle and fanfaronade demolish Verily, it is a moment frightful for all men. National Death; the Veto; or will the Veto, secure in its Tuileries Chateau, re-or else some preternatural convulsive outburst of National main undemolishable by these? Barbaroux, dashing away his Life;—that same, daemonic outburst! Patriots whose audac-tears, writes to the Marseilles Municipality, that they must ity has limits had, in truth, better retire like Barnave; court send him 'Six hundred men who know how to die, qui savent private felicity at Grenoble. Patriots, whose audacity has no mourir.' (Barbaroux, p. 40.) No wet-eyed message this, but a limits must sink down into the obscure; and, daring and defy-fire-eyed one;—which will be obeyed!

ing all things, seek salvation in stratagem, in Plot of Insurrec-Meanwhile the Twentieth of June is nigh, anniversary of that 330

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world-famous Oath of the Tennis-Court: on which day, it is Pikemen and Pikewomen, National Guards, and the unarmed said, certain citizens have in view to plant a Mai or Tree of curious are gathering,—with the peaceablest intentions in the Liberty, in the Tuileries Terrace of the Feuillants; perhaps also world. A tricolor Municipal arrives; speaks. Tush, it is all peace-to petition the Legislative and Hereditary Representative about able, we tell thee, in the way of Law: are not Petitions allow-these Vetos;—with such demonstration, jingle and evolution, able, and the Patriotism of Mais? The tricolor Municipal re-as may seem profitable and practicable. Sections have gone turns without effect: your Sansculottic rills continue flowing, singly, and jingled and evolved: but if they all went, or

great combining into brooks: towards noontide, led by tall Santerre part of them, and there, planting their Mai in these alarming in blue uniform, by tall Saint-Huruge in white hat, it moves circumstances, sounded the tocsin in their hearts?

Westward, a respectable river, or complication of still-swelling Among King's Friends there can be but one opinion as to rivers.

such a step: among Nation's Friends there may be two. On the What Processions have we not seen: Corpus-Christi and one hand, might it not by possibility scare away these un-Legendre waiting in Gig; Bones of Voltaire with bullock-chari-blessed Vetos? Private Patriots and even Legislative Deputies ots, and goadsmen in Roman Costume; Feasts of Chateau-Vieux may have each his own opinion, or own no-opinion: but the and Simonneau; Gouvion Funerals, Rousseau Sham-Funerals, hardest task falls evidently on Mayor Petion and the Munici-and the Baptism of Petion-National-Pike! Nevertheless this pals, at once Patriots and Guardians of the public Tranquillity.

Procession has a character of its own. Tricolor ribands stream-Hushing the matter down with the one hand; tickling it up ing aloft from pike-heads; ironshod batons; and emblems not with the other! Mayor Petion and Municipality may lean this a few; among which, see specially these two, of the tragic and way; Department-Directory with Procureur-Syndic Roederer the untragic sort: a Bull's Heart transfixed with iron, bearing having a Feuillant tendency, may lean that. On the whole, each this epigraph, 'Coeur d'Aristocrate, Aristocrat's Heart;' and, more man must act according to his one opinion or to his two opin-striking still, properly the standard of the host, a pair of old ions; and all manner of influences, official representations cross Black Breeches (silk, they say), extended on cross-staff high one another in the foolishest way. Perhaps after all, the Project, overhead, with these memorable words: 'Tremblez tyrans, voila desirable and yet not desirable, will dissipate itself, being run les Sansculottes, Tremble tyrants, here are the Sans-indispens-athwart by so many complexities; and coming to nothing?

ables!' Also, the Procession trails two cannons.

Not so: on the Twentieth morning of June, a large Tree of Scarfed tricolor Municipals do now again meet it, in the Quai Liberty, Lombardy Poplar by kind, lies visibly tied on its car, Saint-Bernard; and plead earnestly, having called halt. Peace-in the Suburb-Antoine. Suburb Saint-Marceau too, in the utable, ye virtuous tricolor Municipals, peaceable are we as the termost South-East, and all that remote Oriental region, sucking dove. Behold our Tennis-Court Mai. Petition is legal; 331

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and as for arms, did not an august Legislative receive the so-to have a word with his Majesty first!

called Eight Thousand in arms, Feuillants though they were?

The shadows fall longer, eastward; it is four o'clock: will his Our Pikes, are they not of National iron? Law is our father and Majesty not come out? Hardly he! In that case, Commandant mother, whom we will not dishonour; but Patriotism is our Santerre, Cattle-butcher Legendre, Patriot Huguenin with the own soul. Peaceable, ye virtuous Municipals;—and on the tocsin in his heart; they, and others of authority, will enter in.

whole, limited as to time! Stop we cannot; march ye with us.—

Petition and request to wearied uncertain National Guard; The Black Breeches agitate themselves, impatient; the cannon-louder and louder petition; backed by the rattle of our two wheels grumble: the many-footed Host tramps on.

cannons! The reluctant Grate opens: endless Sansculottic mul-How it reached the Salle de Manege, like an ever-waxing titudes flood the stairs; knock at the wooden guardian of your river; got admittance, after debate; read its Address; and de-privacy. Knocks, in such case, grow strokes, grow smashings: filed, dancing and ca-ira-ing, led by tall sonorous Santerre and the wooden guardian flies in shivers. And now ensues a Scene tall sonorous

Saint-Huruge: how it flowed, not now a waxing over which the world has long wailed; and not unjustly; for a river but a shut Caspian lake, round all Precincts of the Tuileries; sorrier spectacle, of Incongruity fronting Incongruity, and as the front Patriot squeezed by the rearward, against barred it were recognising themselves incongruous, and staring stu-iron Grates, like to have the life squeezed out of him, and pidly in each other's face, the world seldom saw.

looking too into the dread throat of cannon, for National Bat-King Louis, his door being beaten on, opens it; stands with talions stand ranked within: how tricolor Municipals ran as-free bosom; asking, "What do you want?" The Sansculottic siduous, and Royalists with Tickets of Entry; and both Majes-flood recoils awestruck; returns however, the rear pressing on ties sat in the interior surrounded by men in black: all this the the front, with cries of "Veto! Patriot Ministers! Remove human mind shall fancy for itself, or read in old Newspapers, Veto!"—which things, Louis valiantly answers, this is not the and Syndic Roederer's Chronicle of Fifty Days. (Roederer, &c.

time to do, nor this the way to ask him to do. Honour what

&c. (in Hist. Parl. xv. 98-194).)

virtue is in a man. Louis does not want courage; he has even Our Mai is planted; if not in the Feuillants Terrace, whither is the higher kind called moral-courage, though only the passive no ingate, then in the Garden of the Capuchins, as near as we half of that. His few National Grenadiers shuffle back with could get. National Assembly has adjourned till the Evening him, into the embrasure of a window: there he stands, with Session: perhaps this shut lake, finding no ingate, will retire unimpeachable passivity, amid the shouldering and the bray-to its sources again; and disappear in peace? Alas, not yet: ing; a spectacle to men. They hand him a Red Cap of Liberty; rearward still presses on; rearward knows little what pressure he sets it quietly on his head, forgets it there. He complains of is in the front. One would wish at all events, were it possible, thirst; half-drunk Rascality offers him a bottle, he drinks of it.

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“Sire, do not fear,” says one of his Grenadiers. “Fear?” answers Thus has the Age of Chivalry gone, and that of Hunger come.

Louis: “feel then,” putting the man’s hand on his heart. So Thus does all-needing Sansculottism look in the face of its Roi, stands Majesty in Red woollen Cap; black Sansculottism wel-Regulator, King or Ableman; and find that he has nothing to tering round him, far and wide, aimless, with inarticulate disgive it. Thus do the two Parties, brought face to face after sonance, with cries of “Veto! Patriot Ministers!”

long centuries, stare stupidly at one another, This am I; but, For the space of three hours or more! The National Assembly Good Heaven, is that thou? —and depart, not knowing what is adjourned; tricolor Municipals avail almost nothing: Mayor to make of it. And yet, Incongruities having recognised them-Petion tarries absent; Authority is none. The Queen with her selves to be incongruous, something must be made of it. The Children and Sister Elizabeth, in tears and terror not for them-Fates know what.

selves only, are sitting behind barricaded tables and Grena-This is the world-famous Twentieth of June, more worthy to diers in an inner room. The Men in Black have all wisely disap-be called the Procession of the Black Breeches. With which, peared. Blind lake of Sansculottism welters stagnant through what we had to say of this First French biennial Parliament, the King’s Chateau, for the space of three hours.

and its products and activities, may perhaps fitly enough ter-Nevertheless all things do end. Vergniaud arrives with Legis-minate.

lative Deputation, the Evening Session having now opened.

Mayor Petion has arrived; is haranguing, ‘lifted on the shoul-BOOK 2.VI.

ders of two Grenadiers.' In this uneasy attitude and in others, at various places without and within, Mayor Petion harangues; ***THE MARSEILLESE***

many men harangue: finally Commandant Santerre defiles; passes out, with his Sansculottism, by the opposite side of ***Chapter 2.6.I.***

the Chateau. Passing through the room where the Queen, with an air of dignity and sorrowful resignation, sat among the ***Executive that does not act.***

tables and Grenadiers, a woman offers her too a Red Cap; she holds it in her hand, even puts it on the little Prince Royal.

How could your paralytic National Executive be put 'in action,'

"Madame," said Santerre, "this People loves you more than in any measure, by such a Twentieth of June as this? Quite con-you think." (Toulongeon, ii. 173; Campan, ii. c. 20.)—About trariwise: a large sympathy for Majesty so insulted arises every eight o'clock the Royal Family fall into each other's arms amid where; expresses itself in Addresses, Petitions 'Petition of the

'torrents of tears.' Unhappy Family! Who would not weep for Twenty Thousand inhabitants of Paris,' and such like, among all it, were there not a whole world to be wept for?

Constitutional persons; a decided rallying round the Throne.

Of which rallying it was thought King Louis might have made hither, on the 28th, to repress the Jacobins: not by Letter something. However, he does make nothing of it, or attempt now; but by oral Petition, and weight of character, face to to make; for indeed his views are lifted beyond domestic

sym-face. The august Assembly finds the step questionable; in-pathy and rallying, over to Coblentz mainly: neither in itself is vites him meanwhile to the honours of the sitting. (Moniteur, the same sympathy worth much. It is sympathy of men who Seance du 28 Juin 1792.) Other honour, or advantage, there believe still that the Constitution can march. Wherefore the unhappily came almost none; the Galleries all growling; fiery old discord and ferment, of Feuillant sympathy for Royalty, Isnard glooming; sharp Guadet not wanting in sarcasms.

and Jacobin sympathy for Fatherland, acting against each other And out of doors, when the sitting is over, Sieur Resson, from within; with terror of Coblentz and Brunswick acting from keeper of the Patriot Cafe in these regions, hears in the street without:—this discord and ferment must hold on its course, a hurlyburly; steps forth to look, he and his Patriot custom-till a catastrophe do ripen and come. One would think, espe-ers: it is Lafayette's carriage, with a tumultuous escort of blue cially as Brunswick is near marching, such catastrophe cannot Grenadiers, Cannoneers, even Officers of the Line, hurrahing now be distant. Busy, ye Twenty-five French Millions; ye for-and capering round it. They make a pause opposite Sieur eign Potentates, minatory Emigrants, German drill-serjeants; Resson's door; wag their plumes at him; nay shake their fists, each do what his hand findeth! Thou, O Reader, at such safe bellowing A bas les Jacobins; but happily pass on without distance, wilt see what they make of it among them.

onslaught. They pass on, to plant a Mai before the General's Consider therefore this pitiable Twentieth of June as a futil-door, and bully considerably. All which the Sieur Resson can-ity; no catastrophe, rather a catastasis, or heightening. Do not but report with sorrow, that night, in the Mother Society.

not its Black Breeches wave there, in the Historical Imagina-

(Debats des Jacobins (Hist. Parl. xv. 235).) But what no Sieur tion, like a melancholy flag of distress; soliciting help, which Resson nor Mother Society can do more than guess is this, no mortal can give? Soliciting pity, which thou wert hard-That a council of rank Feuillants, your unabolished

Staff of hearted not to give freely, to one and all! Other such flags, or the Guard and who else has status and weight, is in these very what are called Occurrences, and black or bright symbolic Phemoments privily deliberating at the General's: Can we not put nomena; will flit through the Historical Imagination: these, down the Jacobins by force? Next day, a Review shall be held, one after one, let us note, with extreme brevity.

in the Tuileries Garden, of such as will turn out, and try. Alas, The first phenomenon is that of Lafayette at the Bar of the says Toulongeon, hardly a hundred turned out. Put it off till Assembly; after a week and day. Promptly, on hearing of this tomorrow, then, to give better warning. On the morrow, which scandalous Twentieth of June, Lafayette has quitted his Comis Saturday, there turn out 'some thirty;' and depart shrug-mand on the North Frontier, in better or worse order; and got ging their shoulders! (Toulongeon, ii. 180. See also 334

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Dampmartin, ii. 161.) Lafayette promptly takes carriage again; day of that famous Baiser de l'amourette, or miraculous recon-returns musing on my things.

ciliatory Delilah-Kiss, which we spoke of long ago. Which The dust of Paris is hardly off his wheels, the summer Sun-Delilah-Kiss was thereby quite hindered of effect. For now his day is still young, when Cordeliers in deputation pluck up that Majesty has to write, almost that same night, asking a recon-Mai of his: before sunset, Patriots have burnt him in effigy.

ciled Assembly for advice! The reconciled Assembly will not Louder doubt and louder rises, in Section, in National Assem-advise; will not interfere. The King confirms the suspension; bly, as to the legality of such unbidden Anti-jacobin visit on then perhaps, but not till then will the Assembly interfere, the part of a General: doubt swelling and spreading all over the noise of Patriot Paris getting loud. Whereby your Delilah-France, for six weeks or so: with endless talk about usurping Kiss, such was the destiny of

Parliament First, becomes a Phi-soldiers, about English Monk, nay about Cromwell: O thou Paris listine Battle!

Grandison-Cromwell!—What boots it? King Louis himself Nay there goes a word that as many as Thirty of our chief looked coldly on the enterprize: colossal Hero of two Worlds, Patriot Senators are to be clapped in prison, by mittimus and having weighed himself in the balance, finds that he is become indictment of Feuillant Justices, Juges de Paix; who here in a gossamer Colossus, only some thirty turning out.

Paris were well capable of such a thing. It was but in May last In a like sense, and with a like issue, works our Department-that Juge de Paix Lariviere, on complaint of Bertrand-Moleville Directory here at Paris; who, on the 6th of July, take upon touching that Austrian Committee, made bold to launch his them to suspend Mayor Petion and Procureur Manuel from all mittimus against three heads of the Mountain, Deputies Bazire, civic functions, for their conduct, replete, as is alleged, with Chabot, Merlin, the Cordelier Trio; summoning them to appear omissions and commissions, on that delicate Twentieth of June.

before him, and shew where that Austrian Committee was, or Virtuous Petion sees himself a kind of martyr, or pseudo-mar-else suffer the consequences. Which mittimus the Trio, on their tyr, threatened with several things; drawls out due heroical side, made bold to fling in the fire: and valiantly pleaded privi-lamentation; to which Patriot Paris and Patriot Legislative duly lege of Parliament. So that, for his zeal without knowledge, respond. King Louis and Mayor Petion have already had an poor Justice Lariviere now sits in the prison of Orleans, wait-interview on that business of the Twentieth; an interview and ing trial from the Haute Cour there. Whose example, may it dialogue, distinguished by frankness on both sides; ending not deter other rash Justices; and so this word of the Thirty on King Louis's side with the words, "Taisez-vous, Hold your arrestments continue a word merely?

peace."

But on the whole, though Lafayette weighed so light, and For the rest, this of suspending our Mayor does seem a has had his Mai plucked up, Official Feuillantism falters not a mistimed measure. By ill chance, it came out precisely on the whit; but carries its head high, strong in the letter of the Law.

Feuillants all of these men: a Feuillant Directory; founding on It is true, some ghost of a Warminister, or Home-minister, high character, and such like; with Duke de la Rochefoucault for the time being, ghost whom we do not name, does write to for President,—a thing which may prove dangerous for him!

Municipalities and King's Commanders, that they shall, by all Dim now is the once bright Anglomania of these admired Noble-conceivable methods, obstruct this Federation, and even turn men. Duke de Liancourt offers, out of Normandy where he is back the Federes by force of arms: a message which scatters Lord-Lieutenant, not only to receive his Majesty, thinking of mere doubt, paralysis and confusion; irritates the poor Legis-flight thither, but to lend him money to enormous amounts.

lature; reduces the Federes as we see, to thin streaks. But be-Sire, it is not a Revolt, it is a Revolution; and truly no rose-ing questioned, this ghost and the other ghosts, What it is water one! Worthier Noblemen were not in France nor in Eu-then that they propose to do for saving the country?—they rope than those two: but the Time is crooked, quick-shifting, answer, That they cannot tell; that indeed they for their part perverse; what straightest course will lead to any goal, in it?

have, this morning, resigned in a body; and do now merely Another phasis which we note, in these early July days, is respectfully take leave of the helm altogether. With which words that of certain thin streaks of Federate National Volunteers they rapidly walk out of the Hall, sortent brusquement de la wending from various points towards Paris, to hold a new Fed-salle,

the 'Galleries cheering loudly,' the poor Legislature sit-eration-Festival, or Feast of Pikes, on the Fourteenth there. So ting 'for a good while in silence!' (Moniteur, Seance du Juillet has the National Assembly wished it, so has the Nation willed 1792.) Thus do Cabinet-ministers themselves, in extreme cases, it. In this way, perhaps, may we still have our Patriot Camp in strike work; one of the strangest omens. Other complete Cabi-spite of Veto. For cannot these Federes, having celebrated their net-ministry there will not be; only fragments, and these Feast of Pikes, march on to Soissons; and, there being drilled changeful, which never get completed; spectral Apparitions and regimented, rush to the Frontiers, or whither we like? Thus that cannot so much as appear! King Louis writes that he now were the one Veto cunningly eluded!

views this Federation Feast with approval; and will himself have As indeed the other Veto, about Priests, is also like to be the pleasure to take part in the same.

eluded; and without much cunning. For Provincial Assemblies, And so these thin streaks of Federes wend Parisward through in Calvados as one instance, are proceeding on their own a paralytic France. Thin grim streaks; not thick joyful ranks, as strength to judge and banish Antinational Priests. Or still worse of old to the first Feast of Pikes! No: these poor Federates without Provincial Assembly, a desperate People, as at march now towards Austria and Austrian Committee, towards Bourdeaux, can 'hang two of them on the Lanterne,' on the jeopardy and forlorn hope; men of hard fortune and temper, way towards judgment. (Hist. Parl. xvi. 259.) Pity for the spo-not rich in the world's goods. Municipalities, paralyzed by War-ken Veto, when it cannot become an acted one!

ministers are shy of affording cash: it may be, your poor Fed-336

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erates cannot arm themselves, cannot march, till the Daugh-Or were it not, as we now stand, the probablest issue of all, ter-Society of the place open her pocket, and subscribe. There that Brunswick, in Coblentz, just gathering

his huge limbs to-will not have arrived, at the set day, Three thousand of them wards him to rise, might arrive first; and stop both Decheance, in all. And yet, thin and feeble as these streaks of Federates and theorizing on it? Brunswick is on the eve of marching; seem, they are the only thing one discerns moving with any with Eighty Thousand, they say; fell Prussians, Hessians, feller clearness of aim, in this strange scene. Angry buz and simmer; Emigrants: a General of the Great Frederick, with such an Army.

uneasy tossing and moaning of a huge France, all enchanted, And our Armies? And our Generals? As for Lafayette, on whose spell-bound by unmarching Constitution, into frightful con-late visit a Committee is sitting and all France is jarring and scious and unconscious Magnetic-sleep; which frightful Mag-censuring, he seems readier to fight us than fight Brunswick.

netic-sleep must now issue soon in one of two things: Death Luckner and Lafayette pretend to be interchanging corps, and or Madness! The Federes carry mostly in their pocket some are making movements; which Patriotism cannot understand.

earnest cry and Petition, to have the 'National Executive put This only is very clear, that their corps go marching and shut-in action;' or as a step towards that, to have the King's tling, in the interior of the country; much nearer Paris than Decheance, King's Forfeiture, or at least his Suspension, pro-formerly! Luckner has ordered Dumouriez down to him, down nounced. They shall be welcome to the Legislative, to the from Maulde, and the Fortified Camp there. Which order the Mother of Patriotism; and Paris will provide for their lodging.

many-counselled Dumouriez, with the Austrians hanging close Decheance, indeed: and, what next? A France spell-free, a on him, he busy meanwhile training a few thousands to stand Revolution saved; and any thing, and all things next! so an-fire and be soldiers, declares that, come of it what will, he swer grimly Danton and the unlimited Patriots, down deep in cannot obey. (Dumouriez, ii. 1, 5.) Will a poor Legislative, there-their subterranean region of Plot, whither they have now dived.

fore, sanction Dumouriez; who applies to it, 'not knowing Decheance, answers Brissot with the limited: And if next the whether there is any War-ministry?' Or sanction Luckner and little Prince Royal were crowned, and some Regency of Girondins these Lafayette movements?

and recalled Patriot Ministry set over him? Alas, poor Brissot; The poor Legislative knows not what to do. It decrees, how-looking, as indeed poor man does always, on the nearest mor-ever, that the Staff of the Paris Guard, and indeed all such row as his peaceable promised land; deciding what must reach Staffs, for they are Feuillants mostly, shall be broken and re-to the world's end, yet with an insight that reaches not be-placed. It decrees earnestly in what manner one can declare yond his own nose! Wiser are the unlimited subterranean Pa-that the Country is in Danger. And finally, on the 11th of July, triots, who with light for the hour itself, leave the rest to the the morrow of that day when the Ministry struck work, it gods.

decrees that the Country be, with all despatch, declared in 337

The French Revolution

Danger. Whereupon let the King sanction; let the Municipality gate, if you have a petard to shiver it! They have left their take measures: if such Declaration will do service, it need not sunny Phocean City and Sea-haven, with its bustle and its fail.

bloom: the thronging Course, with high-frondent Avenues, In Danger, truly, if ever Country was! Arise, O Country; or be pitchy dockyards, almond and olive groves, orange trees on trodden down to ignominious ruin! Nay, are not the chances a housetops, and white glittering bastides that crown the hills, hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it; are all behind them. They wend on their wild way, from the Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh?

extremity of French land, through unknown cities, toward an unknown destiny; with a purpose that they know.

Chapter 2.6.II.

Much wondering at this phenomenon, and how, in a peaceable trading City, so many householders or hearth-holders do ***Let us march.***

severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools; gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of six But to our minds the notablest of all these moving phenom-hundred miles to 'strike down the tyrant,'—you search in all ena, is that of Barbaroux's 'Six Hundred Marseillese who know Historical Books, Pamphlets, and Newspapers, for some light how to die.'

on it: unhappily without effect. Rumour and Terror precede Prompt to the request of Barbaroux, the Marseilles Munici-this march; which still echo on you; the march itself an un-pality has got these men together: on the fifth morning of known thing. Weber, in the backstairs of the Tuileries, has July, the Townhall says, "Marchez, abatez le Tyran, March, strike understood that they were Forcats, Galley-slaves and mere down the Tyrant;" (Dampmartin, ii. 183.) and they, with grim scoundrels, these Marseillese; that, as they marched through appropriate "Marchons," are marching. Long journey, doubtful Lyons, the people shut their shops;—also that the number of errand; Enfans de la Patrie, may a good genius guide you! Their them was some Four Thousand. Equally vague is Blanc Gilli, own wild heart and what faith it has will guide them: and is who likewise murmurs about Forcats and danger of plunder.

not that the monition of some genius, better or worse? Five (See Barbaroux, Memoires (Note in p. 40, 41.).) Forcats they Hundred and Seventeen able men, with Captains of fifties and were not; neither was there plunder, or danger of it. Men of tens; well armed all, musket on shoulder, sabre on thigh: nay regular life, or of the best-filled purse, they could hardly be; they drive three pieces of cannon; for who knows what ob-the one thing needful in them was that they 'knew how to die.'

stacles may occur? Municipalities there are, paralyzed by War-Friend Dampmartin saw them, with his own eyes, march 'gradu-minister; Commandants with orders to stop even Federation ally' through his quarters at Villefranche in the Beaujolais: but Volunteers; good, when

sound arguments will not open a Town-saw in the vaguest manner; being indeed preoccupied, and 338

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himself minded for matching just then—across the Rhine. Deep with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, was his astonishment to think of such a march, without ap-Despot and Devil.

pointment or arrangement, station or ration: for the rest it One sees well, these Marseillese will be too late for the Fed-was 'the same men he had seen formerly' in the troubles of the eration Feast. In fact, it is not Champ-de-Mars Oaths that they South; 'perfectly civil;' though his soldiers could not be kept have in view. They have quite another feat to do: a paralytic from talking a little with them. (Dampmartin, ubi supra.) National Executive to set in action. They must 'strike down'

So vague are all these; Moniteur, Histoire Parlementaire are whatsoever 'Tyrant,' or Martyr-Faineant, there may be who as good as silent: garrulous History, as is too usual, will say paralyzes it; strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper nothing where you most wish her to speak! If enlightened and know how to die.

Curiosity ever get sight of the Marseilles Council-Books, will it not perhaps explore this strangest of Municipal procedures; ***Chapter 2.6.III.***

and feel called to fish up what of the Biographies, creditable or discreditable, of these Five Hundred and Seventeen, the ***Some Consolation to Mankind.***

stream of Time has not yet irrevocably swallowed?

As it is, these Marseillese remain inarticulate, Of the Federation Feast itself we shall say almost nothing.

undistinguishable in feature; a blackbrowed Mass, full of grim There are Tents pitched in the Champ-de-Mars; tent for Na-fire, who wend there, in

the hot sultry weather: very singular tional Assembly; tent for Hereditary Representative,—who to contemplate. They wend; amid the infinitude of doubt and indeed is there too early, and has to wait long in it. There are dim peril; they not doubtful: Fate and Feudal Europe, having Eighty-three symbolical Departmental Trees-of-Liberty; trees decided, come girdling in from without: they, having also de-and mais enough: beautifullest of all these is one huge mai, cided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, hung round with effete Scutcheons, Emblazonries and Geneal- they plod onwards; unweariable, not to be turned aside. Such ogy-books; nay better still, with Lawyers'-bags, 'sacs de pro-march will become famous. The Thought, which works voice-cedure:' which shall be burnt. The Thirty seat-rows of that famed less in this blackbrowed mass, an inspired Tyrtaean Colonel, Slope are again full; we have a bright Sun; and all is marching, Rouget de Lille whom the Earth still holds, (A.D. 1836.) has streamering and blaring: but what avails it? Virtuous Mayor translated into grim melody and rhythm; into his Hymn or Petion, whom Feuillantism had suspended, was reinstated only March of the Marseillese: luckiest musical- composition ever last night, by Decree of the Assembly. Men's humour is of the promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle sourest. Men's hats have on them, written in chalk, 'Vive Petion;'

in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, and even, 'Petion or Death, Petion ou la Mort.'

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The French Revolution

Poor Louis, who has waited till five o'clock before the Aslier Paul Jones to his long rest; tocsin or dirge now all one to sembly would arrive, swears the National Oath this time, with him! Not ten days hence Patriot Brissot, beshouted this day a quilted cuirass under his waistcoat which will turn pistol-by the Patriot Galleries, shall find himself begroaned by them, bullets. (Campan, ii. c. 20; De Stael, ii. c. 7.) Madame de Stael, on account of his limited Patriotism; nay pelted at while per-from that Royal Tent, stretches out the neck in a kind of agony, orating, and 'hit with two prunes.'

(Hist. Parl. xvi. 185.) It is a lest the waving multitudes which receive him may not render distracted empty-sounding world; of bob-minors and bob-him back alive. No cry of Vive le Roi salutes the ear; cries only majors, of triumph and terror, of rise and fall!

of Vive Petion; Petion ou la Mort. The National Solemnity is as The more touching is this other Solemnity, which happens it were huddled by; each cowering off almost before the evolu-on the morrow of the Lafayette tocsin: Proclamation that the tions are gone through. The very Mai with its Scutcheons and Country is in Danger. Not till the present Sunday could such Lawyers'-bags is forgotten, stands unburnt; till 'certain Pa-Solemnity be. The Legislative decreed it almost a fortnight triot Deputies,' called by the people, set a torch to it, by way ago; but Royalty and the ghost of a Ministry held back as of voluntary after-piece. Sadder Feast of Pikes no man ever they could. Now however, on this Sunday, 22nd day of July saw.

1792, it will hold back no longer; and the Solemnity in very Mayor Petion, named on hats, is at his zenith in this Federa-deed is. Touching to behold! Municipality and Mayor have on tion; Lafayette again is close upon his nadir. Why does the their scarfs; cannon-salvo booms alarm from the Pont-Neuf, stormbell of Saint-Roch speak out, next Saturday; why do the and single-gun at intervals all day. Guards are mounted, scarfed citizens shut their shops? (Moniteur, Seance du 21 Juillet Notabilities, Halberdiers, and a Cavalcade; with streamers, 1792.) It is Sections defiling, it is fear of effervescence. Legis-emblematic flags; especially with one huge Flag, flapping lative Committee, long deliberating on Lafayette and that Anti-mournfully: Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger. They roll through jacobin Visit of his, reports, this day, that there is 'not ground the streets, with stern-sounding music, and slow rattle of hoofs: for Accusation!' Peace, ye Patriots, nevertheless; and let that pausing at set stations, and with doleful blast of trumpet, tocsin cease: the Debate is not finished, nor the Report ac-singing out through Herald's throat, what the Flag says to the cepted; but Brissot, Isnard and the Mountain will sift it, and eye: "Citizens, the Country is in Danger!"

resift it, perhaps for some three weeks longer.

Is there a man's heart that hears it without a thrill? The So many bells, stormbells and noises do ring;—scarcely au-many-voiced responsive hum or bellow of these multitudes is dible; one drowning the other. For example: in this same not of triumph; and yet it is a sound deeper than triumph. But Lafayette tocsin, of Saturday, was there not withal some faint when the long Cavalcade and Proclamation ended; and our huge bob-minor, and Deputation of Legislative, ringing the Cheva-Flag was fixed on the Pont Neuf, another like it on the Hotel-340

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deVille, to wave there till better days; and each Municipal sat over France, by Legislative Decree dated Wednesday the 25th.

in the centre of his Section, in a Tent raised in some open (Moniteur, Seance du 25 Juillet 1792.)

square, Tent surmounted with flags of Patrie en danger, and Mark contrariwise how, in these very hours, dated the 25th, topmost of all a Pike and Bonnet Rouge; and, on two drums in Brunswick shakes himself 's'ebranle,' in Coblentz; and takes front of him, there lay a plank-table, and on this an open the road! Shakes himself indeed; one spoken word becomes Book, and a Clerk sat, like recording-angel, ready to write the such a shaking. Successive, simultaneous dirl of thirty thou-Lists, or as we say to enlist! O, then, it seems, the very gods sand muskets shouldered; prance and jingle of ten-thousand might have looked down on it. Young Patriotism, Culottic and horsemen, fanfaronading Emigrants in the van; drum, kettle-Sansculottic, rushes forward emulous: That is my name; name, drum; noise of weeping, swearing; and the immeasurable lum-blood, and life, is all my Country's; why have I nothing more!

bering clank of baggage-waggons and camp-kettles that groan Youths of short stature weep that they are below size. Old into motion: all this is Brunswick shaking himself; not with-men come forward, a son in each hand. Mothers themselves out all this does the one man march, 'covering a

space of forty will grant the son of their travail; send him, though with tears.

miles.' Still less without his Manifesto, dated, as we say, the And the multitude bellows Vive la Patrie, far reverberating.

25th; a State-Paper worthy of attention!

And fire flashes in the eyes of men;—and at eventide, your By this Document, it would seem great things are in store Municipal returns to the Townhall, followed by his long train for France. The universal French People shall now have permis-of volunteer Valour; hands in his List: says proudly, looking sion to rally round Brunswick and his Emigrant Seigneurs; tyr-round. This is my day's harvest. (Tableau de la Revolution, para anny of a Jacobin Faction shall oppress them no more; but Patrie en Danger.) They will march, on the morrow, to Soissons; they shall return, and find favour with their own good King; small bundle holding all their chattels.

who, by Royal Declaration (three years ago) of the Twenty-So, with Vive la Patrie, Vive la Liberte, stone Paris reverber-third of June, said that he would himself make them happy. As ates like Ocean in his caves; day after day, Municipals enlisting for National Assembly, and other Bodies of Men invested with in tricolor Tent; the Flag flapping on Pont Neuf and Townhall, some temporary shadow of authority, they are charged to Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger. Some Ten thousand fighters, maintain the King's Cities and Strong Places intact, till without discipline but full of heart, are on march in few days.

Brunswick arrive to take delivery of them. Indeed, quick sub-The like is doing in every Town of France.—Consider therefore mission may extenuate many things; but to this end it must whether the Country will want defenders, had we but a Na-be quick. Any National Guard or other unmilitary person found tional Executive? Let the Sections and Primary Assemblies, at resisting in arms shall be 'treated as a traitor;' that is to say, any rate, become Permanent, and sit continually in Paris, and hanged with promptitude. For the rest, if Paris, before 341

Brunswick gets thither, offer any insult to the King: or, for ***Chapter 2.6.IV.***

example, suffer a faction to carry the King away elsewhither; in that case Paris shall be blasted asunder with cannon-shot ***Subterranean.***

and 'military execution.' Likewise all other Cities, which may witness, and not resist to the uttermost, such forced-march of But judge if there was comfort in this to the Sections all sit-his Majesty, shall be blasted asunder; and Paris and every City ting permanent; deliberating how a National Executive could of them, starting-place, course and goal of said sacrilegious be put in action!

forced-march, shall, as rubbish and smoking ruin, lie there for High rises the response, not of cackling terror, but of crow-a sign. Such vengeance were indeed signal, 'an insigne vening counter-defiance, and Vive la Nation; young Valour stream-geance:'—O Brunswick, what words thou writest and blusterest!

ing towards the Frontiers; Patrie en Danger mutely beckoning In this Paris, as in old Nineveh, are so many score thousands on the Pont Neuf. Sections are busy, in their permanent Deep; that know not the right hand from the left, and also much and down, lower still, works unlimited Patriotism, seeking sal-cattle. Shall the very milk-cows, hard-living cadgers'-asses, and vation in plot. Insurrection, you would say, becomes once more poor little canary-birds die?

the sacredest of duties? Committee, self-chosen, is sitting at Nor is Royal and Imperial Prussian-Austrian Declaration want-the Sign of the Golden Sun: Journalist Carra, Camille Desmoulins, ing: setting forth, in the amplest manner, their Sanssouci-Alsatian Westermann friend of Danton, American Fournier of Schonbrunn version of this whole French Revolution, since the Martinique;—a Committee not unknown to Mayor Petion, who, first beginning of it; and with what grief these high heads as an official person, must sleep with one eye open. Not un-have seen such things done under the Sun: however, 'as some known to Procureur Manuel; least of all

to Procureur-Substi-small consolation to mankind,' (Annual Register (1792), p.

tute Danton! He, wrapped in darkness, being also official, bears 236.) they do now despatch Brunswick; regardless of expense, it on his giant shoulder; cloudy invisible Atlas of the whole.

as one might say, of sacrifices on their own part; for is it not Much is invisible; the very Jacobins have their reticences.

the first duty to console men?

Insurrection is to be: but when? This only we can discern, that Serene Highnesses, who sit there protocolling and manifes-such Federes as are not yet gone to Soissons, as indeed are not toing, and consoling mankind! how were it if, for once in the inclined to go yet, "for reasons," says the Jacobin President, thousand years, your parchments, formularies, and reasons of

"which it may be interesting not to state," have got a Central state were blown to the four winds; and Reality Sans-indis-Committee sitting close by, under the roof of the Mother Soci-pensables stared you, even you, in the face; and Mankind said ety herself. Also, what in such ferment and danger of efferves-for itself what the thing was that would console it?—

cence is surely proper, the Forty-eight Sections have got their 342

Central Committee; intended 'for prompt communication.' To But consider withal if the Bournestones and Portable chairs which Central Committee the Municipality, anxious to have it remain silent; if the Herald's College of Bill-Stickers sleep!

at hand, could not refuse an Apartment in the Hotel-de-Ville.

Louvet's Sentinel warns gratis on all walls; Sulleau is busy: Singular City! For overhead of all this, there is the custom-People's-Friend Marat and

King's-Friend Royou croak and ary baking and brewing; Labour hammers and grinds. Frilled counter-croak. For the man Marat, though long hidden since promenaders saunter under the trees; white-muslin that Champ-de-Mars Massacre, is still alive. He has lain, who promenaderess, in green parasol, leaning on your arm. Dogs knows in what Cellars; perhaps in Legendre's; fed by a steak of dance, and shoeblacks polish, on that Pont Neuf itself, where Legendre's killing: but, since April, the bullfrog voice of him Fatherland is in danger. So much goes its course; and yet the sounds again; hoarsest of earthly cries. For the present, black course of all things is nigh altering and ending.

terror haunts him: O brave Barbaroux wilt thou not smuggle Look at that Tuileries and Tuileries Garden. Silent all as Sa-me to Marseilles, 'disguised as a jockey?' (Barbaroux, p. 60.) hara; none entering save by ticket! They shut their Gates, af-In Palais-Royal and all public places, as we read, there is sharp ter the Day of the Black Breeches; a thing they had the liberty activity; private individuals haranguing that Valour may en-to do. However, the National Assembly grumbled something list; haranguing that the Executive may be put in action. Roy-about Terrace of the Feuillants, how said Terrace lay contigu-alist journals ought to be solemnly burnt: argument there-ous to the back entrance to their Salle, and was partly Na-upon; debates which generally end in single-stick, coups de tional Property; and so now National Justice has stretched a cannes. (Newspapers, Narratives and Documents (Hist. Parl.

Tricolor Riband athwart, by way of boundary-line, respected xv. 240; xvi. 399.) Or think of this; the hour midnight; place with splenetic strictness by all Patriots. It hangs there that Salle de Manege; august Assembly just adjourning: 'Citizens of Tricolor boundary-line; carries 'satirical inscriptions on cards,'

both sexes enter in a rush exclaiming, Vengeance: they are generally in verse; and all beyond this is called Coblentz, and poisoning our Brothers;'—baking brayed-glass among their remains vacant; silent, as a fateful Golgotha; sunshine and bread at Soissons! Vergniaud has to speak soothing words, umbrage alternating on it in vain. Fateful Circuit; what

hope How Commissioners are already sent to investigate this brayed-can dwell in it? Mysterious Tickets of Entry introduce them-glass, and do what is needful therein: till the rush of Citizens selves; speak of Insurrection very imminent. Rivarol's Staff of

'makes profound silence:' and goes home to its bed.

Genius had better purchase blunderbusses; Grenadier bonnets, Such is Paris; the heart of a France like to it. Preternatural red Swiss uniforms may be useful. Insurrection will come; but suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation, from likewise will it not be met? Staved off, one may hope, till shore to shore:—and those blackbrowed Marseillese, march-Brunswick arrive?

ing, dusty, unwearied, through the midst of it; not doubtful 343

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they. Marching to the grim music of their hearts, they con-snatched away, and exchanged for a wool one; which was done.

sume continually the long road, these three weeks and more; How the Mother Society in a body has come as far as the heralded by Terror and Rumour. The Brest Federes arrive on the Bastille-ground, to embrace you. How you then wend onwards, 26th; through hurrahing streets. Determined men are these triumphant, to the Townhall, to be embraced by Mayor Petion; also, bearing or not bearing the Sacred Pikes of Chateau-Vieux; to put down your muskets in the Barracks of Nouvelle France, and on the whole decidedly disinclined for Soissons as yet.

not far off;—then towards the appointed Tavern in the Champs Surely the Marseillese Brethren do draw nigher all days.

Elysees to enjoy a frugal Patriot repast. (Hist. Parl. xvi. 196.

See Barbaroux, p. 51-5.)

Chapter 2.6.V.

Of all which the indignant Tuileries may, by its Tickets of Entry, have warning. Red Swiss look doubly sharp to their Cha-At Dinner.

teau-Grates;—though surely there is no danger? Blue Grenadiers of the Filles-Saint-Thomas Section are on duty there this It was a bright day for Charenton, that 29th of the month, day: men of Agio, as we have seen; with stuffed purses, riband-when the Marseillese Brethren actually came in sight.

cockades; among whom serves Weber. A party of these latter, Barbaroux, Santerre and Patriots have gone out to meet the with Captains, with sundry Feuillant Notabilities, Moreau de grim Wayfarers. Patriot clasps dusty Patriot to his bosom; there Saint-Mery of the three thousand orders, and others, have been is footwashing and refection: 'dinner of twelve hundred covers dining, much more respectably, in a Tavern hard by. They have at the Blue Dial, Cadran Bleu;' and deep interior consultation, dined, and are now drinking Loyal-Patriotic toasts; while the that one wots not of. (Deux Amis, viii. 90-101.) Consultation Marseillese, National-Patriotic merely, are about sitting down indeed which comes to little; for Santerre, with an open purse, to their frugal covers of delf. How it happened remains to this with a loud voice, has almost no head. Here however we repose day undemonstrable: but the external fact is, certain of these this night: on the morrow is public entry into Paris.

Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers do issue from their Tavern; per-On which public entry the Day-Historians, Diurnalists, or haps touched, surely not yet muddled with any liquor they Journalists as they call themselves, have preserved record have had;—issue in the professed intention of testifying to enough. How Saint-Antoine male and female, and Paris gener-the Marseillese, or to the multitude of Paris Patriots who stroll ally, gave brotherly welcome, with bravo and hand-clapping, in these spaces, That they, the Filles-Saint-Thomas men, if well in crowded streets; and all passed in the peaceablest man-seen into, are not a whit less Patriotic than any

other class of ner;—except it might be our Marseillese pointed out here and men whatever.

there a riband-cockade, and beckoned that it should be It was a rash errand! For how can the strolling multitudes 344

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credit such a thing; or do other indeed than hoot at it, pro-In the Rue Saint-Florentin, they clutched him; thrust him voking, and pro voked;—till Grenadier sabres stir in the scab-through, in red rage: that was the end of the New Era, and of bard, and a sharp shriek rises: "A nous Marseillais, Help all Eras, to poor Duhamel.

Marseillese!" Quick as lightning, for the frugal repast is not Pacific readers can fancy what sort of grace-before-meat this yet served, that Marseillese Tavern flings itself open: by door, was to frugal Patriotism. Also how the Battalion of the Filles-by window; running, bounding, vault forth the Five hundred Saint-Thomas 'drew out in arms,' luckily without further re-and Seventeen undined Patriots; and, sabre flashing from thigh, sult; how there was accusation at the Bar of the Assembly, and are on the scene of controversy. Will ye parley, ye Grenadier counter-accusation and defence; Marseillese challenging the Captains and official Persons; 'with faces grown suddenly pale,'

sentence of free jury court,—which never got to a decision.

the Deponents say? (Moniteur, Seances du 30, du 31 Juillet We ask rather, What the upshot of all these distracted wildly 1792 (Hist. Parl. xvi. 197-210.) Advisabler were instant mod-accumulating things may, by probability, be? Some upshot; erately swift retreat! The Filles-Saint-Thomas retreat, back fore-and the time draws nigh! Busy are Central Committees, of most; then, alas, face foremost, at treble-quick time; the Federes at the Jacobins Church, of Sections at the Townhall; Marseillese, according to a Deponent, "clearing the fences and Reunion of Carra, Camille and Company at the Golden Sun. Busy: ditches after them like lions: Messieurs, it was an

imposing like submarine deities, or call them mud-gods, working there spectacle."

in the deep murk of waters: till the thing be ready.

Thus they retreat, the Marseillese following. Swift and swifter, And how your National Assembly, like a ship waterlogged, towards the Tuileries: where the Drawbridge receives the bulk helmless, lies tumbling; the Galleries, of shrill Women, of Federes of the fugitives; and, then suddenly drawn up, saves them; or with sabres, bellowing down on it, not unfrightful; —and waits else the green mud of the Ditch does it. The bulk of them; not where the waves of chance may please to strand it; suspicious, all; ah, no! Moreau de Saint-Mery for example, being too fat, nay on the Left side, conscious, what submarine Explosion is could not fly fast; he got a stroke, flat-stroke only, over the meanwhile a-charging! Petition for King's Forfeiture rises of-shoulder-blades, and fell prone;—and disappears there from ten there: Petition from Paris Section, from Provincial Patriot the History of the Revolution. Cuts also there were, pricks in Towns; From Alencon, Briancon, and 'the Traders at the Fair of the posterior fleshy parts; much rending of skirts, and other Beaucaire.' Or what of these? On the 3rd of August, Mayor Petion discrepant waste. But poor Sublieutenant Duhamel, innocent and the Municipality come petitioning for Forfeiture: they Change-broker, what a lot for him! He turned on his pursuer, openly, in their tricolor Municipal scarfs. Forfeiture is what all or pursuers, with a pistol; he fired and missed; drew a second Patriots now want and expect. All Brissotins want Forfeiture; pistol, and again fired and missed; then ran: unhappily in vain.

with the little Prince Royal for King, and us for Protector over 345

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him. Emphatic Federes asks the legislature: "Can you save us, ing, Sections are defiling, all Paris is astir this very Sunday, or not?" Forty-seven Seconds have agreed to Forfeiture; only demanding Decheance. (Hist. Parl. xvi. 337-9.) Here, however, that of the Filles-Saint-Thomas pretending to

disagree. Nay within the riband, a grand proposal is on foot, for the hun-Section Mauconseil declares Forfeiture to be, properly speak-dredth time, of carrying his Majesty to Rouen and the Castle ing, come; Mauconseil for one 'does from this day,' the last of of Gaillon. Swiss at Courbevoye are in readiness; much is ready; July, 'cease allegiance to Louis,' and take minute of the same Majesty himself seems almost ready. Nevertheless, for the hun-before all men. A thing blamed aloud; but which will be praised dredth time, Majesty, when near the point of action, draws aloud; and the name Mauconseil, of Ill-counsel, be thenceforth back; writes, after one has waited, palpitating, an endless sum-changed to Bonconseil, of Good-counsel.

mer day, that 'he has reason to believe the Insurrection is not President Danton, in the Cordeliers Section, does another so ripe as you suppose.' Whereat Bertrand-Moleville breaks forth thing: invites all Passive Citizens to take place among the Ac-

'into extremity at one of spleen and despair, d'humeur et de tive in Section-business, one peril threatening all. Thus he, desespoir.' (Bertrand-Moleville, Memoires, ii. 129.) though an official person; cloudy Atlas of the whole. Likewise he manages to have that blackbrowed Battalion of Marseillese
Chapter 2.6.VI.

shifted to new Barracks, in his own region of the remote South-East. Sleek Chaumette, cruel Billaud, Deputy Chabot the ***The Steeples at Midnight.***

Disfrocked, Huguenin with the tocsin in his heart, will welcome them there. Wherefore, again and again: "O Legislators, For, in truth, the Insurrection is just about ripe. Thursday is can you save us or not?" Poor Legislators; with their Legisla-the ninth of the month August: if Forfeiture be not pronounced ture waterlogged, volcanic Explosion charging under it! For-by the Legislature that day, we must pronounce it ourselves.

feiture shall be debated on the ninth day of August; that mis-Legislature? A poor waterlogged Legislature can pronounce erable business of Lafayette

may be expected to terminate on nothing. On Wednesday the eighth, after endless oratory once the eighth.

again, they cannot even pronounce Accusation again Lafayette; Or will the humane Reader glance into the Levee-day of Sun-but absolve him,—hear it, Patriotism!—by a majority of two day the fifth? The last Levee! Not for a long time, 'never,' says to one. Patriotism hears it; Patriotism, hounded on by Prus-Bertrand-Moleville, had a Levee been so brilliant, at least so sian Terror, by Preternatural Suspicion, roars tumultuous round crowded. A sad presaging interest sat on every face; Bertrand's the Salle de Manege, all day; insults many leading Deputies, of own eyes were filled with tears. For, indeed, outside of that the absolvent Right-side; nay chases them, collars them with Tricolor Riband on the Feuillants Terrace, Legislature is debat-loud menace: Deputy Vaublanc, and others of the like, are glad 346

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to take refuge in Guardhouses, and escape by the back win-heart, steadfast as the granite of their Alps. National Grena-dow. And so, next day, there is infinite complaint; Letter after diers are at least friends of Order; Commandant Mandat breathes Letter from insulted Deputy; mere complaint, debate and self-loyal ardour, will "answer for it on his head." Mandat will, and cancelling jargon: the sun of Thursday sets like the others, his Staff; for the Staff, though there stands a doom and De-and no Forfeiture pronounced. Wherefore in fine, To your tents, cree to that effect, is happily never yet dissolved.

O Israel!

Commandant Mandat has corresponded with Mayor Petion; The Mother-Society ceases speaking; groups cease harangu-carries a written Order from him these three days, to repel ing: Patriots, with closed lips now, 'take one another's arm;'

force by force. A squadron on the Pont Neuf with cannon shall walk off, in rows, two and two, at a brisk business-pace; and turn back these

Marseillese coming across the River: a squad-vanish afar in the obscure places of the East. (Deux Amis, viii.

ron at the Townhall shall cut Saint-Antoine in two, 'as it issues 129-88.) Santerre is ready; or we will make him ready. Forty-from the Arcade Saint-Jean;' drive one half back to the ob-seven of the Forty-eight Sections are ready; nay Filles-Saint-scure East, drive the other half forward through 'the Wickets Thomas itself turns up the Jacobin side of it, turns down the of the Louvre.' Squadrons not a few, and mounted squadrons; Feuillant side of it, and is ready too. Let the unlimited Patriot squadrons in the Palais Royal, in the Place Vendome: all these look to his weapon, be it pike, be it firelock; and the Brest shall charge, at the right moment; sweep this street, and then brethren, above all, the blackbrowed Marseillese prepare them-sweep that. Some new Twentieth of June we shall have; only selves for the extreme hour! Syndic Roederer knows, and la-still more ineffectual? Or probably the Insurrection will not ments or not as the issue may turn, that 'five thousand ball-dare to rise at all? Mandat's Squadrons, Horse-Gendarmerie and cartridges, within these few days, have been distributed to blue Guards march, clattering, tramping; Mandat's Cannoneers Federes, at the Hotel-de-Ville.' (Roederer a la Barre (Seance du rumble. Under cloud of night; to the sound of his generale, 9 Aout (in Hist. Parl. xvi. 393.)

which begins drumming when men should go to bed. It is the And ye likewise, gallant gentlemen, defenders of Royalty, 9th night of August, 1792.

crowd ye on your side to the Tuileries. Not to a Levee: no, to a On the other hand, the Forty-eight Sections correspond by Couchee: where much will be put to bed. Your Tickets of Entry swift messengers; are choosing each their 'three Delegates with are needful; needfuller your blunderbusses!—They come and full powers.' Syndic Roederer, Mayor Petion are sent for to the crowd, like gallant men who also know how to die: old Maille Tuileries: courageous Legislators, when the drum beats dan-the Camp-Marshal has come, his eyes gleaming once again, ger, should repair to their Salle. Demoiselle Theroigne has on though dimmed by the rheum of almost fourscore years. Cour-her grenadier-bonnet, short-skirted riding-habit; two

pistols age, Brothers! We have a thousand red Swiss; men stanch of garnish her small waist, and sabre hangs in baldric by her side.

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Such a game is playing in this Paris Pandemonium, or City of red Swiss standing like rocks; ghost, or partial-ghost of a Min-All the Devils!—And yet the Night, as Mayor Petion walks istry, with Roederer and advisers, hovering round their Majes-here in the Tuileries Garden, 'is beautiful and calm;' Orion and ties; old Marshall Maille kneeling at the King's feet, to say, He the Pleiades glitter down quite serene. Petion has come forth, and these gallant gentlemen are come to die for him. List!

the 'heat' inside was so oppressive. (Roederer, Chronique de through the placid midnight; clang of the distant stormbell!

Cinquante Jours: Recit de Petion. Townhall Records, &c. (in So, in very sooth; steeple after steeple takes up the wondrous Hist. Parl. xvi. 399-466.) Indeed, his Majesty's reception of tale. Black Courtiers listen at the windows, opened for air; dis-him was of the roughest; as it well might be. And now there is criminate the steeple-bells: (Roederer, ubi supra.) this is the no outgate; Mandat's blue Squadrons turn you back at every tocsin of Saint-Roch; that again, is it not Saint-Jacques, named Grate; nay the Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers give themselves de la Boucherie? Yes, Messieurs! Or even Saint-Germain liberties of tongue, How a virtuous Mayor 'shall pay for it, if l'Auxerrois, hear ye it not? The same metal that rang storm, there be mischief,' and the like; though others again are full of two hundred and twenty years ago; but by a Majesty's order civility. Surely if any man in France is in straights this night, it then; on Saint-Bartholomew's Eve (24th August, 1572.)—So is Mayor Petion: bound, under pain of death, one may say, to go the steeple-bells; which Courtiers can discriminate. Nay, smile dexterously with the one side of his face, and weep with meseems, there is the Townhall itself; we know it by its sound!

the other;—death if he do it not dexterously enough! Not till Yes, Friends, that is the Townhall; discoursing so, to the Night.

four in the morning does a National Assembly, hearing of his Miraculously; by miraculous metal-tongue and man's arm: Marat plight, summon him over 'to give account of Paris;' of which he himself, if you knew it, is pulling at the rope there! Marat is knows nothing: whereby however he shall get home to bed, pulling; Robespierre lies deep, invisible for the next forty hours; and only his gilt coach be left. Scarcely less delicate is Syndic and some men have heart, and some have as good as none, and Roederer's task; who must wait whether he will lament or not, not even frenzy will give them any.

till he see the issue. Janus Bifrons, or Mr. Facing-both-ways, as What struggling confusion, as the issue slowly draws on; vernacular Bunyan has it! They walk there, in the meanwhile, and the doubtful Hour, with pain and blind struggle, brings these two Januses, with others of the like double conforma-forth its Certainty, never to be abolished!—The Full-power tion; and 'talk of indifferent matters.'

Delegates, three from each Section, a Hundred and forty-four Roederer, from time to time, steps in; to listen, to speak; to in all, got gathered at the Townhall, about midnight. Mandat's send for the Department-Directory itself, he their Procureur Squadron, stationed there, did not hinder their entering: are Syndic not seeing how to act. The Apartments are all crowded; they not the 'Central Committee of the Sections' who sit here some seven hundred gentlemen in black elbowing, bustling; usually; though in greater number tonight? They are there: 348

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presided by Confusion, Irresolution, and the Clack of Tongues.

whole, Forward, ye Hundred and forty-four; retreat is now none Swift scouts fly; Rumour buzzes, of black Courtiers, red Swiss, for you!

of Mandat and his Squadrons that shall charge. Better put off Reader, fancy not, in thy languid way, that Insurrection is the Insurrection? Yes, put it off. Ha, hark! Saint-Antoine boom-easy. Insurrection is difficult: each individual uncertain even ing out eloquent tocsin, of its own accord!— Friends, no: ye of his next neighbour; totally uncertain of his distant cannot put off the Insurrection; but must put it on, and live neighbours, what strength is with him, what strength is against with it, or die with it.

him; certain only that, in case of failure, his individual portion Swift now, therefore: let these actual Old Municipals, on sight is the gallows! Eight hundred thousand heads, and in each of of the Full-powers, and mandate of the Sovereign elective them a separate estimate of these uncertainties, a separate People, lay down their functions; and this New Hundred and theorem of action conformable to that: out of so many uncer-forty-four take them up! Will ye nill ye, worthy Old Munici-tainties, does the certainty, and inevitable net-result never to pals, ye must go. Nay is it not a happiness for many a Munici-be abolished, go on, at all moments, bodying itself forth;—

pal that he can wash his hands of such a business; and sit leading thee also towards civic-crowns or an ignominious noose.

there paralyzed, unaccountable, till the Hour do bring forth; Could the Reader take an Asmodeus's Flight, and waving open or even go home to his night's rest? (Section Documents, all roofs and privacies, look down from the Tower of Notre Townhall Documents (Hist. Parl. ubi supra).) Two only of the Dame, what a Paris were it! Of treble-voice whimperings or Old, or at most three, we retain Mayor Petion, for the present vehemence, of bass-voice growlings, dubitations; Courage screw-walking in the Tuileries; Procureur Manuel; Procureur Substi-ing itself to desperate defiance; Cowardice trembling silent tute Danton, invisible Atlas of the whole. And so, with our within barred doors;—and all round, Dulness calmly snoring; Hundred and forty-four, among whom are a Tocsin-Huguenin, for much Dulness, flung on its mattresses, always sleeps. O, a Billaud, a Chaumette; and Editor-Talliens, and Fabre between the clangour of these high-storming tocsins and that d'Eglantines, Sergents, Panises; and in brief, either emergent, snore of Dulness, what a gamut: of trepidation, excitation, or else

emerged and full-blown, the entire Flower of unlimited desperation; and above it mere Doubt, Danger, Atropos and Patriotism: have we not, as by magic, made a New Municipal-Nox!

ity; ready to act in the unlimited manner; and declare itself Fighters of this section draw out; hear that the next Section roundly, 'in a State of Insurrection!'—First of all, then, be Com-does not; and thereupon draw in. Saint-Antoine, on this side mandant Mandat sent for, with that Mayor's-Order of his; also the River, is uncertain of Saint-Marceau on that. Steady only let the New Municipals visit those Squadrons that were to is the snore of Dulness, are the Six Hundred Marseillese that charge; and let the stormbell ring its loudest;—and, on the know how to die! Mandat, twice summoned to the Townhall, 349

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has not come. Scouts fly incessant, in distracted haste; and pals; ye People, in a state of Insurrection! Blood is shed, blood the many-whispering voices of Rumour. Theroigne and unoffi-must be answered for;—alas, in such hysterical humour, more cial Patriots flit, dim-visible, exploratory, far and wide; like blood will flow: for it is as with the Tiger in that; he has only Nightbirds on the wing. Of Nationals some Three thousand to begin.

have followed Mandat and his generale; the rest follow each Seventeen Individuals have been seized in the Champs his own theorem of the uncertainties: theorem, that one should Elysees, by exploratory Patriotism; they flitting dim-visible, march rather with Saint-Antoine; innumerable theorems, that by it flitting dim-visible. Ye have pistols, rapiers, ye Seven-in such a case the wholesomest were sleep. And so the drums teen? One of those accursed 'false Patrols;' that go marauding, beat, in made fits, and the stormbells peal. Saint-Antoine it-with AntiNational intent; seeking what they can spy, what self does but draw out and draw in; Commandant Santerre, they can spill! The Seventeen are carried to the nearest Guard-over there, cannot believe that the Marseillese and Saint house; eleven of them escape by back passages. "How is this?"

Marceau will march. Thou laggard sonorous Beer-vat, with the Demoiselle Theroigne appears at the front entrance, with sa-loud voice and timber head, is it time now to palter? Alsatian bre, pistols, and a train; denounces treasonous connivance; Westermann clutches him by the throat with drawn sabre: demands, seizes, the remaining six, that the justice of the whereupon the Timber-headed believes. In this manner wanes People be not trifled with. Of which six two more escape in the the slow night; amid fret, uncertainty and tocsin; all men's whirl and debate of the Club-Law Court; the last unhappy Four humour rising to the hysterical pitch; and nothing done.

are massacred, as Mandat was: Two Ex-Bodyguards; one dissi-However, Mandat, on the third summons does come;—come, pated Abbe; one Royalist Pamphleteer, Sulleau, known to us unguarded; astonished to find the Municipality new. They by name, Able Editor, and wit of all work. Poor Sulleau: his question him straitly on that Mayor's-Order to resist force by Acts of the Apostles, and brisk Placard-Journals (for he was an force; on that strategic scheme of cutting Saint-Antoine in able man) come to Finis, in this manner; and questionable two halves: he answers what he can: they think it were right jesting issues suddenly in horrid earnest! Such doings usher in to send this strategic National Commandant to the Abbaye the dawn of the Tenth of August, 1792.

Prison, and let a Court of Law decide on him. Alas, a Court of Or think what a night the poor National Assembly has had: Law, not Book-Law but primeval Club-Law, crowds and jostles sitting there, 'in great paucity,' attempting to debate;—quiv-out of doors; all fretted to the hysterical pitch; cruel as Fear, ering and shivering; pointing towards all the thirty-two azi- blind as the Night: such Court of Law, and no other, clutches muths at once, as the magnet-needle does when thunderstorm poor Mandat from his constables; beats him down, massacres is in the air! If the Insurrection come? If it come, and fail? Alas, him, on the steps of the Townhall. Look to it, ye new Munici-in that case, may not black Courtiers, with blunderbusses, red 350

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Swiss with bayonets rush over, flushed with victory, and ask plains that so many Courtiers in black encumber the service, us: Thou undefinable, waterlogged, self-distractive, self-deare an eyesorrow to the National Guards. To which her Majesty structive Legislative, what dost thou here unsunk?—Or figure answers with emphasis, That they will obey all, will suffer all, the poor National Guards, bivouacking 'in temporary tents'

that they are sure men these.

there; or standing ranked, shifting from leg to leg, all through And so the yellow lamplight dies out in the gray of morn-the weary night; New tricolor Municipals ordering one thing, ing, in the King's Palace, over such a scene. Scene of jostling, old Mandat Captains ordering another! Procureur Manuel has elbowing, of confusion, and indeed conclusion, for the thing ordered the cannons to be withdrawn from the Pont Neuf; is about to end. Roederer and spectral Ministers jostle in the none ventured to disobey him. It seemed certain, then, the press; consult, in side cabinets, with one or with both Majes-old Staff so long doomed has finally been dissolved, in these ties. Sister Elizabeth takes the Queen to the window: "Sister, hours; and Mandat is not our Commandant now, but Santerre?

see what a beautiful sunrise," right over the Jacobins church Yes, friends: Santerre henceforth,—surely Mandat no more!

and that quarter! How happy if the tocsin did not yield! But The Squadrons that were to charge see nothing certain, ex-Mandat returns not; Petion is gone: much hangs wavering in cept that they are cold, hungry, worn down with watching; the invisible Balance. About five o'clock, there rises from the that it were sad to slay French brothers; sadder to be slain by Garden a kind of sound; as of a shout to which had become a them. Without the Tuileries Circuit, and within it, sour uncer-howl, and instead of Vive le Roi were ending in Vive la Nation.

tain humour sways these men: only the red Swiss stand stead-

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculates a spectral Minister, "what is he doing fast. Them their officers refresh now with a slight wetting of down there?" For it is his

Majesty, gone down with old Marshal brandy; wherein the Nationals, too far gone for brandy, refuse Maille to review the troops; and the nearest companies of them to participate.

answer so. Her Majesty bursts into a stream of tears. Yet on King Louis meanwhile had laid him down for a little sleep: stepping from the cabinet her eyes are dry and calm, her look his wig when he reappeared had lost the powder on one side.

is even cheerful. 'The Austrian lip, and the aquiline nose, fuller (Roederer, ubi supra.) Old Marshal Maille and the gentlemen in than usual, gave to her countenance,' says Peltier, (In black rise always in spirits, as the Insurrection does not rise: Toulongeon, ii. 241.) 'something of Majesty, which they that there goes a witty saying now, "Le tocsin ne rend pas." The did not see her in these moments cannot well have an idea of.'

tocsin, like a dry milk-cow, does not yield. For the rest, could O thou Theresa's Daughter!

one not proclaim Martial Law? Not easily; for now, it seems, King Louis enters, much blown with the fatigue; but for the Mayor Petion is gone. On the other hand, our Interim Com-rest with his old air of indifference. Of all hopes now surely the mandant, poor Mandat being off, 'to the Hotel-de-Ville,' com-joyfullest were, that the tocsin did not yield.

Chapter 2.6.VII.

Courtiers in black draw their blunderbusses, rapiers, poniards, some have even fire-shovels; every man his weapon of war.

The Swiss.

Judge if, in these circumstances, Syndic Roederer felt easy!

Will the kind Heavens open no middle-course of refuge for a Unhappy Friends, the tocsin does yield, has yielded! Lo ye, poor Syndic who halts between two? If indeed his Majesty how with the first sun-rays its Ocean-tide, of pikes and fusils, would consent to go over to the Assembly! His Majesty, above flows glittering from the far East;—immeasurable; born of the all her Majesty, cannot agree to that. Did her Majesty answer Night! They march there, the grim host; Saint-Antoine on this the proposal with a "Fi donc;" did she say even, she would be side of the River; Saint-Marceau on that, the blackbrowed nailed to the walls sooner? Apparently not. It is written also Marseillese in the van. With hum, and grim murmur, far-heard; that she offered the King a pistol; saying, Now or else never like the Ocean-tide, as we say: drawn up, as if by Luna and was the time to shew himself. Close eye-witnesses did not see Influences, from the great Deep of Waters, they roll gleaming it, nor do we. That saw only that she was queenlike, quiet; on; no King, Canute or Louis, can bid them roll back. Wide-that she argued not, upbraided not, with the Inexorable; but, eddying side-currents, of onlookers, roll hither and thither, like Caesar in the Capitol, wrapped her mantle, as it beseems unarmed, not voiceless; they, the steel host, roll on. New-Com-Queens and Sons of Adam to do. But thou, O Louis! of what mandant Santerre, indeed, has taken seat at the Townhall; rests stuff art thou at all? Is there no stroke in thee, then, for Life there, in his halfway-house. Alsatian Westermann, with flash-and Crown? The silliest hunted deer dies not so. Art thou the ing sabre, does not rest; nor the Sections, nor the Marseillese, languidest of all mortals; or the mildest-minded? Thou art the nor Demoiselle Theroigne; but roll continually on.

worst-starred.

And now, where are Mandat's Squadrons that were to charge?

The tide advances; Syndic Roederer's and all men's straits Not a Squadron of them stirs: or they stir in the wrong direc-grow straiter and straiter. Fremescent clangor comes from the tion, out of the way; their officers glad that they will even do armed Nationals in the Court; far and wide is the infinite hub-that. It is to this hour uncertain whether the Squadron on the bub of tongues. What counsel? And the tide is now nigh! Mes-Pont Neuf

made the shadow of resistance, or did not make the sengers, forerunners speak hastily through the outer Grates; shadow: enough, the blackbrowed Marseillese, and Saint-hold parley sitting astride the walls. Syndic Roederer goes out Marceau following them, do cross without let; do cross, in sure and comes in. Cannoneers ask him: Are we to fire against the hope now of Saint-Antoine and the rest; do billow on, towards people? King's Ministers ask him: Shall the King's House be the Tuileries, where their errand is. The Tuileries, at sound of forced? Syndic Roederer has a hard game to play. He speaks to them, rustles responsive: the red Swiss look to their priming; the Cannoneers with eloquence, with fervour; such fervour as 352

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a man can, who has to blow hot and cold in one breath. Hot the poor little Prince Royal from the press; Royalty has en-and cold, O Roederer? We, for our part, cannot live and die! The tered in. Royalty has vanished for ever from your eyes.—And Cannoneers, by way of answer, fling down their linstocks.—

ye? Left standing there, amid the yawning abysses, and earth-Think of this answer, O King Louis, and King's Ministers: and quake of Insurrection; without course; without command: if take a poor Syndic's safe middle-course, towards the Salle de ye perish it must be as more than martyrs, as martyrs who are Manege. King Louis sits, his hands leant on knees, body bent now without a cause! The black Courtiers disappear mostly; forward; gazes for a space fixedly on Syndic Roederer; then through such issues as they can. The poor Swiss know not how answers, looking over his shoulder to the Queen: Marchons!

to act: one duty only is clear to them, that of standing by They march; King Louis, Queen, Sister Elizabeth, the two royal their post; and they will perform that.

children and governess: these, with Syndic Roederer, and Offi-But the glittering steel tide has arrived; it beats now against cials of the

Department; amid a double rank of National Guards.

the Chateau barriers, and eastern Courts; irresistible, loud-surg-The men with blunderbusses, the steady red Swiss gaze mourning far and wide;— breaks in, fills the Court of the Carrousel, fully, reproachfully; but hear only these words from Syndic blackbrowed Marseillese in the van. King Louis gone, say you; Roederer: "The King is going to the Assembly; make way." It over to the Assembly! Well and good: but till the Assembly has struck eight, on all clocks, some minutes ago: the King has pronounce Forfeiture of him, what boots it? Our post is in that left the Tuileries—for ever.

Chateau or stronghold of his; there till then must we continue.

O ye stanch Swiss, ye gallant gentlemen in black, for what a Think, ye stanch Swiss, whether it were good that grim mur-cause are ye to spend and be spent! Look out from the west-der began, and brothers blasted one another in pieces for a ern windows, ye may see King Louis placidly hold on his way; stone edifice?—Poor Swiss! they know not how to act: from the poor little Prince Royal 'sportfully kicking the fallen leaves.'

the southern windows, some fling cartridges, in sign of broth-Fremescent multitude on the Terrace of the Feuillants whirls erhood; on the eastern outer staircase, and within through parallel to him; one man in it, very noisy, with a long pole: will long stairs and corridors, they stand firm-ranked, peaceable they not obstruct the outer Staircase, and back-entrance of and yet refusing to stir. Westermann speaks to them in Alsa-the Salle, when it comes to that? King's Guards can go no furtian German; Marseillese plead, in hot Provencal speech and ther than the bottom step there. Lo, Deputation of Legisla-pantomime; stunning hubbub pleads and threatens, infinite, tors come out; he of the long pole is stilled by oratory; around. The Swiss stand fast, peaceable and yet immovable; Assembly's Guards join themselves to King's Guards, and all red granite pier in that waste-flashing sea of steel.

may mount in this case of necessity; the outer Staircase is Who can help the inevitable issue; Marseillese and all France, free, or passable. See, Royalty

ascends; a blue Grenadier lifts on this side; granite Swiss on that? The pantomime grows hot-353

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ter and hotter; Marseillese sabres flourishing by way of acing over the Pont Royal, or one knows not whither. The brain tion; the Swiss brow also clouding itself, the Swiss thumb bring-of Paris, brain-fevered in the centre of it here, has gone mad; ing its firelock to the cock. And hark! high-thundering above what you call, taken fire.

all the din, three Marseillese cannon from the Carrousel, pointed Behold, the fire slackens not; nor does the Swiss rolling-fire by a gunner of bad aim, come rattling over the roofs! Ye Swiss, slacken from within. Nay they clutched cannon, as we saw: therefore: Fire! The Swiss fire; by volley, by platoon, in rolling-and now, from the other side, they clutch three pieces more; fire: Marseillese men not a few, and 'a tall man that was louder alas, cannon without linstock; nor will the steel-and-flint an-than any,' lie silent, smashed, upon the pavement;—not a few swer, though they try it. (Deux Amis, viii. 179-88.) Had it Marseillese, after the long dusty march, have made halt here.

chanced to answer! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings; The Carrousel is void; the black tide recoiling; 'fugitives rush-one strangest Patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they ing as far as Saint-Antoine before they stop.' The Cannoneers a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge; without linstock have squatted invisible, and left their can-the name of him is Napoleon Buonaparte. (See Hist. Parl. (xvii.

non; which the Swiss seize.

56); Las Cases, &c.) And onlookers, and women, stand gazing, Think what a volley: reverberating doomful to the four cor-and the witty Dr. Moore of Glasgow among them, on the other ners of Paris, and through all hearts; like the clang of Bellona's side of the River: cannon rush rumbling past them; pause on thongs! The blackbrowed Marseillese, rallying on the instant, the Pont Royal; belch out their iron entrails there, against the have

become black Demons that know how to die. Nor is Brest Tuileries; and at every new belch, the women and onlookers behindhand; nor Alsatian Westermann; Demoiselle Theroigne shout and clap hands. (Moore, Journal during a Residence in is Sybil Theroigne: Vengeance Victoire,ou la mort! From all Pa-France (Dublin, 1793), i. 26.) City of all the Devils! In remote triot artillery, great and small; from Feuillants Terrace, and all streets, men are drinking breakfast-coffee; following their af-terraces and places of the widespread Insurrectionary sea, there fairs; with a start now and then, as some dull echo reverber-roars responsive a red whirlwind. Blue Nationals, ranked in the ates a note louder. And here? Marseillese fall wounded; but Garden, cannot help their muskets going off, against Foreign Barbaroux has surgeons; Barbaroux is close by, managing, murderers. For there is a sympathy in muskets, in heaped masses though underhand, and under cover. Marseillese fall death-of men: nay, are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings, and struck; bequeath their firelock, specify in which pocket are a cunning infinite concordance and unity; you smite one string, the cartridges; and die, murmuring, "Revenge me, Revenge thy and all strings will begin sounding,—in soft sphere-melody, country!" Brest Federe Officers, galloping in red coats, are shot in deafening screech of madness! Mounted Gendarmerie galas Swiss. Lo you, the Carrousel has burst into flame!—Paris lop distracted; are fired on merely as a thing running; gallop-Pandemonium! Nay the poor City, as we said, is in fever-fit and 354

convulsion; such crisis has lasted for the space of some half to escape in holes, to die fighting from street to street. The hour.

firing and murdering will not cease; not yet for long. The red But what is this that, with Legislative Insignia, ventures Porters of Hotels are shot at, be they Suisse by nature, or through the hubbub and death-hail, from the back-entrance Suisse only in name. The very Firemen, who pump and labour of the Manege? Towards the Tuileries and Swiss: written Order on that smoking Carrousel, are shot at; why should the Car-from his Majesty to cease firing! O ye hapless Swiss, why was rousel not burn? Some Swiss take refuge in private houses; there no order not to begin it? Gladly would

the Swiss cease find that mercy too does still dwell in the heart of man. The firing: but who will bid mad Insurrection cease firing? To In-brave Marseillese are merciful, late so wroth; and labour to surrection you cannot speak; neither can it, hydra-headed, hear.

save. Journalist Gorsas pleads hard with enfuriated groups.

The dead and dying, by the hundred, lie all around; are borne Clemence, the Wine-merchant, stumbles forward to the Bar of bleeding through the streets, towards help; the sight of them, the Assembly, a rescued Swiss in his hand; tells passionately like a torch of the Furies, kindling Madness. Patriot Paris roars; how he rescued him with pain and peril, how he will hence-as the bear bereaved of her whelps. On, ye Patriots: vengeance!

forth support him, being childless himself; and falls a swoon victory or death! There are men seen, who rush on, armed only round the poor Swiss's neck: amid plaudits. But the most are with walking-sticks. (Hist. Parl. ubi supra. Rapport du Captaine butchered, and even mangled. Fifty (some say Fourscore) were des Canonniers, Rapport du Commandant, &c. (Ibid. xvii. 300-marched as prisoners, by National Guards, to the Hotel-de-18).) Terror and Fury rule the hour.

Ville: the ferocious people bursts through on them, in the Place The Swiss, pressed on from without, paralyzed from within, de Greve; massacres them to the last man. 'O Peuple, envy of have ceased to shoot; but not to be shot. What shall they do?

the universe!' Peuple, in mad Gaelic effervescence!

Desperate is the moment. Shelter or instant death: yet How?

Surely few things in the history of carnage are painfuller.

Where? One party flies out by the Rue de l'Echelle; is destroyed What ineffaceable red streak, flickering so sad in the memory, utterly, 'en entier.' A second, by the other side, throws itself is that, of this poor column of red Swiss 'breaking itself in the into the Garden; 'hurrying across a keen

fusillade:' rushes sup-confusion of opinions;' dispersing, into blackness and death!

pliant into the National Assembly; finds pity and refuge in the Honour to you, brave men; honourable pity, through long back benches there. The third, and largest, darts out in col-times! Not martyrs were ye; and yet almost more. He was no umn, three hundred strong, towards the Champs Elysees: Ah, King of yours, this Louis; and he forsook you like a King of could we but reach Courbevoye, where other Swiss are! Wo!

shreds and patches; ye were but sold to him for some poor see, in such fusillade the column 'soon breaks itself by diver-sixpence a-day; yet would ye work for your wages, keep your sity of opinion,' into distracted segments, this way and that;—

plighted word. The work now was to die; and ye did it. Honour 355

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to you, O Kinsmen; and may the old Deutsch Biederheit and the very garrets, all windows tumbled out their precious royal Tapferkeit, and Valour which is Worth and Truth be they Swiss, furnitures; and, with gold mirrors, velvet curtains, down of be they Saxon, fail in no age! Not bastards; true-born were ript featherbeds, and dead bodies of men, the Tuileries was these men; sons of the men of Sempach, of Murten, who knelt, like no Garden of the Earth:—all this let him who has a taste but not to thee, O Burgundy!— Let the traveller, as he passes for it see amply in Mercier, in acrid Montgaillard, or Beaulieu through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumen-of the Deux Amis. A hundred and eighty bodies of Swiss lie tal Lion; not for Thorwaldsen's sake alone. Hewn out of living piled there; naked, unremoved till the second day. Patriotism rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby has torn their red coats into snips; and marches with them at of distant-tinkling rance-des-vaches, the granite Mountains the Pike's point: the ghastly bare corpses lie there, under the dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, sun and under the stars; the curious of both sexes crowding to speaks.

look. Which let not us do. Above a hundred carts heaped with Dead fare towards the Cemetery of Sainte-Madeleine; bewailed, ***Chapter 2.6.VIII.***

bewept; for all had kindred, all had mothers, if not here, then there. It is one of those Carnage-fields, such as you read of by ***Constitution burst in Pieces.***

the name 'Glorious Victory,' brought home in this case to one's own door.

Thus is the Tenth of August won and lost. Patriotism reckons But the blackbrowed Marseillese have struck down the Ty-its slain by thousand on thousand, so deadly was the Swiss rant of the Chateau. He is struck down; low, and hardly to rise.

fire from these windows; but will finally reduce them to some What a moment for an august Legislative was that when the Twelve hundred. No child's play was it;—nor is it! Till two in Hereditary Representative entered, under such circumstances; the afternoon the massacring, the breaking and the burning and the Grenadier, carrying the little Prince Royal out of the has not ended; nor the loose Bedlam shut itself again.

Press, set him down on the Assembly-table! A moment,—which How deluges of frantic Sansculottism roared through all pas-one had to smooth off with oratory; waiting what the next sages of this Tuileries, ruthless in vengeance, how the Valets would bring! Louis said few words: "He was come hither to were butchered, hewn down; and Dame Campan saw the prevent a great crime; he believed himself safer nowhere than Marseilles sabre flash over her head, but the Blackbrowed said, here.' President Vergniaud answered briefly, in vague oratory

"Va-t-en, Get thee gone," and flung her from him unstruck: as we say, about "defence of Constituted Authorities," about (Campan, ii. c. 21.) how in the cellars wine-bottles were bro-dying at our post. (Moniteur, Seance du 10 Aout 1792.) And ken, wine-butts were staved in and drunk; and, upwards to so King Louis sat him down; first here, then there; for a diffi-356

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culty arose, the Constitution not permitting us to debate while The New Municipals have come and gone; with Three Flags, the King is present: finally he settles himself with his Family Liberte, Egalite, Patrie, and the clang of vivats. Vergniaud, he in the 'Loge of the Logographe' in the Reporter's-Box of a Jour-who as President few hours ago talked of Dying for Consti-nalist: which is beyond the enchanted Constitutional Circuit, tuted Authorities, has moved, as Committee-Reporter, that separated from it by a rail. To such Lodge of the Logographe, the Hereditary Representative be suspended; that a national measuring some ten feet square, with a small closet at the convention do forthwith assemble to say what further! An able entrance of it behind, is the King of broad France now limited: Report: which the President must have had ready in his pocket?

here can he and his sit pent, under the eyes of the world, or A President, in such cases, must have much ready, and yet not retire into their closet at intervals; for the space of sixteen ready; and Janus-like look before and after.

hours. Such quiet peculiar moment has the Legislative lived to King Louis listens to all; retires about midnight 'to three see.

little rooms on the upper floor;' till the Luxembourg be pre-But also what a moment was that other, few minutes later, pared for him, and 'the safeguard of the Nation.' Safer if when the three Marseillese cannon went off, and the Swiss Brunswick were once here! Or, alas, not so safe? Ye hapless rolling-fire and universal thunder, like the Crack of Doom, be-discrowned heads! Crowds came, next morning, to catch a gan to rattle! Honourable Members start to their feet; stray climpse of them, in their three upper rooms. Montgaillard says bullets singing epicedium even here, shivering in with win-the august Captives wore an air of cheerfulness, even of gai-dow-glass and jingle. "No, this is our post; let us die here!"

ety; that the Queen and Princess Lamballe, who had joined her They sit therefore, like stone Legislators. But may not the Lodge over night, looked out of the open window, 'shook powder of the Logographe be forced from

behind? Tear down the rail-from their hair on the people below, and laughed.' (Montgaillard.

ing that divides it from the enchanted Constitutional Circuit!

ii. 135-167.) He is an acrid distorted man.

Ushers tear and tug; his Majesty himself aiding from within: For the rest, one may guess that the Legislative, above all the railing gives way; Majesty and Legislative are united in that the New Municipality continues busy. Messengers, Mu-place, unknown Destiny hovering over both.

nicipal or Legislative, and swift despatches rush off to all cor-Rattle, and again rattle, went the thunder; one breathless ners of France; full of triumph, blended with indignant wail, wide-eyed messenger rushing in after another: King's orders for Twelve hundred have fallen. France sends up its blended to the Swiss went out. It was a fearful thunder; but, as we shout responsive; the Tenth of August shall be as the Four-know, it ended. Breathless messengers, fugitive Swiss, denun-teenth of July, only bloodier and greater. The Court has con-ciatory Patriots, trepidation; finally tripudiation!—Before four spired? Poor Court: the Court has been vanquished; and will o'clock much has come and gone.

have both the scath to bear and the scorn. How the Statues of 357

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Kings do now all fall! Bronze Henri himself, though he wore a pality can undertake to watch it. The compact Prison of the cockade once, jingles down from the Pont Neuf, where Patrie Temple, not so elegant indeed, were much safer. To the Temple, floats in Danger. Much more does Louis Fourteenth, from the therefore! On Monday, 13th day of August 1792, in Mayor Place Vendome, jingle down, and even breaks in falling. The Petion's carriage, Louis and his sad suspended Household, fare curious can remark, written on his horse's shoe: '12 Aout 1692;'

thither; all Paris out to look at them. As they pass through a Century and a Day.

the Place Vendome Louis Fourteenth's Statue lies broken on The Tenth of August was Friday. The week is not done, when the ground. Petion is afraid the Queen's looks may be thought our old Patriot Ministry is recalled, what of it can be got: strict scornful, and produce provocation; she casts down her eyes, Roland, Genevese Claviere; add heavy Monge the Mathemati-and does not look at all. The 'press is prodigious,' but quiet: cian, once a stone-hewer; and, for Minister of Justice,—Danton here and there, it shouts Vive la Nation; but for most part

'led hither,' as himself says, in one of his gigantic figures, gazes in silence. French Royalty vanishes within the gates of

'through the breach of Patriot cannon!' These, under Legisla-the Temple: these old peaked Towers, like peaked Extinguisher tive Committees, must rule the wreck as they can: confusedly or Bonsoir, do cover it up;—from which same Towers, poor enough; with an old Legislative waterlogged, with a New Mu-Jacques Molay and his Templars were burnt out, by French nicipality so brisk. But National Convention will get itself to-Royalty, five centuries since. Such are the turns of Fate below.

gether; and then! Without delay, however, let a New Jury-Court Foreign Ambassadors, English Lord Gower have all demanded and Criminal Tribunal be set up in Paris, to try the crimes and passports; are driving indignantly towards their respective conspiracies of the Tenth. High Court of Orleans is distant, homes.

slow: the blood of the Twelve hundred Patriots, whatever be-So, then, the Constitution is over? For ever and a day! Gone come of other blood, shall be inquired after. Tremble, ye Crimi-is that wonder of the Universe; First biennial Parliament, wa-nals and Conspirators; the Minister of Justice is Danton!

terlogged, waits only till the Convention come; and will then Robespierre too, after the victory, sits in the New Municipal-sink to endless depths.

ity; insurrectionary 'improvised Municipality,' which calls itself One can guess the silent rage of Old-Constituents, Constitu-Council General of the Commune.

tion-builders, extinct Feuillants, men who thought the ConFor three days now, Louis and his Family have heard the stitution would march! Lafayette rises to the altitude of the Legislative Debates in the Lodge of the Logographe; and re-situation; at the head of his Army. Legislative Commissioners tired nightly to their small upper rooms. The Luxembourg and are posting towards him and it, on the Northern Frontier, to safeguard of the Nation could not be got ready: nay, it seems congratulate and perorate: he orders the Municipality of Se-the Luxembourg has too many cellars and issues; no Munici-dan to arrest these Commissioners, and keep them strictly in 358

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ward as Rebels, till he say further. The Sedan Municipals obey.

VOLUME III.

The Sedan Municipals obey: but the Soldiers of the Lafayette Army? The Soldiers of the Lafayette Army have, as all Soldiers ***THE GUILLOTINE***

have, a kind of dim feeling that they themselves are Sansculottes in buff belts; that the victory of the Tenth of August is also a ***BOOK 3.I.***

victory for them. They will not rise and follow Lafayette to Paris; they will rise and send him thither! On the 18th, which is but ***SEPTEMBER***

next Saturday, Lafayette, with some two or three indignant Staff-officers, one of whom is Old-Constituent Alexandre de ***Chapter 3.1.I.***

Lameth, having first put his Lines in what order he could,—

rides swiftly over the Marches, towards Holland. Rides, alas, ***The Improvised Commune.***

swiftly into the claws of Austrians! He, long-wavering, trembling on the verge of the horizon, has set, in Olmutz Dungeons; Ye have roused her, then, ye Emigrants and Despots of the this History knows him no more. Adieu, thou Hero of two worlds; world; France is roused; long have ye been lecturing and tutor-thinnest, but compact honour-worthy man! Through long rough ing this poor Nation, like cruel uncalled-for pedagogues, shak- night of captivity, through other tumults, triumphs and changes, ing over her your ferulas of fire and steel: it is long that ye thou wilt swing well, 'fast-anchored to the Washington Formula;'

have pricked and fillipped and affrighted her, there as she sat and be the Hero and Perfect-character, were it only of one idea.

helpless in her dead cerements of a Constitution, you gather-The Sedan Municipals repent and protest; the Soldiers shout ing in on her from all lands, with your armaments and plots, Vive la Nation. Dumouriez Polymetis, from his Camp at Maulde, your invadings and truculent bullyings;—and lo now, ye have sees himself made Commander in Chief.

pricked her to the quick, and she is up, and her blood is up.

And, O Brunswick! what sort of 'military execution' will Paris The dead cerements are rent into cobwebs, and she fronts you merit now? Forward, ye well-drilled exterminatory men; with in that terrible strength of Nature, which no man has mea-your artillery-waggons, and camp kettles jingling. Forward, sured, which goes down to Madness and Tophet: see now how tall chivalrous King of Prussia; fanfaronading Emigrants and ye will deal with her!

war-god Broglie, 'for some consolation to mankind,' which ver-This month of September, 1792, which has become one of ily is not without need of some.

the memorable months of History, presents itself under two most diverse aspects; all of black on the one side, all of bright ***END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.***

on the other. Whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of Twenty-359

The French Revolution

five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-It is unfortunate, though very natural, that the history of defiance of Twenty-five million men, stand here in abrupt con-this Period has so generally been written in hysterics. Exag-trast, near by one another. As indeed is usual when a man, geration abounds, execration, wailing; and, on the whole, dark-how much more when a Nation of men, is hurled suddenly ness. But thus too, when foul old Rome had to be swept from beyond the limits. For Nature, as green as she looks, rests ev-the Earth, and those Northmen, and other horrid sons of Na-erywhere on dread foundations, were we farther down; and ture, came in, 'swallowing formulas' as the French now do, foul Pan, to whose music the Nymphs dance, has a cry in him that old Rome screamed execratively her loudest; so that, the true can drive all men distracted.

shape of many things is lost for us. Attila's Huns had arms of Very frightful it is when a Nation, rending asunder its Con-such length that they could lift a stone without stooping.

stitutions and Regulations which were grown dead cerements Into the body of the poor Tatars execrative Roman History for it, becomes transcendental; and must now seek its wild intercalated an alphabetic letter; and so they continue Ta-r-way through the New, Chaotic,—where Force is not yet distin-tars, of fell Tartarean nature, to this day. Here, in like manner, guished into Bidden and Forbidden, but Crime and Virtue welter search as we will in these multiform innumerable French unseparated,—in that domain of what is called the Passions; of Records, darkness too frequently covers, or sheer distraction what we call the Miracles and the Portents! It is thus that, for bewilders. One finds it difficult to imagine that the Sun shone some three years to come, we are to contemplate France, in this in this September month, as he does in others. Nevertheless it final Third Volume of our History. Sansculottism reigning in all is an indisputable fact that the Sun did shine; and there was its grandeur and in

all its hideousness: the Gospel (God's Mes-weather and work,—nay, as to that, very bad weather for har-sage) of Man's Rights, Man's mights or strengths, once more vest work! An unlucky Editor may do his utmost; and after all, preached irrefragably abroad; along with this, and still louder require allowances.

for the time, and fearfullest Devil's-Message of Man's weaknesses He had been a wise Frenchman, who, looking, close at hand, and sins;—and all on such a scale, and under such aspect: cloudy on this waste aspect of a France all stirring and whirling, in

'death-birth of a world;' huge smoke-cloud, streaked with rays ways new, untried, had been able to discern where the cardinal as of heaven on one side; girt on the other as with hellfire!

movement lay; which tendency it was that had the rule and History tells us many things: but for the last thousand years primary direction of it then! But at forty-four years' distance, and more, what thing has she told us of a sort like this? Which it is different. To all men now, two cardinal movements or grand therefore let us two, O Reader, dwell on willingly, for a little; and tendencies, in the September whirl, have become discernible from its endless significance endeavour to extract what may, in enough: that stormful effluence towards the Frontiers; that present circumstances, be adapted for us.

frantic crowding towards Townhouses and Council-halls in the 360

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interior. Wild France dashes, in desperate death-defiance, to-ests may still cleave to it: volunteer defenders, riflemen or wards the Frontiers, to defend itself from foreign Despots; pikemen in green uniform, or red nightcap (of bonnet rouge), crowds towards Townhalls and Election Committee-rooms, to defile before it daily, just on the wing towards Brunswick; with defend itself from domestic Aristocrats. Let the Reader con-the brandishing of arms; always with some touch of Leonidas-ceive well these two cardinal movements; and what side-cur-eloquence, often with a fire of daring that

threatens to rents and endless vortexes might depend on these. He shall outherod Herod,—the Galleries, 'especially the Ladies, never judge too, whether, in such sudden wreckage of all old Au-done with applauding.' (Moore's Journal, i. 85.) Addresses of thorities, such a pair of cardinal movements, half-frantic in this or the like sort can be received and answered, in the hear-themselves, could be of soft nature? As in dry Sahara, when ing of all France: the Salle de Manege is still useful as a place of the winds waken, and lift and winnow the immensity of sand!

proclamation. For which use, indeed, it now chiefly serves.

The air itself (Travellers say) is a dim sand-air; and dim loom-Vergniaud delivers spirit-stirring orations; but always with a ing through it, the wonderfullest uncertain colonnades of Sand-prophetic sense only, looking towards the coming Convention.

Pillars rush whirling from this side and from that, like so many

"Let our memory perish," cries Vergniaud, "but let France be mad Spinning-Dervishes, of a hundred feet in stature; and dance free!"— whereupon they all start to their feet, shouting re-their huge Desert-waltz there!—

sponsive: "Yes, yes, perisse notre memoire, pourvu que la France Nevertheless in all human movements, were they but a day soit libre!" (Hist. Parl. xvii. 467.) Disfrocked Chabot abjures old, there is order, or the beginning of order. Consider two Heaven that at least we may "have done with Kings;" and fast things in this Sahara-waltz of the French Twenty-five millions; as powder under spark, we all blaze up once more, and with or rather one thing, and one hope of a thing: the Commune waved hats shout and swear: "Yes, nous le jurons; plus de roi!"

(Municipality) of Paris, which is already here; the National (Ibid. xvii. 437.) All which, as a method of proclamation, is Convention, which shall in few weeks be here. The Insurrec-very convenient.

tionary Commune, which improvising itself on the eve of the For the rest, that our busy Brissots, rigorous Rolands, men Tenth of August, worked this ever-memorable Deliverance by who once had authority and now have less and less; men who explosion, must needs rule over it,—till the Convention meet.

love law, and will have even an Explosion explode itself, as far This Commune, which they may well call a spontaneous or 'im-as possible, according to rule, do find this state of matters provised' Commune, is, for the present, sovereign of France.

most unofficial unsatisfactory,—is not to be denied. Complaints The Legislative, deriving its authority from the Old, how can it are made; attempts are made: but without effect. The attempts now have authority when the Old is exploded by insurrection?

even recoil; and must be desisted from, for fear of worse: the As a floating piece of wreck, certain things, persons and inter-sceptre is departed from this Legislative once and always. A 361

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poor Legislative, so hard was fate, had let itself be hand-gyved, of a Legislative,—out of which, it is likely, the best members, nailed to the rock like an Andromeda, and could only wail and the Mountain in mass, may be reelected. Roland is get-there to the Earth and Heavens; miraculously a winged Perting ready the Salles des Cent Suisses, as preliminary rendez-seus (or Improvised Commune) has dawned out of the void vous for them; in that void Palace of the Tuileries, now void Blue, and cut her loose: but whether now is it she, with her and National, and not a Palace, but a Caravansera.

softness and musical speech, or is it he, with his hardness and As for the Spontaneous Commune, one may say that there sharp falchion and aegis, that shall have casting vote? Melodi-never was on Earth a stranger Town-Council. Administration, ous agreement of vote; this were the rule! But if

otherwise, not of a great City, but of a great Kingdom in a state of revolt and votes diverge, then surely Andromeda's part is to weep,—

and frenzy, this is the task that has fallen to it. Enrolling, if possible, tears of gratitude alone.

provisioning, judging; devising, deciding, doing, endeavour-Be content, O France, with this Improvised Commune, such ing to do: one wonders the human brain did not give way as it is! It has the implements, and has the hands: the time is under all this, and reel. But happily human brains have such a not long. On Sunday the twenty-sixth of August, our Primary talent of taking up simply what they can carry, and ignoring Assemblies shall meet, begin electing of Electors; on Sunday all the rest; leaving all the rest, as if it were not there! Whereby the second of September (may the day prove lucky!) the Elec-somewhat is verily shifted for; and much shifts for itself. This tors shall begin electing Deputies; and so an all-healing Na- Improvised Commune walks along, nothing doubting; promptly tional Convention will come together. No marc d'argent, or making front, without fear or flurry, at what moment soever, distinction of Active and Passive, now insults the French Pa-to the wants of the moment. Were the world on fire, one im-triot: but there is universal suffrage, unlimited liberty to provised tricolor Municipal has but one life to lose. They are choose. Old- constituents, Present-Legislators, all France is eli-the elixir and chosen- men of Sansculottic Patriotism; promoted gible. Nay, it may be said, the flower of all the Universe (de to the forlorn-hope; unspeakable victory or a high gallows, l'Univers) is eligible; for in these very days we, by act of As- this is their meed. They sit there, in the Townhall, these aston-sembly, 'naturalise' the chief Foreign Friends of humanity: ishing tricolor Municipals; in Council General; in Committee of Priestley, burnt out for us in Birmingham; Klopstock, a genius Watchfulness (de Surveillance, which will even become de Salut of all countries; Jeremy Bentham, useful Jurisconsult; distin-Public, of Public Salvation), or what other Committees and guished Paine, the rebellious Needleman;—some of whom may Sub- committees are needful;—managing infinite Correspon-be chosen. As is most fit; for a Convention of this kind. In a dence; passing infinite Decrees:

one hears of a Decree being word, Seven Hundred and Forty-five unshackled sovereigns,

'the ninety-eighth of the day.' Ready! is the word. They carry admired of the universe, shall replace this hapless impotency loaded pistols in their pocket; also some improvised luncheon 362

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by way of meal. Or indeed, by and by, traiteurs contract for lishing them in high places; but of this September none now the supply of repasts, to be eaten on the spot,—too lavishly, or afterwards would brag. The September world remains dark, as it was afterwards grumbled. Thus they: girt in their tricolor fuliginous, as Lapland witch-midnight;—from which, indeed, sashes; Municipal note-paper in the one hand, firearms in other.

very strange shapes will evolve themselves.

They have their Agents out all over France; speaking in Understand this, however: that incorruptible Robespierre is townhouses, marketplaces, highways and byways; agitating, not wanting, now when the brunt of battle is past; in a stealthy urging to arm; all hearts tingling to hear. Great is the fire of way the seagreen man sits there, his feline eyes excellent in Anti-Aristocrat eloquence: nay some, as Bibliopolic Momoro, the twilight. Also understand this other, a single fact worth seem to hint afar off at something which smells of Agrarian many: that Marat is not only there, but has a seat of honour Law, and a surgery of the overswoln dropsical strongbox it-assigned him, a tribune particuliere. How changed for Marat; self;—whereat indeed the bold Bookseller runs risk of being lifted from his dark cellar into this luminous 'peculiar tribune!'

hanged, and Ex-Constituent Buzot has to smuggle him off.

All dogs have their day; even rabid dogs. Sorrowful, incurable (Memoires de Buzot (Paris, 1823), p. 88.) Philoctetes Marat; without whom Troy cannot be taken! Hither, Governing Persons, were they never so insignificant intrinsi-as a main element of the Governing Power, has Marat

been cally, have for most part plenty of Memoir-writers; and the raised. Royalist types, for we have 'suppressed' innumerable curious, in after-times, can learn minutely their goings out Durosoys, Royous, and even clapt them in prison,—Royalist and comings in: which, as men always love to know their fel-types replace the worn types often snatched from a People'slow-men in singular situations, is a comfort, of its kind. Not Friend in old ill days. In our 'peculiar tribune' we write and so, with these Governing Persons, now in the Townhall! And redact: Placards, of due monitory terror; Amis-du-Peuple (now yet what most original fellow-man, of the Governing sort, high-under the name of Journal de la Republique); and sit obeyed chancellor, king, kaiser, secretary of the home or the foreign of men. 'Marat,' says one, 'is the conscience of the Hotel-de-department, ever shewed such a phasis as Clerk Tallien, Ville.' Keeper, as some call it, of the Sovereign's Conscience;—

Procureur Manuel, future Procureur Chaumette, here in this which surely, in such hands, will not lie hid in a napkin!

Sand-waltz of the Twenty-five millions, now do? O brother Two great movements, as we said, agitate this distracted mortals,—thou Advocate Panis, friend of Danton, kinsman of National mind: a rushing against domestic Traitors, a rushing Santerre; Engraver Sergent, since called Agate Sergent; thou against foreign Despots. Mad movements both, restrainable Huguenin, with the tocsin in thy heart! But, as Horace says, by no known rule; strongest passions of human nature driving they wanted the sacred memoir-writer (sacro vate); and we them on: love, hatred; vengeful sorrow, braggart Nationality know them not. Men bragged of August and its doings, pub-also vengeful,—and pale Panic over all! Twelve Hundred slain 363

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Patriots, do they not, from their dark catacombs there, in have acquitted, the Galleries murmuring, and have dismissed; Death's dumb-shew, plead (O ye Legislators) for vengeance?

or even have personally guarded back to Prison, as the Galler-Such was the destructive rage of these Aristocrats on the ever-ies took to howling, and even to menacing and elbowing.

memorable Tenth. Nay, apart from vengeance, and with an eye (Moore's Journal, i. 159-168.) Languid this Tribunal is not.

to Public Salvation only, are there not still, in this Paris (in Nor does the other movement slacken; the rushing against round numbers) 'thirty thousand Aristocrats,' of the most ma-foreign Despots. Strong forces shall meet in death-grip; drilled lignant humour; driven now to their last trump-card?—Be pa-Europe against mad undrilled France; and singular conclusions tient, ye Patriots: our New High Court, 'Tribunal of the Seven-will be tried.—Conceive therefore, in some faint degree, the teenth,' sits; each Section has sent Four Jurymen; and Danton, tumult that whirls in this France, in this Paris! Placards from extinguishing improper judges, improper practices whereso-Section, from Commune, from Legislative, from the individual ever found, is 'the same man you have known at the Cordeliers.'

Patriot, flame monitory on all walls. Flags of Danger to Father-With such a Minister of Justice shall not Justice be done?—

land wave at the Hotel-de-Ville; on the Pont Neuf—over the Let it be swift then, answers universal Patriotism; swift and prostrate Statues of Kings. There is universal enlisting, urging sure!—

to enlist; there is tearful-boastful leave-taking; irregular march-One would hope, this Tribunal of the Seventeenth is swifter ing on the Great North-Eastern Road. Marseillese sing their than most. Already on the 21st, while our Court is but four wild To Arms, in chorus; which now all men, all women and days old, Collenot d'Angremont, 'the Royal enlister' (crimp, children have learnt, and sing chorally, in Theatres, Boulevards, embaucheur) dies by torchlight. For, lo, the great Guillotine, Streets; and the heart burns in every bosom: Aux Armes!

wondrous to behold, now stands there; the Doctor's Idea has Marchons!— Or think how your Aristocrats are skulking into become Oak and Iron; the huge cyclopean axe 'falls in its grooves covert; how Bertrand-Moleville lies hidden in some garret 'in like the ram of the Pile-engine,' swiftly snuffing out the light Aubry-le-boucher Street, with a poor surgeon who had known of men?' 'Mais vous, Gualches, what have you invented?' This?—

me;' Dame de Stael has secreted her Narbonne, not knowing Poor old Laporte, Intendant of the Civil List, follows next; what in the world to make of him. The Barriers are sometimes quietly, the mild old man. Then Durosoy, Royalist Placarder, open, oftenest shut; no passports to be had; Townhall Emis-

'cashier of all the Anti-Revolutionists of the interior:' he went saries, with the eyes and claws of falcons, flitting watchful on rejoicing; said that a Royalist like him ought to die, of all days all points of your horizon! In two words: Tribunal of the Sev-on this day, the 25th or Saint Louis's Day. All these have been enteenth, busy under howling Galleries; Prussian Brunswick, tried, cast,—the Galleries shouting approval; and handed over

'over a space of forty miles,' with his war-tumbrils, and sleep-to the Realised Idea, within a week. Besides those whom we ing thunders, and Briarean 'sixty-six thousand' (See 364

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Toulongeon, Hist. de France. ii. c. 5.) right-hands,—coming, Fatherland's sake and his, they were come! Meanwhile railings coming!

are torn up; hammered into pikes: chains themselves shall be O Heavens, in these latter days of August, he is come! Durosoy welded together, into pikes. The very coffins of the dead are was not yet guillotined when news had come that the Prussians raised; for melting into balls. All Church-bells must down into were harrying and ravaging about Metz; in some four days the furnace to make cannon; all Church-plate into the mint to more, one hears that Longwi, our first strong-place on the make money. Also behold the fair swan-bevies of Citoyennes borders, is fallen 'in fifteen hours.'

Quick, therefore, O ye im-that have alighted in Churches, and sit there with swan-neck,—

provised Municipals; quick, and ever quicker!—The improvised sewing tents and regimentals! Nor are Patriotic Gifts wanting, Municipals make front to this also. Enrolment urges itself; and from those that have aught left; nor stingily given: the fair clothing, and arming. Our very officers have now 'wool epau-Villaumes, mother and daughter, Milliners in the Rue St.-Mar-lettes;' for it is the reign of Equality, and also of Necessity.

tin, give 'a silver thimble, and a coin of fifteen sous (sevenpence Neither do men now monsieur and sir one another; citoyen halfpenny),' with other similar effects; and offer, at least the (citizen) were suitabler; we even say thou, as 'the free peoples mother does, to mount guard. Men who have not even a of Antiquity did:' so have Journals and the Improvised Com-thimble, give a thimbleful,—were it but of invention. One mune suggested; which shall be well.

Citoyen has wrought out the scheme of a wooden cannon; Infinitely better, meantime, could we suggest, where arms which France shall exclusively profit by, in the first instance. It are to be found. For the present, our Citoyens chant chorally is to be made of staves, by the coopers;—of almost boundless To Arms; and have no arms! Arms are searched for; passion-calibre, but uncertain as to strength! Thus they: hammering, ately; there is joy over any musket. Moreover, entrenchments scheming, stitching, founding, with all their heart and with all shall be made round Paris: on the slopes of Montmartre men their soul. Two bells only are to remain in each Parish,—for dig and shovel; though even the simple suspect this to be tocsin and other purposes.

desperate. They dig; Tricolour sashes speak encouragement and But mark also, precisely while the Prussian batteries were well-speed-ye. Nay finally 'twelve Members of the Legislative playing their briskest at Longwi in the North-East, and our go daily,' not to encourage only, but to bear a hand, and delve: dastardly Lavergne saw nothing for it but surrender,—south-it was decreed with acclamation. Arms shall either be provided; westward, in

remote, patriarchal La Vendee, that sour ferment or else the ingenuity of man crack itself, and become fatuity.

about Nonjuring Priests, after long working, is ripe, and ex-Lean Beaumarchais, thinking to serve the Fatherland, and do a plodes: at the wrong moment for us! And so we have 'eight stroke of trade, in the old way, has commissioned sixty thou-thousand Peasants at Chatillon-sur-Sevre,' who will not be sand stand of good arms out of Holland: would to Heaven, for ballotted for soldiers; will not have their Curates molested. To 365

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whom Bonchamps, Laroche-jaquelins, and Seigneurs enough, encompassing Thionville; darkening the North. Not Metz-land of a Royalist turn, will join themselves; with Stofflets and now, but the Clermontais is getting harried; flying hulans and Charettes; with Heroes and Chouan Smugglers; and the loyal huzzars have been seen on the Chalons Road, almost as far as warmth of a simple people, blown into flame and fury by theo-Sainte-Menehould. Heart, ye Patriots, if ye lose heart, ye lose logical and seignorial bellows! So that there shall be fighting all!

from behind ditches, death-volleys bursting out of thickets It is not without a dramatic emotion that one reads in the and ravines of rivers; huts burning, feet of the pitiful women Parliamentary Debates of this Wednesday evening 'past seven hurrying to refuge with their children on their back; seedfields o'clock,' the scene with the military fugitives from Longwi.

fallow, whitened with human bones;—'eighty thousand, of all Wayworn, dusty, disheartened, these poor men enter the Leg-ages, ranks, sexes, flying at once across the Loire,' with wail islative, about sunset or after; give the most pathetic detail of borne far on the winds: and, in brief, for years coming, such a the frightful pass they were in:—Prussians billowing round by suite of scenes as glorious war has not offered in these late the myriad, volcanically spouting fire for fifteen hours: we, ages, not since our Albigenses and Crusadings were over,—

scattered sparse on the ramparts, hardly a cannoneer to two save indeed some chance Palatinate, or so, we might have to guns; our dastard Commandant Lavergne no where shewing

'burn,' by way of exception. The 'eight thousand at Chatillon'

face; the priming would not catch; there was no powder in the will be got dispelled for the moment; the fire scattered, not bombs,—what could we do? "Mourir! Die!" answer prompt extinguished. To the dints and bruises of outward battle there voices; (Hist. Parl. xvii. 148.) and the dusty fugitives must is to be added henceforth a deadlier internal gangrene.

shrink elsewhither for comfort.—Yes, Mourir, that is now the This rising in La Vendee reports itself at Paris on Wednesday word. Be Longwi a proverb and a hissing among French strong-the 29th of August;—just as we had got our Electors elected; places: let it (says the Legislative) be obliterated rather, from and, in spite of Brunswick's and Longwi's teeth, were hoping the shamed face of the Earth;—and so there has gone forth still to have a National Convention, if it pleased Heaven. But Decree, that Longwi shall, were the Prussians once out of it, indeed, otherwise, this Wednesday is to be regarded as one of

'be rased,' and exist only as ploughed ground.

the notablest Paris had yet seen: gloomy tidings come succes-Nor are the Jacobins milder; as how could they, the flower of sively, like Job's messengers; are met by gloomy answers. Of Patriotism? Poor Dame Lavergne, wife of the poor Comman-Sardinia rising to invade the South-East, and Spain threaten-dant, took her parasol one evening, and escorted by her Fa-ing the South, we do not speak. But are not the Prussians ther came over to the Hall of the mighty Mother; and 'reads a masters of Longwi (treacherously yielded, one would say); and memoir tending to justify the Commandant of Longwi.' Lafarge, preparing to besiege Verdun? Clairfait and his Austrians are President, makes answer: "Citoyenne, the Nation will judge 366

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Lavergne; the Jacobins are bound to tell him the truth. He of horrors that lie in it; the same leaky bottom, in these wild would have ended his course there (termine sa carriere), if he waters, bears us all.

had loved the honour of his country." (Ibid. xix. 300.) One can judge what stir there was now among the 'thirty thousand Royalists:' how the Plotters, or the accused of Plot-Chapter 3.1.II.

ting, shrank each closer into his lurking-place,—like Bertrand Moleville, looking eager towards Longwi, hoping the weather ***Danton.***

would keep fair. Or how they dressed themselves in valet's clothes, like Narbonne, and 'got to England as Dr. Bollman's But better than raising of Longwi, or rebuking poor dusty famulus:' how Dame de Stael bestirred herself, pleading with soldiers or soldiers' wives, Danton had come over, last night, Manuel as a Sister in Literature, pleading even with Clerk Tallien; and demanded a Decree to search for arms, since they were not a pray to nameless chagrins! (De Stael, Considerations sur la yielded voluntarily. Let 'Domiciliary visits,' with rigour of au-Revolution, ii. 67-81.) Royalist Peltier, the Pamphleteer, gives thority, be made to this end. To search for arms; for horses,—

a touching Narrative (not deficient in height of colouring) of Aristocratism rolls in its carriage, while Patriotism cannot trail the terrors of that night. From five in the afternoon, a great its cannon. To search generally for munitions of war, 'in the City is struck suddenly silent; except for the beating of drums, houses of persons suspect,'—and even, if it seem proper, to for the tramp of marching feet; and ever and anon the dread seize and imprison the suspect persons themselves! In the Pris-thunder of the knocker at some door, a Tricolor Commissioner ons, their plots will be harmless; in the Prisons, they will be as with his blue Guards (blackguards!) arriving. All Streets are hostages for us, and not without use. This Decree the ener- vacant, says Peltier; beset by Guards at each end: all Citizens getic Minister of Justice demanded, last night, and got; and are ordered to be within doors. On the River float sentinal this same night it is to be executed;

it is being executed, at barges, lest we escape by water: the Barriers hermetically closed.

the moment when these dusty soldiers get saluted with Mourir.

Frightful! The sun shines; serenely westering, in smokeless Two thousand stand of arms, as they count, are foraged in this mackerel-sky: Paris is as if sleeping, as if dead:—Paris is hold-way; and some four hundred head of new Prisoners; and, on ing its breath, to see what stroke will fall on it. Poor Peltier!

the whole, such a terror and damp is struck through the Aris-Acts of Apostles, and all jocundity of Leading-Articles, are gone tocrat heart, as all but Patriotism, and even Patriotism were it out, and it is become bitter earnest instead; polished satire out of this agony, might pity. Yes, Messieurs! if Brunswick blast changed now into coarse pike-points (hammered out of rail-Paris to ashes, he probably will blast the Prisons of Paris too: ing); all logic reduced to this one primitive thesis, An eye for pale Terror, if we have got it, we will also give it, and the depth an eye, a tooth for a tooth!—Peltier, dolefully aware of it, 367

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ducks low; escapes unscathed to England; to urge there the of all: Abbe Sicard goes; a Priest who could not take the Oath, inky war anew; to have Trial by Jury, in due season, and deliv-but who could teach the Deaf and Dumb: in his Section one erance by young Whig eloquence, world-celebrated for a day.

man, he says, had a grudge at him; one man, at the fit hour, Of 'thirty thousand,' naturally, great multitudes were left launches an arrest against him; which hits. In the Arsenal quar-unmolested: but, as we said, some four hundred, designated ter, there are dumb hearts making wail, with signs, with wild as 'persons suspect,' were seized; and an unspeakable terror gestures; he their miraculous healer and speech-bringer is rapt fell on all. Wo to him who is guilty of Plotting, of Anticivism, away.

Royalism, Feuillantism; who, guilty or not guilty, has an en-What with the arrestments on this night of the Twenty-ninth, emy in his Section to call him guilty! Poor old M. de Cazotte is what with those that have gone on more or less, day and night, seized, his young loved Daughter with him, refusing to quit ever since the Tenth, one may fancy what the Prisons now him. Why, O Cazotte, wouldst thou quit romancing, and Diable were. Crowding and Confusion; jostle, hurry, vehemence and Amoureux, for such reality as this? Poor old M. de Sombreuil, terror! Of the poor Queen's Friends, who had followed her to he of the Invalides, is seized: a man seen askance, by Patrio-the Temple and been committed elsewhither to Prison, some, tism ever since the Bastille days: whom also a fond Daughter as Governess de Tourzelle, are to be let go: one, the poor Prin-will not quit. With young tears hardly suppressed, and old cess de Lamballe, is not let go; but waits in the strong-rooms wavering weakness rousing itself once more—O my brothers, of La Force there, what will betide further.

O my sisters!

Among so many hundreds whom the launched arrest hits, The famed and named go; the nameless, if they have an ac-who are rolled off to Townhall or Section-hall, to preliminary cuser. Necklace Lamotte's Husband is in these Prisons (she long Houses of detention, and hurled in thither, as into cattle-pens, since squelched on the London Pavements); but gets deliv-we must mention one other: Caron de Beaumarchais, Author of ered. Gross de Morande, of the Courier de l'Europe, hobbles Figaro; vanquisher of Maupeou Parlements and Goezman distractedly to and fro there: but they let him hobble out; on helldogs; once numbered among the demigods; and now—?

right nimble crutches;—his hour not being yet come. Advo-We left him in his culminant state; what dreadful decline is cate Maton de la Varenne, very weak in health, is snatched off this, when we again catch a glimpse of him! 'At midnight' (it from mother and kin; Tricolor Rossignol (journeyman gold-was but the 12th of August yet), 'the servant, in his shirt,'

smith and scoundrel lately, a risen man now) remembers an with wide-staring eyes, enters your room:—Monsieur, rise; all old Pleading of Maton's! Jourgniac de Saint-Meard goes; the the people are come to seek you; they are knocking, like to brisk frank soldier: he was in the Mutiny of Nancy, in that break in the door! 'And they were in fact knocking in a terrible

'effervescent Regiment du Roi,'—on the wrong side. Saddest manner (d'une facon terrible). I fling on my coat, forgetting 368

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even the waistcoat, nothing on my feet but slippers; and say muskets, and getting none,—with heart fuming in spleen, and to him'—And he, alas, answers mere negatory incoherences, terror, and suppressed canine-madness: alas, how the swift panic interjections. And through the shutters and crevices, in sharp hound, once fit to be Diana's, breaks his old teeth now, front or rearward, the dull street-lamps disclose only streetfuls gnawing mere whinstones; and must 'fly to England;' and, re-of haggard countenances; clamorous, bristling with pikes: and turning from England, must creep into the corner, and lie quiet, you rush distracted for an outlet, finding none;—and have to toothless (moneyless),—all this let the lover of Figaro fancy, take refuge in the crockery-press, down stairs; and stand there, and weep for. We here, without weeping, not without sadness, palpitating in that imperfect costume, lights dancing past your wave the withered tough fellow-mortal our farewell. His Figaro key-hole, tramp of feet overhead, and the tumult of Satan, has returned to the French stage; nay is, at this day, some-

'for four hours and more!' And old ladies, of the quarter, started times named the best piece there. And indeed, so long as Man's up (as we hear next morning); rang for their Bonnes and cor-Life can ground itself only on artificiality and aridity; each dial-drops, with shrill interjections: and old gentlemen, in their new Revolt and Change of Dynasty turning up only a new stra-shirts, 'leapt garden-walls;' flying, while none pursued; one of tum of dry rubbish, and no soil yet coming to view,—may it whom unfortunately

broke his leg. (Beaumarchais' Narrative, not be good to protest against such a Life, in many ways, and Memoires sur les Prisons (Paris, 1823), i. 179-90.) Those sixty even in the Figaro way?

thousand stand of Dutch arms (which never arrive), and the bold stroke of trade, have turned out so ill!—

Chapter 3.1.III.

Beaumarchais escaped for this time; but not for the next time, ten days after. On the evening of the Twenty-ninth he is ***Dumouriez.***

still in that chaos of the Prisons, in saddest, wrestling condition; unable to get justice, even to get audience; 'Panis scratch-Such are the last days of August, 1792; days gloomy, disasing his head' when you speak to him, and making off. Never-trous, and of evil omen. What will become of this poor France?

theless let the lover of Figaro know that Procureur Manuel, a Dumouriez rode from the Camp of Maulde, eastward to Sedan, Brother in Literature, found him, and delivered him once more.

on Tuesday last, the 28th of the month; reviewed that so-But how the lean demigod, now shorn of his splendour, had to called Army left forlorn there by Lafayette: the forlorn sol-lurk in barns, to roam over harrowed fields, panting for life; diers gloomed on him; were heard growling on him, "This is and to wait under eavesdrops, and sit in darkness 'on the Bou-one of them, ce b—e la, that made War be declared."

levard amid paving-stones and boulders,' longing for one word (Dumouriez, Memoires, ii. 383.) Unpromising Army! Recruits of any Minister, or Minister's Clerk, about those accursed Dutch flow in, filtering through Depot after Depot; but recruits 369

merely: in want of all; happy if they have so much as arms. And valet hears then, in a few minutes, the report of a pistol: Longwi has fallen basely; and Brunswick, and the Prussian King, Beaurepaire is lying dead; his eager writing had been a brief with his sixty thousand, will beleaguer Verdun; and Clairfait suicidal farewell. In this manner died Beaurepaire, wept of and Austrians press deeper in, over the Northern marches: 'a France; buried in the Pantheon, with honourable pension to hundred and fifty thousand' as fear counts, 'eighty thousand'

his Widow, and for Epitaph these words, He chose Death rather as the returns shew, do hem us in; Cimmerian Europe behind than yield to Despots. The Prussians, descending from the them. There is Castries-and-Broglie chivalry; Royalist foot 'in heights, are peaceable masters of Verdun.

red facing and nankeen trousers;' breathing death and the And so Brunswick advances, from stage to stage: who shall gallows.

now stay him,—covering forty miles of country? Foragers fly And lo, finally! at Verdun on Sunday the 2d of September far; the villages of the North-East are harried; your Hessian 1792, Brunswick is here. With his King and sixty thousand, forager has only 'three sous a day:' the very Emigrants, it is glittering over the heights, from beyond the winding Meuse said, will take silver-plate,—by way of revenge. Clermont, River, he looks down on us, on our 'high citadel' and all our Sainte-Menehould, Varennes especially, ye Towns of the Night confectionery-ovens (for we are celebrated for confectionery) of Spurs; tremble ye! Procureur Sausse and the Magistracy of has sent courteous summons, in order to spare the effusion of Varennes have fled; brave Boniface Le Blanc of the Bras d'Or is blood!— Resist him to the death? Every day of retardation to the woods: Mrs. Le Blanc, a young woman fair to look upon, precious? How, O General Beaurepaire (asks the amazed Mu-with her young infant, has to live in greenwood, like a beauti-nicipality) shall we resist him? We, the Verdun Municipals, see ful Bessy Bell of Song, her bower thatched with rushes;— catch-no resistance possible. Has he not sixty thousand, and artil-ing premature rheumatism. (Helen Maria Williams, Letters from lery without end? Retardation, Patriotism is good; but so like-France (London, 1791-

93), iii. 96.) Clermont may ring the toc-wise is peaceable baking of pastry, and sleeping in whole sin now, and illuminate itself! Clermont lies at the foot of its skin.—Hapless Beaurepaire stretches out his hands, and pleads Cow (or Vache, so they name that Mountain), a prey to the passionately, in the name of country, honour, of Heaven and Hessian spoiler: its fair women, fairer than most, are robbed: of Earth: to no purpose. The Municipals have, by law, the power not of life, or what is dearer, yet of all that is cheaper and of ordering it;—with an Army officered by Royalism or Crypto-portable; for Necessity, on three halfpence a-day, has no law.

Royalism, such a Law seemed needful: and they order it, as At Saint-Menehould, the enemy has been expected more than pacific Pastrycooks, not as heroic Patriots would,—To surren-once,—our Nationals all turning out in arms; but was not yet der! Beaurepaire strides home, with long steps: his valet, en-seen. Post-master Drouet, he is not in the woods, but minding tering the room, sees him 'writing eagerly,' and withdraws. His his Election; and will sit in the Convention, notable King-taker, 370

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and bold Old-Dragoon as he is.

als, strangers to Dumouriez, look blank enough; know not Thus on the North-East all roams and runs; and on a set day, well what to advise,—if it be not retreating, and retreating the date of which is irrecoverable by History, Brunswick 'has till our recruits accumulate; till perhaps the chapter of chances engaged to dine in Paris,'—the Powers willing. And at Paris, in turn up some leaf for us; or Paris, at all events, be sacked at the centre, it is as we saw; and in La Vendee, South-West, it is the latest day possible. The Many-counselled, who 'has not as we saw; and Sardinia is in the South-East, and Spain is in closed an eye for three nights,' listens with little speech to the South, and Clairfait with Austria and sieged Thionville is in these long cheerless speeches; merely watching the speaker the North;—and all France leaps distracted, like the winnowed that he may know him; then wishes them all good-night;—

Sahara waltzing in sand-colonnades! More desperate posture but beckons a certain young Thouvenot, the fire of whose no country ever stood in. A country, one would say, which the looks had pleased him, to wait a moment. Thouvenot waits: Majesty of Prussia (if it so pleased him) might partition, and Voila, says Polymetis, pointing to the map! That is the Forest clip in pieces, like a Poland; flinging the remainder to poor of Argonne, that long stripe of rocky Mountain and wild Wood; Brother Louis,—with directions to keep it quiet, or else we forty miles long; with but five, or say even three practicable will keep it for him!

Passes through it: this, for they have forgotten it, might one Or perhaps the Upper Powers, minded that a new Chapter in not still seize, though Clairfait sits so nigh? Once seized;—the Universal History shall begin here and not further on, may Champagne called the Hungry (or worse, Champagne have ordered it all otherwise? In that case, Brunswick will not Pouilleuse) on their side of it; the fat Three Bishoprics, and dine in Paris on the set day; nor, indeed, one knows not when!—

willing France, on ours; and the Equinox-rains not far;—this Verily, amid this wreckage, where poor France seems grinding Argonne 'might be the Thermopylae of France!' (Dumouriez, ii.

itself down to dust and bottomless ruin, who knows what mi-391.)

raculous salient-point of Deliverance and New-life may have O brisk Dumouriez Polymetis with thy teeming head, may already come into existence there; and be already working the gods grant it!—Polymetis, at any rate, folds his map to-there, though as yet human eye discern it not! On the night of gether, and flings himself on bed; resolved to try, on the mor- that same twenty-eighth of August, the unpromising Review-row morning. With astucity, with swiftness, with audacity! One day in Sedan, Dumouriez assembles a Council of War at his had need to be a lion-fox, and have luck on one's side.

lodgings there. He spreads out the map of this forlorn war-district: Prussians here, Austrians there; triumphant both, with broad highway, and

little hinderance, all the way to Paris; we, scattered helpless, here and here: what to advise? The Gener-371

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Chapter 3.1.IV.

But the Improvised Commune, but strong Danton is not wanting, each after his kind. Huge Placards are getting plastered ***September in Paris.***

to the walls; at two o'clock the stormbell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-At Paris, by lying Rumour which proved prophetic and veridical, Mars, and have itself enrolled. Unarmed, truly, and undrilled; the fall of Verdun was known some hours before it happened.

but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. Haste, ye men; ye It is Sunday the second of September; handiwork hinders not very women, offer to mount guard and shoulder the brown the speculations of the mind. Verdun gone (though some still musket: weak clucking-hens, in a state of desperation, will fly deny it); the Prussians in full march, with gallows-ropes, with at the muzzle of the mastiff, and even conquer him,—by ve-fire and faggot! Thirty thousand Aristocrats within our own hemence of character! Terror itself, when once grown transcen-walls; and but the merest quarter-tithe of them yet put in dental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently in-Prison! Nay there goes a word that even these will revolt. Sieur tense, according to Poet Milton, will burn.—Danton, the other Jean Julien, wagoner of Vaugirard, (Moore, i. 178.) being set night, in the Legislative Committee of General Defence, when in the Pillory last Friday, took all at once to crying, That he the other Ministers and Legislators had all opined, said, It would be well revenged ere long; that the King's Friends in would not do to quit Paris, and fly to Saumur; that they must Prison would burst out; force the Temple, set the King on horse-abide by Paris; and take such attitude as would put their en-back; and, joined by the unimprisoned, ride roughshod over emies in fear,—faire peur; a word of his which has been often us all. This the unfortunate wagoner of Vaugirard did bawl, at repeated, and

reprinted—in italics. (Biographie des Ministres the top of his lungs: when snatched off to the Townhall, he (Bruxelles, 1826), p. 96.)

persisted in it, still bawling; yesternight, when they guillo-At two of the clock, Beaurepaire, as we saw, has shot himself tined him, he died with the froth of it on his lips. (Hist. Parl.

at Verdun; and over Europe, mortals are going in for afternoon xvii. 409.) For a man's mind, padlocked to the Pillory, may go sermon. But at Paris, all steeples are clangouring not for ser-mad; and all men's minds may go mad; and 'believe him,' as the mon; the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute; Champ-frenetic will do, 'because it is impossible.'

de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar boiling with desperate terror-So that apparently the knot of the crisis, and last agony of courage: what a miserere going up to Heaven from this once France is come? Make front to this, thou Improvised Commune, Capital of the Most Christian King! The Legislative sits in al-strong Danton, whatsoever man is strong! Readers can judge ternate awe and effervescence; Vergniaud proposing that Twelve whether the Flag of Country in Danger flapped soothing or shall go and dig personally on Montmartre; which is decreed distractively on the souls of men, that day.

by acclaim.

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But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton heads.' With so many score of Naples Bravoes, each a dirk in his enter;—the black brows clouded, the colossus-figure tramp-right-hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and ing heavy; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged do it. But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence man! Strong is that grim Son of France, and Son of Earth; a of a People's-Friend; and his idea could not become an action, Reality and not a Formula he too; and surely now if ever, being but only a fixed-idea. Lo,

now, however, he has come down hurled low enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he from his Stylites Pillar, to a Tribune particuliere; here now, rests. "Legislators!" so speaks the stentor-voice, as the News-without the dirks, without the muffs at least, were it not grown papers yet preserve it for us, "it is not the alarm-cannon that possible,—now in the knot of the crisis, when salvation or you hear: it is the pas-de-charge against our enemies. To con-destruction hangs in the hour!

quer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? Il nous faut The Ice-Tower of Avignon was noised of sufficiently, and lives de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace, To in all memories; but the authors were not punished: nay we dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!" (Moniteur saw Jourdan Coupe-tete, borne on men's shoulders, like a cop-

(in Hist. Parl. xvii. 347.)—Right so, thou brawny Titan; there per Portent, 'traversing the cities of the South.'—What phan-is nothing left for thee but that. Old men, who heard it, will tasms, squalid-horrid, shaking their dirk and muff, may dance still tell you how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell, through the brain of a Marat, in this dizzy pealing of tocsinin that moment; and braced them to the sticking-place; and miserere, and universal frenzy, seek not to guess, O Reader!

thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spo-Nor what the cruel Billaud 'in his short brown coat was think-ken in season.

ing;' nor Sergent, not yet Agate-Sergent; nor Panis the confi-But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ-de-Mars? But the dent of Danton;—nor, in a word, how gloomy Orcus does breed Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of Public in her gloomy womb, and fashion her monsters, and prodigies Salvation; whose conscience is Marat? The Commune enrolling of Events, which thou seest her visibly bear! Terror is on these enrolls many; provides Tents for them in that Mars'-Field, that streets of Paris; terror and rage, tears and frenzy: tocsin-miserere they may march with dawn on the morrow: praise to this part pealing through the air; fierce desperation rushing to battle; of the Commune! To Marat and the

Committee of Watchfulness mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth not praise;—not even blame, such as could be meted out in their sons to die. 'Carriage-horses are seized by the bridle,' that these insufficient dialects of ours; expressive silence rather!

they may draw cannon; 'the traces cut, the carriages left stand-Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of ing.' In such tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Frenzy, refuge, on his Stylites Pillar, could see salvation in one thing are not Murder, Ate, and all Furies near at hand? On slight hint, only: in the fall of 'two hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat who knows on how slight, may not Murder come; and, with 373

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her snaky-sparkling hand, illuminate this murk!

he is?—But looking on this Champ-de-Mars, with its tent-build-How it was and went, what part might be premeditated, ings, and frantic enrolments; on this murky-simmering Paris, what was improvised and accidental, man will never know, till with its crammed Prisons (supposed about to burst), with its the great Day of Judgment make it known. But with a Marat tocsin-miserere, its mothers' tears, and soldiers' farewell for keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience—And we know what shoutings,—the pious soul might have prayed, that day, that the ultima ratio of Sovereigns, when they are driven to it, is!

God's grace would restrain, and greatly restrain; lest on slight In this Paris there are as many wicked men, say a hundred or hest or hint, Madness, Horror and Murder rose, and this Sab-more, as exist in all the Earth: to be hired, and set on; to set bath-day of September became a Day black in the Annals of on, of their own accord, unhired.—And yet we will remark Men.—

that premeditation itself is not performance, is not surety of The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly strik-performance; that it is perhaps, at most, surety of letting ing Three, when poor Abbe Sicard, with some thirty other whosoever wills perform. From the purpose of crime to the act Nonjurant Priests, in six carriages, fare along the streets, from of

crime there is an abyss; wonderful to think of. The finger their preliminary House of Detention at the Townhall, west-lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer: nay, his ward towards the Prison of the Abbaye. Carriages enough stand whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a deserted on the streets; these six move on,—through angry confused pause rather,—one last instant of possibility for him?

multitudes, cursing as they move. Accursed Aristocrat Tartuffes, Not yet a murderer; it is at the mercy of light trifles whether this is the pass ye have brought us to! And now ye will break the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight the Prisons, and set Capet Veto on horseback to ride over us?

twitch of a muscle, the death flash bursts; and he is it, and will Out upon you, Priests of Beelzebub and Moloch; of Tartuffery, for Eternity be it;—and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for Mammon, and the Prussian Gallows,—which ye name Mother-him; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with Church and God! Such reproaches have the poor Nonjurants to red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of Nature sound-endure, and worse; spoken in on them by frantic Patriots, who ing, Wo, wo on him!

mount even on the carriage-steps; the very Guards hardly re-Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bot-fraining. Pull up your carriage-blinds!—No! answers Patrio-tomless guilt and criminality, 'if God restrained not; as is well tism, clapping its horny paw on the carriage blind, and crush-said,—does the purest of us walk. There are depths in man ing it down again. Patience in oppression has limits: we are that go the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights that close on the Abbaye, it has lasted long: a poor Nonjurant, of reach highest Heaven;—for are not both Heaven and Hell made quicker temper, smites the horny paw with his cane; nay, find-out of him, made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery as ing solacement in it, smites the unkempt head, sharply and 374

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again more sharply, twice over,—seen clearly of us and of the Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice, swiftly world. It is the last that we see clearly. Alas, next moment, the fashion itself, and take seat round a table, with the Prison-carriages are locked and blocked in endless raging tumults; in Registers spread before it;—Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, yells deaf to the cry for mercy, which answer the cry for mercy famed Leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislas, one hoped with sabre-thrusts through the heart. (Felemhesi (anagram to meet thee elsewhere than here; thou shifty Riding-Usher, for Mehee Fils), La Verite tout entiere, sur les vrais auteurs de with an inkling of Law! This work also thou hadst to do; and la journee du 2 Septembre 1792 (reprinted in Hist. Parl. xviii.

then—to depart for ever from our eyes. At La Force, at the 156-181), p. 167.) The thirty Priests are torn out, are massa-Chatelet, the Conciergerie, the like Court forms itself, with the cred about the Prison-Gate, one after one,—only the poor like accompaniments: the thing that one man does other men Abbe Sicard, whom one Moton a watchmaker, knowing him, can do. There are some Seven Prisons in Paris, full of Aristo-heroically tried to save, and secrete in the Prison, escapes to crats with conspiracies;—nay not even Bicetre and Salpetriere tell;—and it is Night and Orcus, and Murder's snaky-sparkling shall escape, with their Forgers of Assignats: and there are head has risen in the murk!—

seventy times seven hundred Patriot hearts in a state of frenzy.

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals, and pauses Scoundrel hearts also there are; as perfect, say, as the Earth not final) till Thursday evening, there follow consecutively a holds,—if such are needed. To whom, in this mood, law is as Hundred Hours. Which hundred hours are to be reckoned with no-law; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to the hours of the Bartholomew Butchery, of the Armagnac Mas-be done.

sacres, Sicilian Vespers, or whatsoever is savagest in the annals So sit these sudden Courts of Wild-Justice, with the Prison-of this world. Horrible the hour when man's soul, in its parox-Registers before them; unwonted wild tumult howling all round: ysm, spurns asunder the barriers and rules; and

shews what the Prisoners in dread expectancy within. Swift: a name is called; dens and depths are in it! For Night and Orcus, as we say, as bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put; swiftly was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in this Paris, from this sudden Jury decides: Royalist Plotter or not? Clearly not; their subterranean imprisonment: hideous, dim, confused; in that case, Let the Prisoner be enlarged With Vive la Nation.

which it is painful to look on; and yet which cannot, and in-Probably yea; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but with-deed which should not, be forgotten.

out Vive la Nation; or else it may run, Let the prisoner be The Reader, who looks earnestly through this dim Phantas-conducted to La Force. At La Force again their formula is, Let magory of the Pit, will discern few fixed certain objects; and the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye.—"To La Force then!"

yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye Prison, the sud-Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man; he is at the outer den massacre of the Priests being once over, a strange Court of gate; 'enlarged,' or 'conducted,'—not into La Force, but into a 375

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howling sea; forth, under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes; another street. (Moore's Journal, i. 185-195.)—Quick enough and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another; and goes this Jury-Court; and rigorous. The brave are not spared, there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels be-nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the gin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of Minister's Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seven-sweat and blood; the crueller shrieks of these women, for there teenth; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries; are women too; and a fellow-mortal hurled naked into it all!

but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe has lain down Jourgniac de Saint Meard has seen battle, has seen an effer-on bed: "Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye." "I do vescent Regiment du Roi in mutiny; but the bravest heart may not wish to remove; I am well enough here." There is a need-be quail at this. The Swiss Prisoners, remnants of the Tenth of for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then; rude August, 'clasped each other spasmodically,' and hung back; grey voices answer, "You have not far to go." She too is led to the veterans crying: "Mercy Messieurs; ah, mercy!" But there was hell-gate; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the no mercy. Suddenly, however, one of these men steps forward.

sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return: Onwards! That He had a blue frock coat; he seemed to be about thirty, his fair hindhead is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That stature was above common, his look noble and martial. "I go fair body is cut in fragments; with indignities, and obscene first," said he, "since it must be so: adieu!" Then dashing his horrors of moustachio grands-levres, which human nature would hat sharply behind him: "Which way?" cried he to the Brig-fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original lan-ands: "Shew it me, then." They open the folding gate; he is guage only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless; no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou king-de-wounds.' (Felemhesi, La Verite tout entiere (ut supra), p. 173.) scended, god-descended and poor sister-woman! why was not Man after man is cut down; the sabres need sharpening, the I there; and some Sword Balmung, or Thor's Hammer in my killers refresh themselves from wine jugs. Onward and onward hand? Her head is fixed on a pike; paraded under the windows goes the butchery; the loud yells wearying down into bass of the Temple; that a still more hated, a Marie-Antoinette, growls. A sombre-faced, shifting multitude looks on; in dull may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Prison-approval, or dull disapproval; in dull recognition that it is Neers at the moment, said, "Look out." Another eagerly whis-cessity. 'An Anglais in drab greatcoat' was seen, or seemed to pered, "Do not look." The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in be seen, serving liquor from his own dram-bottle;—for what

these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband: terror enters, purpose, 'if not set on by Pitt,' Satan and himself know best!

and the clangour of infinite tumult: hitherto not regicide, Witty Dr. Moore grew sick on approaching, and turned into though that too may come.

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But it is more edifying to note what thrillings of affection, ***Chapter 3.1.V.***

what fragments of wild virtues turn up, in this shaking asunder of man's existence, for of these too there is a proportion.

A Trilogy.

Note old Marquis Cazotte: he is doomed to die; but his young Daughter clasps him in her arms, with an inspiration of eloAs all Delineation, in these ages, were it never so Epic, 'speak-quence, with a love which is stronger than very death; the ing itself and not singing itself,' must either found on Belief heart of the killers themselves is touched by it; the old man is and provable Fact, or have no foundation at all (nor except as spared. Yet he was guilty, if plotting for his King is guilt: in floating cobweb any existence at all),—the Reader will per-ten days more, a Court of Law condemned him, and he had to haps prefer to take a glance with the very eyes of eye-wit-die elsewhere; bequeathing his Daughter a lock of his old grey nesses; and see, in that way, for himself, how it was. Brave hair. Or note old M. de Sombreuil, who also had a Daughter:—

Jourgniac, innocent Abbe Sicard, judicious Advocate Maton, My Father is not an Aristocrat; O good gentlemen, I will swear these, greatly compressing themselves, shall speak, each an it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it; we are not; we hate instant. Jourgniac's Agony of Thirty-eight hours went through Aristocrats! "Wilt thou drink Aristocrats' blood?" The man lifts

‘above a hundred editions,’ though intrinsically a poor work.

blood (if universal Rumour can be credited (Dulaure: Esquisses Some portion of it may here go through above the hundred-Historiques des principaux evenemens de la Revolution, ii. 206

and-first, for want of a better.

(cited in Montgaillard, iii. 205).)); the poor maiden does drink.

‘Towards seven o’clock’ (Sunday night, at the Abbaye; for

“This Sombreuil is innocent then!” Yes indeed,—and now note, Jourgniac goes by dates): ‘We saw two men enter, their hands most of all, how the bloody pikes, at this news, do rattle to bloody and armed with sabres; a turnkey, with a torch, lighted the ground; and the tiger-yells become bursts of jubilee over a them; he pointed to the bed of the unfortunate Swiss, Reding.

brother saved; and the old man and his daughter are clasped Reding spoke with a dying voice. One of them paused; but the to bloody bosoms, with hot tears, and borne home in triumph other cried Allons donc; lifted the unfortunate man; carried of Vive la Nation, the killers refusing even money! Does it seem him out on his back to the street. He was massacred there.

strange, this temper of theirs? It seems very certain, well proved

‘We all looked at one another in silence, we clasped each by Royalist testimony in other instances; (Bertrand-Moleville other’s hands. Motionless, with fixed eyes, we gazed on the (Mem. Particuliers, ii.213), &c. &c.) and very significant.

pavement of our prison; on which lay the moonlight, check-ered with the triple stancheons of our windows.

‘Three in the morning: They were breaking-in one of the prison-doors. We at first thought they were coming to kill us 377

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in our room; but heard, by voices on the staircase, that it was box there, which we heard them break up. This done, they a room where some Prisoners had barricaded themselves. They stept into the gallery, and questioned the man Cuissa, to know were all butchered there, as we shortly gathered.

where Lamotte (Necklace's Widower) was. Lamotte, they said,

'Ten o'clock: The Abbe Lenfant and the Abbe de Chapt-had some months ago, under pretext of a treasure he knew of, Rastignac appeared in the pulpit of the Chapel, which was our swindled a sum of three-hundred livres from one of them, in-prison; they had entered by a door from the stairs. They said viting him to dinner for that purpose. The wretched Cuissa, to us that our end was at hand; that we must compose our-now in their hands, who indeed lost his life this night, an-selves, and receive their last blessing. An electric movement, swered trembling, That he remembered the fact well, but could not to be defined, threw us all on our knees, and we received not tell what was become of Lamotte. Determined to find it. These two whitehaired old men, blessing us from their place Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they rummaged, along above; death hovering over our heads, on all hands environing with this latter, through various other apartments; but with-us; the moment is never to be forgotten. Half an hour after, out effect, for we heard them say: "Come search among the they were both massacred, and we heard their cries.' (Jourgniac corpses then: for, nom de Dieu! we must find where he is."

Saint-Meard, Mon Agonie de Trente-huit heures (reprinted in

'At this time, I heard Louis Bardy, the Abbe Bardy's name Hist. Parl. xviii. 103-135).)—Thus Jourgniac in his Agony in called: he was brought out; and directly massacred, as I learnt.

the Abbaye.

He had been accused, along with his concubine, five or six But now let the good Maton speak, what he, over in La Force, years before, of having murdered and cut in pieces his own in the same hours, is suffering and witnessing. This Resurrec-Brother, Auditor of the Chambre des Comptes at Montpelier; tion by him is greatly the best, the least theatrical of these but had by his subtlety, his dexterity, nay his eloquence, out-Pamphlets; and stands testing by documents: witted the judges, and escaped.

'Towards seven o'clock,' on Sunday night, 'prisoners were

'One may fancy what terror these words, "Come search among called frequently, and they did not reappear. Each of us reathe corpses then," had thrown me into. I saw nothing for it soned in his own way, on this singularity: but our ideas be-now but resigning myself to die. I wrote my last-will; conclud-came calm, as we persuaded ourselves that the Memorial I had ing it by a petition and adjuration, that the paper should be drawn up for the National Assembly was producing effect.

sent to its address. Scarcely had I quitted the pen, when there

'At one in the morning, the grate which led to our quarter came two other men in uniform; one of them, whose arm and opened anew. Four men in uniform, each with a drawn sabre sleeve up to the very shoulder, as well as the sabre, were cov-and blazing torch, came up to our corridor, preceded by a turn-ered with blood, said, He was as weary as a hodman that had key; and entered an apartment close to ours, to investigate a been beating plaster.

'Baudin de la Chenaye was called; sixty years of virtues could but could find none.—'Constant, called le Sauvage, Gerard, and not save him. They said, "A l'Abbaye:" he passed the fatal outer-a third whose name escapes me, they let clear off: as for me, gate; gave a cry of terror, at sight of the

heaped corpses; cov-four sabres were crossed over my breast, and they led me down.

ered his eyes with his hands, and died of innumerable wounds.

I was brought to their bar; to the Personage with the scarf, At every new opening of the grate, I thought I should hear my who sat as judge there. He was a lame man, of tall lank stat-own name called, and see Rossignol enter.

ure. He recognised me on the streets, and spoke to me seven

'I flung off my nightgown and cap; I put on a coarse un-months after. I have been assured that he was son of a retired washed shirt, a worn frock without waistcoat, an old round attorney, and named Chepy. Crossing the Court called Des hat; these things I had sent for, some days ago, in the fear of Nourrices, I saw Manuel haranguing in tricolor scarf.' The trial, what might happen.

as we see, ends in acquittal and resurrection. (Maton de la

'The rooms of this corridor had been all emptied but ours.

Varenne, Ma Resurrection (in Hist. Parl. xviii. 135-156).) We were four together; whom they seemed to have forgotten: Poor Sicard, from the violon of the Abbaye, shall say but a we addressed our prayers in common to the Eternal to be de-few words; true-looking, though tremulous. Towards three in livered from this peril.

the morning, the killers bethink them of this little violon; and

'Baptiste the turnkey came up by himself, to see us. I took knock from the court. 'I tapped gently, trembling lest the him by the hands; I conjured him to save us; promised him a murderers might hear, on the opposite door, where the Sec-hundred louis, if he would conduct me home. A noise coming tion Committee was sitting: they answered gruffly that they from the grates made him hastily withdraw.

had no key. There were three of us in this violon; my compan-

'It was the noise of some dozen or fifteen men, armed to the ions thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead. But it teeth; as we, lying flat to escape being seen, could see from was very high; only one of us could reach it, by mounting on our windows: "Up stairs!" said they: "Let not one remain." I the shoulders of both the others. One of them said to me, that took out my penknife; I considered where I should strike my-my life was usefuller than theirs: I resisted, they insisted: no self,'—but reflected 'that the blade was too short,' and also denial! I fling myself on the neck of these two deliverers; never

'on religion.'

was scene more touching. I mount on the shoulders of the Finally, however, between seven and eight o'clock in the morn-first, then on those of the second, finally on the loft; and ing, enter four men with bludgeons and sabres!—'to one of address to my two comrades the expression of a soul over-whom Gerard my comrade whispered, earnestly, apart. During whelmed with natural emotions. (Abbe Sicard: Relation adressee their colloquy I searched every where for shoes, that I might a un de ses amis (Hist. Parl. xviii. 98-103).) lay off the Advocate pumps (pantoufles de Palais) I had on,'

The two generous companions, we rejoice to find, did not 379

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perish. But it is time that Jourgniac de Saint-Meard should name of this one whom they had finished; then I heard him speak his last words, and end this singular trilogy. The night say: "Another, A un autre!"

had become day; and the day has again become night.

'Behold me then haled before this swift and bloody judg-Jourgniac, worn down with uttermost agitation, has fallen ment-bar, where the best protection was to have no protec-asleep, and had a cheering dream: he has

also contrived to tion, and all resources of ingenuity became null if they were make acquaintance with one of the volunteer bailiffs, and spo-not founded on truth. Two of my guards held me each by a ken in native Provencal with him. On Tuesday, about one in hand, the third by the collar of my coat. "Your name, your the morning, his Agony is reaching its crisis.

profession?" said the President. "The smallest lie ruins you,"

'By the glare of two torches, I now descried the terrible tri-added one of the judges,—"My name is Jourgniac Saint-Meard; bunal, where lay my life or my death. The President, in grey I have served, as an officer, twenty years: and I appear at your coats, with a sabre at his side, stood leaning with his hands tribunal with the assurance of an innocent man, who there-against a table, on which were papers, an inkstand, tobacco-fore will not lie."—"We shall see that," said the President: "Do pipes and bottles. Some ten persons were around, seated or you know why you are arrested?"—"Yes, Monsieur le Presi-standing; two of whom had jackets and aprons: others were dent; I am accused of editing the Journal De la Cour et de la sleeping stretched on benches. Two men, in bloody shirts, Ville. But I hope to prove the falsity"'—

guarded the door of the place; an old turnkey had his hand on But no; Jourgniac's proof of the falsity, and defence gener-the lock. In front of the President, three men held a Prisoner, ally, though of excellent result as a defence, is not interesting who might be about sixty' (or seventy: he was old Marshal to read. It is longwinded; there is a loose theatricality in the Maille, of the Tuileries and August Tenth). 'They stationed me reporting of it, which does not amount to unveracity, yet which in a corner; my guards crossed their sabres on my breast. I tends that way. We shall suppose him successful, beyond hope, looked on all sides for my Provencal: two National Guards, one in proving and disproving; and skip largely,—to the catastro-of them drunk, presented some appeal from the Section of phe, almost at two steps.

Croix Rouge in favour of the Prisoner; the Man in Grey an-

‘“But after all,” said one of the Judges, “there is no smoke swered: “They are useless, these appeals for traitors.” Then the without kindling; tell us why they accuse you of that.”—”I Prisoner exclaimed: “It is frightful; your judgment is a mur-was about to do so”’—Jourgniac does so; with more and more der.” The President answered; “My hands are washed of it; take success.

M. Maille away.” They drove him into the street; where, through

‘“Nay,” continued I, “they accuse me even of recruiting for the opening of the door, I saw him massacred.

the Emigrants!” At these words there arose a general murmur.

‘The President sat down to write; registering, I suppose, the

“O Messieurs, Messieurs,” I exclaimed, raising my voice, “it is 380

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my turn to speak; I beg M. le President to have the kindness his hat and said: “I see nothing to suspect in this man; I am for to maintain it for me; I never needed it more.”—”True enough, granting him his liberty. Is that your vote?” To which all the true enough,” said almost all the judges with a laugh: “Si-judges answered: “Oui, oui; it is just!”’

lence!”

And there arose vivats within doors and without; ‘escort of

‘While they were examining the testimonials I had produced, three,’ amid shoutings and embracings: thus Jourgniac escaped a new Prisoner was brought in, and placed before the Presi-from jury-trial and the jaws of death. (Mon Agonie (ut supra), dent. “It was one Priest more,” they said, “whom they had Hist. Parl. xviii. 128.) Maton and Sicard did, either by trial, ferreted out of the Chapelle.” After very few questions: “A la and no bill found, lank President Chepy finding ‘absolutely Force!” He flung his

breviary on the table: was hurled forth, nothing;' or else by evasion, and new favour of Moton the and massacred. I reappeared before the tribunal.

brave watchmaker, likewise escape; and were embraced, and

'"You tell us always," cried one of the judges, with a tone of wept over; weeping in return, as they well might.

impatience, "that you are not this, that you are not that: what Thus they three, in wondrous trilogy, or triple soliloquy; are you then?"—"I was an open Royalist."—There arose a gen-uttering simultaneously, through the dread night-watches, eral murmur; which was miraculously appeased by another of their Night-thoughts,—grown audible to us! They Three are the men, who had seemed to take an interest in me: "We are become audible: but the other 'Thousand and Eighty-nine, of not here to judge opinions," said he, "but to judge the results whom Two Hundred and Two were Priests,' who also had Night-of them." Could Rousseau and Voltaire both in one, pleading thoughts, remain inaudible; choked for ever in black Death.

for me, have said better?—"Yes, Messieurs," cried I, "always Heard only of President Chepy and the Man in Grey!—

till the Tenth of August, I was an open Royalist. Ever since the Tenth of August that cause has been finished. I am a French-Chapter 3.1.VI.

man, true to my country. I was always a man of honour.

'"My soldiers never distrusted me. Nay, two days before that ***The Circular.***

business of Nanci, when their suspicion of their officers was at its height, they chose me for commander, to lead them to But the Constituted Authorities, all this while? The Legisla-Luneville, to get back the prisoners of the Regiment Mestre-tive Assembly; the Six Ministers; the Townhall; Santerre with de-Camp, and seize General Malseigne."' Which fact there is, the National Guard?—It is very curious to think what a City is.

most luckily, an individual present who by a certain token can Theatres, to the number of some twenty-three, were open ev-confirm.

ery night during these prodigies: while right-arms here grew

'The President, this cross-questioning being over, took off weary with slaying, right-arms there are twiddledeeing on 381

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melodious catgut; at the very instant when Abbe Sicard was not we, with Advocate Maton's eyes, see 'men in uniform,' too, clambering up his second pair of shoulders, three-men high, with their 'sleeves bloody to the shoulder?' Petion goes in five hundred thousand human individuals were lying horizon-tricolor scarf; speaks "the austere language of the law:" the tal, as if nothing were amiss.

killers give up, while he is there; when his back is turned, re-As for the poor Legislative, the sceptre had departed from commence. Manuel too in scarf we, with Maton's eyes, tran-it. The Legislative did send Deputation to the Prisons, to the siently saw haranguing, in the Court called of Nurses, Cour des Street-Courts; and poor M. Dusaulx did harangue there; but Nourrices. On the other hand, cruel Billaud, likewise in scarf, produced no conviction whatsoever: nay, at last, as he contin-

'with that small puce coat and black wig we are used to on ued haranguing, the Street-Court interposed, not without him,' (Mehee, Fils (ut supra, in Hist. Parl. xviii. p. 189).) audi-threats; and he had to cease, and withdraw. This is the same bly delivers, 'standing among corpses,' at the Abbaye, a short poor worthy old M. Dusaulx who told, or indeed almost sang but ever-memorable harangue, reported in various phraseol-

(though with cracked voice), the Taking of the Bastille,—to ogy, but always to this purpose: "Brave Citizens, you are ex-our satisfaction long since. He was wont to announce himself, tirpating the Enemies of Liberty; you are at your duty. A grate-on such and on all occasions, as the Translator of Juvenal.

ful Commune, and Country, would wish to recompense you

"Good Citizens, you see before you a man who loves his coun-adequately; but cannot, for you know its want of funds. Who-try, who is the Translator of Juvenal," said he once.—"Juvenal?'

ever shall have worked (travaille) in a Prison shall receive a interrupts Sansculottism: "who the devil is Juvenal? One of draft of one louis, payable by our cashier. Continue your work."

your sacres Aristocrates? To the Lanterne!" From an orator of (Montgaillard, iii. 191.)—The Constituted Authorities are of this kind, conviction was not to be expected. The Legislative yesterday; all pulling different ways: there is properly not had much ado to save one of its own Members, or Ex-Members, Constituted Authority, but every man is his own King; and all Deputy Journeau, who chanced to be lying in arrest for mere are kinglets, belligerent, allied, or armed-neutral, without king Parliamentary delinquencies, in these Prisons. As for poor old over them.

Dusaulx and Company, they returned to the Salle de Manege,

'O everlasting infamy,' exclaims Montgaillard, 'that Paris stood saying, "It was dark; and they could not see well what was looking on in stupor for four days, and did not interfere!' Very going on." (Moniteur, Debate of 2nd September, 1792.) desirable indeed that Paris had interfered; yet not unnatural Roland writes indignant messages, in the name of Order, Hu-that it stood even so, looking on in stupor. Paris is in death-manity, and the Law; but there is no Force at his disposal.

panic, the enemy and gibbets at its door: whosoever in Paris Santerre's National Force seems lazy to rise; though he made has the heart to front death finds it more pressing to do it requisitions, he says,—which always dispersed again. Nay did fighting the Prussians, than fighting the killers of Aristocrats.

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Indignant abhorrence, as in Roland, may be here; gloomy sanc-Bastille Heroes, who shone, disputable by no Friend of Free-tion, premeditation or not, as in Marat and Committee of Sal-dom, as in heavenly light-radiance: to such phasis of the busivation, may be there; dull disapproval, dull approval, and ac-ness have we advanced since then! The numbers massacred quiescence in Necessity and Destiny, is the general temper.

are, in Historical fantasy, 'between two and three thousand;'

The Sons of Darkness, 'two hundred or so,' risen from their or indeed they are 'upwards of six thousand,' for Peltier (in lurking-places, have scope to do their work. Urged on by fe-vision) saw them massacring the very patients of the Bicetre ver-frenzy of Patriotism, and the madness of Terror; —urged Madhouse 'with grapeshot;' nay finally they are 'twelve thou-on by lucre, and the gold louis of wages? Nay, not lucre: for the sand' and odd hundreds,—not more than that. (See Hist. Parl.

gold watches, rings, money of the Massacred, are punctually xvii. 421, 422.) In Arithmetical ciphers, and Lists drawn up by brought to the Townhall, by Killers sans-indispensables, who accurate Advocate Maton, the number, including two hundred higgle afterwards for their twenty shillings of wages; and and two priests, three 'persons unknown,' and 'one thief killed Sergent sticking an uncommonly fine agate on his finger ('fully at the Bernardins,' is, as above hinted, a Thousand and Eighty-meaning to account for it'), becomes Agate-Sergent. But the nine,—no less than that.

temper, as we say, is dull acquiescence. Not till the Patriotic or A thousand and eighty-nine lie dead, 'two hundred and sixty Frenetic part of the work is finished for want of material; and heaped carcasses on the Pont au Change' itself;—among which, Sons of Darkness, bent clearly on lucre alone, begin wrenching Robespierre pleading afterwards will 'nearly weep' to reflect watches and purses, brooches from ladies' necks 'to equip vol-that there was said to be one slain innocent. (Moniteur of 6th unteers,' in daylight, on

the streets,—does the temper from November (Debate of 5th November, 1793).) One; not two, O

dull grow vehement; does the Constable raise his truncheon, thou seagreen Incorruptible? If so, Themis Sansculotte must and striking heartily (like a cattle-driver in earnest) beat the be lucky; for she was brief!—In the dim Registers of the

'course of things' back into its old regulated drove-roads. The Townhall, which are preserved to this day, men read, with a Garde-Meuble itself was surreptitiously plundered, on the 17th certain sickness of heart, items and entries not usual in Town of the Month, to Roland's new horror; who anew bestirs him-Books: 'To workers employed in preserving the salubrity of self, and is, as Sieyes says, 'the veto of scoundrels,' Roland veto the air in the Prisons, and persons 'who presided over these des coquins. (Helen Maria Williams, iii. 27.)—

dangerous operations,' so much,—in various items, nearly seven This is the September Massacre, otherwise called 'Severe Jus-hundred pounds sterling. To carters employed to 'the Bury-tice of the People.' These are the Septemberers ing-grounds of Clamart, Montrouge, and Vaugirard,' at so much (Septembriseurs); a name of some note and lucency,—but lu-a journey, per cart; this also is an entry. Then so many francs cency of the Nether-fire sort; very different from that of our and odd sous 'for the necessary quantity of quick-lime!' (Etat 383

des sommes payees par la Commune de Paris (Hist. Parl. xviii.

especially by vehement tempers reduced to a state of despera-231).) Carts go along the streets; full of stript human corpses, tion, very miserable things done. Sicilian Vespers, and 'eight thrown pellmell; limbs sticking up: —seest thou that cold Hand thousand slaughtered in two hours,' are a known thing. Kings sticking up, through the heaped embrace of brother corpses, themselves, not in desperation, but only in difficulty, have in its yellow paleness, in its cold rigour; the palm opened to-sat hatching, for

year and day (nay De Thou says, for seven wards Heaven, as if in dumb prayer, in expostulation de years), their Bartholomew Business; and then, at the right profundis, Take pity on the Sons of Men!—Mercier saw it, as moment, also on an Autumn Sunday, this very Bell (they say he walked down 'the Rue Saint-Jacques from Montrouge, on it is the identical metal) of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was set athe morrow of the Massacres:' but not a Hand; it was a Foot,—

pealing—with effect. (9th to 13th September, 1572 (Dulaure, which he reckons still more significant, one understands not Hist. de Paris, iv. 289.) Nay the same black boulder-stones of well why. Or was it as the Foot of one spurning Heaven? Rush-these Paris Prisons have seen Prison-massacres before now; ing, like a wild diver, in disgust and despair, towards the depths men massacring countrymen, Burgundies massacring of Annihilation? Even there shall His hand find thee, and His Armagnacs, whom they had suddenly imprisoned, till as now right-hand hold thee,—surely for right not for wrong, for good there are piled heaps of carcasses, and the streets ran red;—

not evil! 'I saw that Foot,' says Mercier; 'I shall know it again at the Mayor Petion of the time speaking the austere language the great Day of Judgment, when the Eternal, throned on his of the law, and answered by the Killers, in old French (it is thunders, shall judge both Kings and Septemberers.' (Mercier, some four hundred years old): "Maugre bieu, Sire, —Sir, God's Nouveau Paris, vi. 21.)

malison on your justice, your pity, your right reason. Cursed That a shriek of inarticulate horror rose over this thing, not be of God whoso shall have pity on these false traitorous only from French Aristocrats and Moderates, but from all Eu-Armagnacs, English; dogs they are; they have destroyed us, rope, and has prolonged itself to the present day, was most wasted this realm of France, and sold it to the English."

natural and right. The thing lay done, irrevocable; a thing to (Dulaure, iii. 494.) And so they slay, and fling aside the slain, be counted besides some other things, which lie very black in to the extent of 'fifteen hundred and

eighteen, among whom our Earth's Annals, yet which will not erase therefrom. For man, are found four Bishops of false and damnable counsel, and two as was remarked, has transcendentalisms in him; standing, as Presidents of Parlement.' For though it is not Satan's world he does, poor creature, every way 'in the confluence of Infini-this that we live in, Satan always has his place in it (under-tudes;' a mystery to himself and others: in the centre of two ground properly); and from time to time bursts up. Well may Eternities, of three Immensities,—in the intersection of pri-mankind shriek, inarticulately anathematising as they can.

meval Light with the everlasting dark! Thus have there been, There are actions of such emphasis that no shrieking can be 384

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too emphatic for them. Shriek ye; acted have they.

Killed as a once Liberal now Aristocrat; Protector of Priests, Shriek who might in this France, in this Paris Legislative or Suspender of virtuous Petions, and his unfortunate Hot-grown-Paris Townhall, there are Ten Men who do not shriek. A Circular cold, detestable to Patriotism. He dies lamented of Europe; goes out from the Committee of Salut Public, dated 3rd of his blood spattering the cheeks of his old Mother, ninety-three September 1792; directed to all Townhalls: a State-paper too years old.

remarkable to be overlooked. 'A part of the ferocious conspira-As for the Orleans Prisoners, they are State Criminals: Royal-tors detained in the Prisons,' it says, 'have been put to death ist Ministers, Delessarts, Montmorins; who have been accumu-by the People; and it,' the Circular, 'cannot doubt but the whole lating on the High Court of Orleans, ever since that Tribunal Nation, driven to the edge of ruin by such endless series of was set up. Whom now it seems good that we should get trans-treasons, will make haste to adopt this means of public salva-ferred to our new Paris Court of the Seventeenth; which pro-tion; and all Frenchmen will cry as the men of Paris: We go to ceeds far quicker. Accordingly hot Fournier from Martinique, fight the enemy, but we will not leave robbers behind us, to

Fournier l'Americain, is off, missioned by Constituted Author-butcher our wives and children.' To which are legibly appended ity; with stanch National Guards, with Lazouski the Pole; spar-these signatures: Panis, Sergent; Marat, Friend of the People; ingly provided with road-money. These, through bad quarters, (Hist. Parl. xvii. 433.) with Seven others;— carried down through difficulties, perils, for Authorities cross each other in thereby, in a strange way, to the late remembrance of Anti-this time,—do triumphantly bring off the Fifty or Fifty-three quarians. We remark, however, that their Circular rather recoiled Orleans Prisoners, towards Paris; where a swifter Court of the on themselves. The Townhalls made no use of it; even the dis-Seventeenth will do justice on them. (Ibid. xvii. 434.) But lo, tracted Sansculottes made little; they only howled and bel-at Paris, in the interim, a still swifter and swiftest Court of the lowed, but did not bite. At Rheims 'about eight persons' were Second, and of September, has instituted itself: enter not Paris, killed; and two afterwards were hanged for doing it. At Lyons, or that will judge you!—What shall hot Fournier do? It was and a few other places, some attempt was made; but with his duty, as volunteer Constable, had he been a perfect charac-hardly any effect, being quickly put down.

ter, to guard those men's lives never so Aristocratic, at the Less fortunate were the Prisoners of Orleans; was the good expense of his own valuable life never so Sansculottic, till some Duke de la Rochefoucault. He journeying, by quick stages, with Constituted Court had disposed of them. But he was an imper-his Mother and Wife, towards the Waters of Forges, or some fect character and Constable; perhaps one of the more imper-quieter country, was arrested at Gisors; conducted along the fect.

streets, amid effervescing multitudes, and killed dead 'by the Hot Fournier, ordered to turn thither by one Authority, to stroke of a paving-stone hurled through the coach-window.'

turn thither by another Authority, is in a perplexing multi-385

plicity of orders; but finally he strikes off for Versailles. His relatives au massacre des Prisonniers a Versailles (in Hist. Parl.

Prisoners fare in tumbrils, or open carts, himself and Guards xviii. 236-249).) All France, except it be the Ten Men of the riding and marching around: and at the last village, the wor-Circular and their people, moans and rages, inarticulately shriek-thy Mayor of Versailles comes to meet him, anxious that the ing; all Europe rings.

arrival and locking up were well over. It is Sunday, the ninth But neither did Danton shriek; though, as Minister of Jus-day of the month. Lo, on entering the Avenue of Versailles, tice, it was more his part to do so. Brawny Danton is in the what multitudes, stirring, swarming in the September sun, breach, as of stormed Cities and Nations; amid the Sweep of under the dull-green September foliage; the Four-rowed Av-Tenth-of-August cannon, the rustle of Prussian gallows-ropes, enue all humming and swarming, as if the Town had emptied the smiting of September sabres; destruction all round him, itself! Our tumbrils roll heavily through the living sea; the and the rushing-down of worlds: Minister of Justice is his name; Guards and Fournier making way with ever more difficulty; but Titan of the Forlorn Hope, and Enfant Perdu of the Revolu-the Mayor speaking and gesturing his persuasivest; amid the tion, is his quality,—and the man acts according to that. "We inarticulate growling hum, which growls ever the deeper even must put our enemies in fear!" Deep fear, is it not, as of its by hearing itself growl, not without sharp yelpings here and own accord, falling on our enemies? The Titan of the Forlorn there:—Would to God we were out of this strait place, and Hope, he is not the man that would swiftest of all prevent its wind and separation had cooled the heat, which seems about so falling. Forward, thou lost Titan of an Enfant Perdu; thou igniting here!

must dare, and again dare, and without end dare; there is noth-And yet if the wide Avenue is too strait, what will the Street ing left for thee but that! "Que mon nom soit fletri, Let my de Surintendance be, at leaving of the same? At the corner of name be blighted:" what am I? The Cause alone is great; and Surintendance Street, the compressed yelpings became a con-shall live, and not perish.—So, on the whole, here too is a tinuous yell:

savage figures spring on the tumbril-shafts; first swallower of Formulas; of still wider gulp than Mirabeau: this spray of an endless coming tide! The Mayor pleads, pushes, Danton, Mirabeau of the Sansculottes. In the September days, half-desperate; is pushed, carried off in men's arms: the savage this Minister was not heard of as cooperating with strict tide has entrance, has mastery. Amid horrid noise, and tumult Roland; his business might lie elsewhere,—with Brunswick and as of fierce wolves, the Prisoners sink massacred,—all but some the Hotel-de-Ville. When applied to by an official person, about eleven, who escaped into houses, and found mercy. The Pris-the Orleans Prisoners, and the risks they ran, he answered ons, and what other Prisoners they held, were with difficulty gloomily, twice over, "Are not these men guilty?"—When saved. The stript clothes are burnt in bonfire; the corpses lie pressed, he 'answered in a terrible voice,' and turned his back.

heaped in the ditch on the morrow morning. (Pieces officielles (Biographie des Ministres, p. 97.) Two Thousand slain in the 386

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Prisons; horrible if you will: but Brunswick is within a day's ***Chapter 3.1.VII.***

journey of us; and there are Five-and twenty Millions yet, to slay or to save. Some men have tasks,—frightfuller than ours!

September in Argonne.

It seems strange, but is not strange, that this Minister of Moloch-Justice, when any suppliant for a friend's life got ac-Plain, at any rate, is one thing: that the fear, whatever of fear cess to him, was found to have human compassion; and yielded those Aristocrat enemies might need, has been brought about.

and granted 'always;' 'neither did one personal enemy of Danton The matter is getting serious then! Sansculottism too has be-perish in these days.' (Ibid. p. 103.)

come a Fact, and seems minded to assert itself as such? This To shriek, we say, when certain things are acted, is proper huge mooncalf of Sansculottism, staggering about, as young and unavoidable. Nevertheless, articulate speech, not shriek-calves do, is not mockable only, and soft like another calf; but ing, is the faculty of man: when speech is not yet possible, let terrible too, if you prick it; and, through its hideous nostrils, there be, with the shortest delay, at least—silence. Silence, blows fire!—Aristocrats, with pale panic in their hearts, fly accordingly, in this forty-fourth year of the business, and eigh-towards covert; and a light rises to them over several things; teen hundred and thirty-sixth of an 'Era called Christian as or rather a confused transition towards light, whereby for the lucus a non,' is the thing we recommend and practise. Nay, moment darkness is only darker than ever. But, What will be-instead of shrieking more, it were perhaps edifying to remark, come of this France? Here is a question! France is dancing its on the other side, what a singular thing Customs (in Latin, desert-waltz, as Sahara does when the winds waken; in Mores) are; and how fitly the Virtue, Vir-tus, Manhood or Worth, whirlblasts twenty-five millions in number; waltzing towards that is in a man, is called his Morality, or Customariness. Fell Townhalls, Aristocrat Prisons, and Election Committee-rooms; Slaughter, one the most authentic products of the Pit you would towards Brunswick and the Frontiers;—towards a New Chap-say, once give it Customs, becomes War, with Laws of War; and is ter of Universal History; if indeed it be not the Finis, and wind-Customary and Moral enough; and red individuals carry the tools ing-up of that!

of it girt round their haunches, not without an air of pride,—

In Election Committee-rooms there is now no dubiety; but which do thou nowise blame. While, see! so long as it is but the work goes bravely along. The Convention is getting cho-dressed in hodden or russet; and Revolution, less frequent than sen,—really in a decisive spirit; in the Townhall we already War, has not yet got its Laws of Revolution, but the hodden or date First year of the Republic. Some Two hundred of our best russet individuals are Uncustomary—O shrieking beloved brother Legislators may be reelected, the Mountain bodily: blockheads of Mankind, let us close those

wide mouths of ours; Robespierre, with Mayor Petion, Buzot, Curate Gregoire, Rabaut, let us cease shrieking, and begin considering!

some three score Old-Constituents; though we once had only 387

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'thirty voices.' All these; and along with them, friends long at least in death.

known to Revolutionary fame: Camille Desmoulins, though he All manner of Patriot men are coming: Teachers, Husband-stutters in speech; Manuel, Tallien and Company; Journalists men, Priests and Ex-Priests, Traders, Doctors; above all, Talk-Gorsas, Carra, Mercier, Louvet of Faublas; Clootz Speaker of ers, or the Attorney-species. Man-midwives, as Levasseur of Mankind; Collot d'Herbois, tearing a passion to rags; Fabre the Sarthe, are not wanting. Nor Artists: gross David, with the d'Eglantine, speculative Pamphleteer; Legendre the solid swoln cheek, has long painted, with genius in a state of con-Butcher; nay Marat, though rural France can hardly believe it, vulsion; and will now legislate. The swoln cheek, choking his or even believe that there is a Marat except in print. Of Minis-words in the birth, totally disqualifies him as orator; but his ter Danton, who will lay down his Ministry for a Membership, pencil, his head, his gross hot heart, with genius in a state of we need not speak. Paris is fervent; nor is the Country want-convulsion, will be there. A man bodily and mentally swoln-ing to itself. Barbaroux, Rebecqui, and fervid Patriots are com-cheeked, disproportionate; flabby-large, instead of great; weak ing from Marseilles. Seven hundred and forty-five men (or in-withal as in a state of convulsion, not strong in a state of deed forty-nine, for Avignon now sends Four) are gathering: composure: so let him play his part. Nor are naturalised Bene-so many are to meet; not so many are to part!

factors of the Species forgotten: Priestley, elected by the Orne Attorney Carrier from Aurillac, Ex-Priest Lebon from Arras, Department, but declining: Paine the rebellious Needleman, these shall both gain a name. Mountainous Auvergne reelects by the Pas de Calais, who accepts.

her Romme: hardy tiller of the soil, once Mathematical Profes-Few Nobles come, and yet not none. Paul Francois Barras, sor; who, unconscious, carries in petto a remarkable New Cal-

'noble as the Barrases, old as the rocks of Provence;' he is one.

endar, with Messidors, Pluvioses, and such like;—and having The reckless, shipwrecked man: flung ashore on the coast of given it well forth, shall depart by the death they call Roman.

the Maldives long ago, while sailing and soldiering as Indian Sieyes old-Constituent comes; to make new Constitutions as Fighter; flung ashore since then, as hungry Parisian Pleasure-many as wanted: for the rest, peering out of his clear cautious hunter and Half-pay, on many a Circe Island, with temporary eyes, he will cower low in many an emergency, and find silence enchantment, temporary conversion into beasthood and safest. Young Saint-Just is coming, deputed by Aisne in the hoghood;—the remote Var Department has now sent him North; more like a Student than a Senator: not four-and-twenty hither. A man of heat and haste; defective in utterance; defec-yet; who has written Books; a youth of slight stature, with tive indeed in any thing to utter; yet not without a certain mild mellow voice, enthusiast olive-complexion, and long dark rapidity of glance, a certain swift transient courage; who, in hair. Feraud, from the far valley D'Aure in the folds of the these times, Fortune favouring, may go far. He is tall, hand-Pyrenees, is coming; an ardent Republican; doomed to fame, some to the eye, 'only the complexion a little yellow;' but 388

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with a robe of purple with a scarlet cloak and plume of tri-it raineth every day; and we are in a hungry Champagne color, on occasions of solemnity,' the man will look well.

Pouilleuse, a land flowing only with ditch-water. How to cross (Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans, para Barras.) Lepelletier this Mountain-wall of the Argonne; or what in the world to do Saint-Fargeau, Old-Constituent, is a kind of noble, and of enor-with it?—there are

marchings and wet splashings by steep mous wealth; he too has come hither:—to have the Pain of paths, with sackerments and guttural interjections; forcings Death abolished? Hapless Ex-Parlementeer! Nay, among our of Argonne Passes,—which unhappily will not force. Through Sixty Old-Constituents, see Philippe d'Orleans a Prince of the the woods, volleying War reverberates, like huge gong-music, Blood! Not now d'Orleans: for, Feudalism being swept from the or Moloch's kettledrum, borne by the echoes; swoln torrents world, he demands of his worthy friends the Electors of Paris, boil angrily round the foot of rocks, floating pale carcasses of to have a new name of their choosing; whereupon Procureur men. In vain! Islettes Village, with its church-steeple, rises in-Manuel, like an antithetic literary man, recommends Equality, tact in the Mountain-pass, between the embosoming heights; Egalite. A Philippe Egalite therefore will sit; seen of the Earth your forced marchings and climbings have become forced and Heaven.

slidings, and tumblings back. From the hill-tops thou seest Such a Convention is gathering itself together. Mere angry nothing but dumb crags, and endless wet moaning woods; the poultry in moulting season; whom Brunswick's grenadiers and Clermont Vache (huge Cow that she is) disclosing herself (See cannoneers will give short account of. Would the weather only Helen Maria Williams. Letters, iii. 79-81.) at intervals; flinging mend a little! (Bertrand-Moleville, Memoires, ii. 225.) off her cloud-blanket, and soon taking it on again, drowned in In vain, O Bertrand! The weather will not mend a whit:—nay the pouring Heaven. The Argonne Passes will not force: by even if it did? Dumouriez Polymetis, though Bertrand knows must skirt the Argonne; go round by the end of it.

it not, started from brief slumber at Sedan, on that morning But fancy whether the Emigrant Seigneurs have not got their of the 29th of August; with stealthiness, with promptitude, brilliancy dulled a little; whether that 'Foot Regiment in red-audacity. Some three mornings after that, Brunswick, opening facings with nankeen trousers' could be in field-day order! In wide eyes, perceives the Passes of the Argonne all seized; place of gasconading, a sort of desperation, and hydrophobia blocked with felled trees, fortified with camps; and that it is a from excess of water, is threatening to

supervene. Young Prince most shifty swift Dumouriez this, who has outwitted him!

de Ligne, son of that brave literary De Ligne the Thundergod The manoeuvre may cost Brunswick 'a loss of three weeks,'

of Dandies, fell backwards; shot dead in Grand-Pre, the very fatal in these circumstances. A Mountain-wall of forty Northmost of the Passes: Brunswick is skirting and rounding, miles lying between him and Paris: which he should have pre-laboriously, by the extremity of the South. Four days; days of occupied;—which how now to get possession of? Also the rain a rain as of Noah,—without fire, without food! For fire you 389

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cut down green trees, and produce smoke; for food you eat So that the General had to come galloping; and, with thunder-green grapes, and produce colic, pestilential dysentery, (Greek).

words, with gesture, stroke of drawn sword even, check and And the Peasants assassinate us, they do not join us; shrill rally, and bring back the sense of shame; (Dumouriez, Memoires, women cry shame on us, threaten to draw their very scissors iii. 29.)—nay to seize the first shriekers and ringleaders; 'shave on us! O ye hapless dulled-bright Seigneurs, and hydrophobic their heads and eyebrows,' and pack them forth into the world splashed Nankeens;—but O, ten times more, ye poor as a sign. Thus too (for really the rations are short, and wet sackerment-ing ghastly-visaged Hessians and Hulans, fallen camping with hungry stomach brings bad humour) there is on your backs; who had no call to die there, except compul-like to be mutiny. Whereupon again Dumouriez 'arrives at the sion and three-halfpence a-day! Nor has Mrs. Le Blanc of the head of their line, with his staff, and an escort of a hundred Golden Arm a good time of it, in her bower of dripping rushes.

huzzars. He had placed some squadrons behind them, the ar-Assassinating Peasants are hanged; Old-Constituent Honourable tillery in front; he said to them: "As for you, for I will neither members, though of venerable age,

ride in carts with their hands call you citizens, nor soldiers, nor my men (ni mes enfans), tied; these are the woes of war.

you see before you this artillery, behind you this cavalry. You Thus they; sprawling and wriggling, far and wide, on the have dishonoured yourselves by crimes. If you amend, and grow slopes and passes of the Argonne;—a loss to Brunswick of to behave like this brave Army which you have the honour of five-and-twenty disastrous days. There is wriggling and strug- belonging to, you will find in me a good father. But plunderers gling; facing, backing, and right-about facing; as the positions and assassins I do not suffer here. At the smallest mutiny I will shift, and the Argonne gets partly rounded, partly forced:—

have you shivered in pieces (hacher en pieces). Seek out the but still Dumouriez, force him, round him as you will, sticks scoundrels that are among you, and dismiss them yourselves; like a rooted fixture on the ground; fixture with many hinges; I hold you responsible for them."' (Ibid., Memoires iii. 55.) wheeling now this way, now that; shewing always new front, Patience, O Dumouriez! This uncertain heap of shriekers, mu-in the most unexpected manner: nowise consenting to take tineers, were they once drilled and inured, will become a himself away. Recruits stream up on him: full of heart; yet phalanxed mass of Fighters; and wheel and whirl, to order, rather difficult to deal with. Behind Grand-Pre, for example, swiftly like the wind or the whirlwind: tanned mustachio-fig-Grand-Pre which is on the wrong-side of the Argonne, for we ures; often barefoot, even bare-backed; with sinews of iron; are now forced and rounded,—the full heart, in one of those who require only bread and gunpowder: very Sons of Fire, the wheelings and shewings of new front, did as it were overset adroitest, hastiest, hottest ever seen perhaps since Attila's itself, as full hearts are liable to do; and there rose a shriek of time. They may conquer and overrun amazingly, much as that sauve qui peut, and a death-panic which had nigh ruined all!

same Attila did;—whose Attila's-Camp and Battlefield thou 390

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now seest, on this very ground; (Helen Maria Williams, iii. 32.) give Apollo a draught of their goatskin whey-bottle (well if who, after sweeping bare the world, was, with difficulty, and they do not give him strokes with their ox-rungs), not dream-days of tough fighting, checked here by Roman Aetius and ing that he is the Sungod! This man's name is Johann Wolfgang Fortune; and his dust-cloud made to vanish in the East again!—

von Goethe. He is Herzog Weimar's Minister, come with the Strangely enough, in this shrieking Confusion of a Soldiery, small contingent of Weimar; to do insignificant unmilitary duty which we saw long since fallen all suicidally out of square in here; very irrecognizable to nearly all! He stands at present, suicidal collision,—at Nanci, or on the streets of Metz, where with drawn bridle, on the height near Saint-Menehould, mak-brave Bouille stood with drawn sword; and which has collided ing an experiment on the 'cannon-fever;' having ridden thither and ground itself to pieces worse and worse ever since, down against persuasion, into the dance and firing of the cannon-now to such a state: in this shrieking Confusion, and not else-balls, with a scientific desire to understand what that same where, lies the first germ of returning Order for France! Round cannon-fever may be: 'The sound of them,' says he, 'is curious which, we say, poor France nearly all ground down suicidally enough; as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the likewise into rubbish and Chaos, will be glad to rally; to begin gurgling of water and the whistle of birds. By degrees you get growing, and new-shaping her inorganic dust: very slowly, a very uncommon sensation; which can only be described by through centuries, through Napoleons, Louis Philippes, and similitude. It seems as if you were in some place extremely other the like media and phases,—into a new, infinitely pref-hot, and at the same time were completely penetrated by the erable France, we can hope!—

heat of it; so that you feel as if you and this element you are These wheelings and movements in the region of the Argonne, in were perfectly on a par. The eyesight loses nothing of its which are all faithfully described by Dumouriez himself, and strength or distinctness; and yet it is as if all things had got a more interesting to us than Hoyle's or Philidor's best Game of kind of brown-red colour, which makes the situation and the Chess, let us,

nevertheless, O Reader, entirely omit;—and has-objects still more impressive on you.' (Goethe, Campagne in ten to remark two things: the first a minute private, the sec-Frankreich (Werke, xxx. 73.)

ond a large public thing. Our minute private thing is: the pres-This is the cannon-fever, as a World-Poet feels it.—A man ence, in the Prussian host, in that war-game of the Argonne, entirely irrecognisable! In whose irrecognisable head, mean-of a certain Man, belonging to the sort called Immortal; who, while, there verily is the spiritual counterpart (and call it in days since then, is becoming visible more and more, in that complement) of this same huge Death-Birth of the World; which character, as the Transitory more and more vanishes; for from now effectuates itself, outwardly in the Argonne, in such can-of old it was remarked that when the Gods appear among men, non-thunder; inwardly, in the irrecognisable head, quite oth-it is seldom in recognisable shape; thus Admetus' neatherds erwise than by thunder! Mark that man, O Reader, as the 391

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memorablest of all the memorable in this Argonne Campaign.

pated, this way and that. Can Brunswick make an impression What we say of him is not dream, nor flourish of rhetoric; but on them? The dull-bright Seigneurs stand biting their thumbs: scientific historic fact; as many men, now at this distance, see these Sansculottes seem not to fly like poultry! Towards noon-or begin to see.

tide a cannon-shot blows Kellermann's horse from under him; But the large public thing we had to remark is this: That the there bursts a powder-cart high into the air, with knell heard Twentieth of September, 1792, was a raw morning covered with over all: some swagging and swaying observable;—Brunswick mist; that from three in the morning Sainte-Menehould, and will try! "Camarades," cries Kellermann, "Vive la Patria! Allons those Villages and homesteads we know of old were stirred by vaincre pour elle, Let us conquer." "Live the Fatherland!" rings the rumble of artillery-wagons, by the clatter of hoofs, and responsive, to the welkin, like rolling-fire from side

to side: many footed tramp of men: all manner of military, Patriot and our ranks are as firm as rocks; and Brunswick may recross the Prussian, taking up positions, on the Heights of La Lune and dell, ineffectual; regain his old position on La Lune; not other Heights; shifting and shoving,—seemingly in some dread unbattered by the way. And so, for the length of a September chess-game; which may the Heavens turn to good! The Miller day,—with bluster and bark; with bellow far echoing! The can-of Valmy has fled dusty under ground; his Mill, were it never so nonade lasts till sunset; and no impression made. Till an hour windy, will have rest to-day. At seven in the morning the mist after sunset, the few remaining Clocks of the District striking clears off: see Kellermann, Dumouriez' second in command, Seven; at this late time of day Brunswick tries again. With not with 'eighteen pieces of cannon,' and deep-serried ranks, drawn a whit better fortune! He is met by rock-ranks, by shouts of up round that same silent Windmill, on his knoll of strength; Vive la Patrie; and driven back, not unbattered. Whereupon he Brunswick, also, with serried ranks and cannon, glooming over ceases; retires 'to the Tavern of La Lune;' and sets to raising a to him from the height of La Lune; only the little brook and redoute lest he be attacked!

its little dell now parting them.

Verily so: ye dulled-bright Seigneurs, make of it what ye So that the much-longed-for has come at last! Instead of may. Ah, and France does not rise round us in mass; and the hunger and dysentery, we shall have sharp shot; and then!—

Peasants do not join us, but assassinate us: neither hanging Dumouriez, with force and firm front, looks on from a nor any persuasion will induce them! They have lost their old neighbouring height; can help only with his wishes, in silence.

distinguishing love of King, and King's-cloak,—I fear, alto-Lo, the eighteen pieces do bluster and bark, responsive to the gether; and will even fight to be rid of it: that seems now their bluster of La Lune; and thunder-clouds mount into the air; and humour. Nor does Austria prosper, nor the siege of Thionville.

echoes roar through all dells, far into the depths of Argonne The Thionvillers, carrying their insolence to the epigrammatic Wood (deserted now); and limbs and lives of men fly dissi-pitch, have put a Wooden Horse on their walls, with a bundle 392

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of hay hung from him, and this Inscription: 'When I finish my ***Chapter 3.1.VIII.***

hay, you will take Thionville.' (Hist. Parl. xix. 177.) To such height has the frenzy of mankind risen.

Exeunt.

The trenches of Thionville may shut: and what though those of Lille open? The Earth smiles not on us, nor the Heaven; but But this Twentieth of September is otherwise a great day. For, weeps and blears itself, in sour rain, and worse. Our very friends observe, while Kellermann's horse was flying blown from un-insult us; we are wounded in the house of our friends: "His der him at the Mill of Valmy, our new National Deputies, that Majesty of Prussia had a greatcoat, when the rain came; and shall be a national convention, are hovering and gathering about (contrary to all known laws) he put it on, though our two the Hall of the Hundred Swiss; with intent to constitute them-French Princes, the hope of their country, had none!" To which selves!

indeed, as Goethe admits, what answer could be made? (Goethe, On the morrow, about noontide, Camus the Archivist is busy xxx. 49.)—Cold and Hunger and Affront, Colic and Dysentery

'verifying their powers;' several hundreds of them already here.

and Death; and we here, cowering redouted, most Whereupon the Old Legislative comes solemnly over, to merge unredoubtable, amid the 'tattered corn-shocks and deformed its old ashes Phoenix-like in the body of the new; —and so stubble,' on the splashy Height of La Lune, round the mean

forthwith, returning all solemnly back to the Salle de Manege, Tavern de La Lune!—

there sits a National Convention, Seven Hundred and Forty-This is the Cannonade of Valmy; wherein the World-Poet ex-nine complete, or complete enough; presided by Petion;—

perimented on the cannon-fever; wherein the French which proceeds directly to do business. Read that reported Sansculottes did not fly like poultry. Precious to France! Every afternoon's-debate, O Reader; there are few debates like it: soldier did his duty, and Alsatian Kellermann (how preferable dull reporting Moniteur itself becomes more dramatic than a to old Luckner the dismissed!) began to become greater; and very Shakespeare. For epigrammatic Manuel rises, speaks Egalite Fils, Equality Junior, a light gallant Field-Officer, dis-strange things; how the President shall have a guard of honour, tinguished himself by intrepidity:—it is the same intrepid in-and lodge in the Tuileries:—rejected. And Danton rises and dividual who now, as Louis-Philippe, without the Equality, speaks; and Collot d'Herbois rises, and Curate Gregoire, and struggles, under sad circumstances, to be called King of the lame Couthon of the Mountain rises; and in rapid Meliboean French for a season.

stanzas, only a few lines each, they propose motions not a few: That the corner-stone of our new Constitution is Sovereignty of the People; that our Constitution shall be accepted by the People or be null; further that the People ought to be 393

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avenged, and have right Judges; that the Imposts must con-redhot balls; as if not trenches but Vesuvius and the Pit had tinue till new order; that Landed and other Property be sacred opened. It was frightful, say all eye-witnesses; but it is inef-forever; finally that 'Royalty from this day is abolished in fectual. The Lillers have risen to such temper; especially after France:'—Decreed all, before four o'clock strike, with acclama-these news from Argonne and the East. Not a Sans-indispens-tion of the world! (Hist.

Parl. xix. 19.) The tree was all so ripe; ables in Lille that would surrender for a King's ransom. Redhot only shake it and there fall such yellow cartloads.

balls rain, day and night; 'six-thousand,' or so, and bombs 'filled And so over in the Valmy Region, as soon as the news come, internally with oil of turpentine which splashes up in flame;'—

what stir is this, audible, visible from our muddy heights of La mainly on the dwellings of the Sansculottes and Poor; the Lune? (Williams, iii. 71.) Universal shouting of the French on streets of the Rich being spared. But the Sansculottes get water-their opposite hillside; caps raised on bayonets; and a sound pails; form quenching-regulations, "The ball is in Peter's house!"

as of Republique; Vive la Republique borne dubious on the

"The ball is in John's!" They divide their lodging and substance winds!— On the morrow morning, so to speak, Brunswick slings with each other; shout Vive la Republique; and faint not in heart.

his knapsacks before day, lights any fires he has; and marches A ball thunders through the main chamber of the Hotel-de-without tap of drum. Dumouriez finds ghastly symptoms in Ville, while the Commune is there assembled: "We are in perma-that camp; 'latrines full of blood!' (1st October, 1792; nence," says one, coldly, proceeding with his business; and the Dumouriez, iii. 73.) The chivalrous King of Prussia, for he as ball remains permanent too, sticking in the wall, probably to we saw is here in person, may long rue the day; may look this day. (Bombardement de Lille (in Hist. Parl. xx. 63-71).) colder than ever on these dulled-bright Seigneurs, and French The Austrian Archduchess (Queen's Sister) will herself see Princes their Country's hope;—and, on the whole, put on his red artillery fired; in their over-haste to satisfy an Archduch-great-coat without ceremony, happy that he has one. They ess 'two mortars explode and kill thirty persons.' It is in vain; retire, all retire with convenient despatch, through a Cham-Lille, often burning, is always quenched again; Lille will

not pagne trodden into a quagmire, the wild weather pouring on yield. The very boys deftly wrench the matches out of fallen them; Dumouriez through his Kellermanns and Dillons prick-bombs: 'a man clutches a rolling ball with his hat, which takes ing them a little in the hinder parts. A little, not much; now fire; when cool, they crown it with a bonnet rouge.' Memorable pricking, now negotiating: for Brunswick has his eyes opened; also be that nimble Barber, who when the bomb burst beside and the Majesty of Prussia is a repentant Majesty.

him, snatched up a shred of it, introduced soap and lather into Nor has Austria prospered, nor the Wooden Horse of Thionville it, crying, "Voila mon plat a barbe, My new shaving-dish!" and bitten his hay; nor Lille City surrendered itself. The Lille trenches shaved 'fourteen people' on the spot. Bravo, thou nimble opened, on the 29th of the month; with balls and shells, and Shaver; worthy to shave old spectral Redcloak, and find trea-394

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sures!—On the eighth day of this desperate siege, the sixth Prussians; but must now forth again into the wide world, 'fol-day of October, Austria finding it fruitless, draws off, with no lowed by a servant carrying a little bundle on his stick.

pleasurable consciousness; rapidly, Dumouriez tending

'The activity of our alert Lisieux shone eminent; and, on this thitherward; and Lille too, black with ashes and smoulder, but occasion too, brought us on: for he struck into a small gap of jubilant skyhigh, flings its gates open. The Plat a barbe be-the wagon-row; and held the advancing team back till we, with came fashionable; 'no Patriot of an elegant turn,' says Mercier our six and our four horses, got intercalated; after which, in several years afterwards, 'but shaves himself out of the splin-my light little coachlet, I could breathe freer. We were now ter of a Lille bomb.'

under way; at a funeral pace, but still under way. The day broke; Quid multa, Why many words? The Invaders are in flight; we found ourselves at the outlet of the Town, in a tumult and Brunswick's Host, the third part of it

gone to death, staggers turmoil without measure. All sorts of vehicles, few horsemen, disastrous along the deep highways of Champagne; spreading innumerable foot-people, were crossing each other on the great out also into 'the fields, of a tough spongy red-coloured clay;—

esplanade before the Gate. We turned to the right, with our like Pharaoh through a Red Sea of mud,' says Goethe; 'for he Column, towards Estain, on a limited highway, with ditches at also lay broken chariots, and riders and foot seemed sinking each side. Self-preservation, in so monstrous a press, knew now around.' (Campagne in Frankreich, p. 103.) On the eleventh no pity, no respect of aught. Not far before us there fell down morning of October, the World-Poet, struggling Northwards a horse of an ammunition-wagon: they cut the traces, and let out of Verdun, which he had entered Southwards, some five it lie. And now as the three others could not bring their load weeks ago, in quite other order, discerned the following Phe-along, they cut them also loose, tumbled the heavy-packed nomenon and formed part of it:

vehicle into the ditch; and, with the smallest retardation, we

'Towards three in the morning, without having had any sleep, had to drive on, right over the horse, which was just about to we were about mounting our carriage, drawn up at the door; rise; and I saw too clearly how its legs, under the wheels, went when an insuperable obstacle disclosed itself: for there rolled crashing and quivering.

on already, between the pavement-stones which were crushed

'Horse and foot endeavoured to escape from the narrow la-up into a ridge on each side, an uninterrupted column of sick-borious highway into the meadows: but these too were rained wagons through the Town, and all was trodden as into a mo-to ruin; overflowed by full ditches, the connexion of the foot-rass. While we stood waiting what could be made of it, our paths every where interrupted. Four gentlemanlike, handsome, Landlord the Knight of Saint-Louis pressed past us, without well-dressed French soldiers waded for a time beside our car-salutation.' He had been a Calonne's

Notable in 1787, an Emi-riage; wonderfully clean and neat: and had such art of picking grant since; had returned to his home, jubilant, with the their steps, that their foot-gear testified no higher than the 395

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ancle to the muddy pilgrimage these good people found them-Horned-cattle too were struggling on; probably herds that selves engaged in.

had been put in requisition. Riders you saw few; but the el-

'That under such circumstances one saw, in ditches, in mead-egant carriages of the Emigrants, many-coloured, lackered, gilt ows, in fields and crofts, dead horses enough, was natural to and silvered, evidently by the best builders, caught your eye.

the case: by and by, however, you found them also flayed, the (See Hermann and Dorothea (also by Goethe), Buch Kalliope.) fleshy parts even cut away; sad token of the universal dis-

'The crisis of the strait however arose further on a little; tress.

where the crowded marketplace had to introduce itself into a

'Thus we fared on; every moment in danger, at the smallest street,—straight indeed and good, but proportionably far too stoppage on our own part, of being ourselves tumbled over-narrow. I have, in my life, seen nothing like it: the aspect of it board; under which circumstances, truly, the careful dexterity might perhaps be compared to that of a swoln river which has of our Lisieux could not be sufficiently praised. The same tal-been raging over meadows and fields, and is now again obliged ent shewed itself at Estain; where we arrived towards noon; to press itself through a narrow bridge, and flow on in its and descried, over the beautiful well-built little Town, through bounded channel. Down the long street, all visible from our streets and on squares, around and beside us, one sense-con-windows, there swelled continually the strangest tide: a high fusing tumult: the mass rolled this way and that; and, all strug-double-seated travelling-coach towered

visible over the flood gling forward, each hindered the other. Unexpectedly our car-of things. We thought of the fair Frenchwomen we had seen in riage drew up before a stately house in the marketplace; mas-the morning. It was not they, however, it was Count Haugwitz; ter and mistress of the mansion saluted us in reverent dis-him you could look at, with a kind of sardonic malice, rocking tance.' Dexterous Lisieux, though we knew it not, had said we onwards, step by step, there.' (Campagne in Frankreich, Goethe's were the King of Prussia's Brother!

Werke (Stuttgart, 1829), xxx. 133-137.)

'But now, from the ground-floor windows, looking over the In such untriumphant Procession has the Brunswick Mani-whole marketplace, we had the endless tumult lying, as it festo issued! Nay in worse, 'in Negotiation with these miscre-were, palpable. All sorts of walkers, soldiers in uniform, ma-ants,'—the first news of which produced such a revulsion in rauders, stout but sorrowing citizens and peasants, women the Emigrant nature, as put our scientific World-Poet 'in fear and children, crushed and jostled each other, amid vehicles of for the wits of several.' There is no help: they must fare on, all forms: ammunition-wagons, baggage-wagons; carriages, these poor Emigrants, angry with all persons and things, and single, double, and multiplex; such hundredfold miscellany of making all persons angry, in the hapless course they struck teams, requisitioned or lawfully owned, making way, hitting into. Landlord and landlady testify to you, at tables-d'hote, together, hindering each other, rolled here to right and to left.

how insupportable these Frenchmen are: how, in spite of such 396

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humiliation, of poverty and probable beggary, there is ever account, In the Debats des Jacobins and Journal de la the same struggle for precedence, the same forwardness, and Republique (Hist. Parl. xix. 317-21), agrees to the turning on want of discretion. High in honour, at the head of the table, the heel, but strives to interpret it differently.)—"Marat!" The you with your

own eyes observe not a Seigneur but the au-blonde-gowns quiver like aspens; the dress-coats gather round; tomaton of a Seigneur, fallen into dotage; still worshipped, Actor Talma (for it is his house), and almost the very chande-reverently waited on, and fed. In miscellaneous seats, is a mis-lier-lights, are blue: till this obscene Spectrum, or visual Ap-cellany of soldiers, commissaries, adventurers; consuming si-pearance, vanish back into native Night.

lently their barbarian victuals. 'On all brows is to be read a General Dumouriez, in few brief days, is gone again, towards hard destiny; all are silent, for each has his own sufferings to the Netherlands; will attack the Netherlands, winter though it bear, and looks forth into misery without bounds.' One hasty be. And General Montesquiou, on the South-East, has driven wanderer, coming in, and eating without ungraciousness what in the Sardinian Majesty; nay, almost without a shot fired, has is set before him, the landlord lets off almost scot-free. "He taken Savoy from him, which longs to become a piece of the is," whispered the landlord to me, "the first of these cursed Republic. And General Custine, on the North-East, has dashed people I have seen condescend to taste our German black forth on Spires and its Arsenal; and then on Electoral Mentz, bread." (Ibid. 152.) (Ibid. 210-12.)

not uninvited, wherein are German Democrats and no shadow And Dumouriez is in Paris; lauded and feasted; paraded in of an Elector now:— so that in the last days of October, Frau glittering saloons, floods of beautifullest blond-dresses and Forster, a daughter of Heyne's, somewhat democratic, walking broadcloth-coats flowing past him, endless, in admiring joy.

out of the Gate of Mentz with her Husband, finds French Sol-One night, nevertheless, in the splendour of one such scene, he diers playing at bowls with cannon-balls there. Forster trips sees himself suddenly apostrophised by a squalid unjoyful Fig-cheerfully over one iron bomb, with "Live the Republic!" A ure, who has come in uninvited, nay despite of all lackeys; an black-bearded National Guard answers: "Elle vivra bien sans unjoyful Figure! The Figure is come "in express mission from vous, It will probably

live independently of you!" (Johann the Jacobins," to inquire sharply, better then than later, touch-Georg Forster's Briefwechsel (Leipzig, 1829), i. 88.) ing certain things: "Shaven eyebrows of Volunteer Patriots, for instance?" Also "your threats of shivering in pieces?" Also,

"why you have not chased Brunswick hotly enough?" Thus, with sharp croak, inquires the Figure.—"Ah, c'est vous qu'on appelle Marat, You are he they call Marat!" answers the General, and turns coldly on his heel. (Dumouriez, iii. 115.—Marat's 397

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BOOK 3.II.

moment Semele, next moment not Semele, but Flame and a Statue of red-hot Ashes! France has looked upon Democracy; ***REGICIDE***

seen it face to face.—The Cimmerian Invaders will rally, in humbler temper, with better or worse luck: the wreck and dissolu-Chapter 3.2.I.

tion must reshape itself into a social Arrangement as it can and may. But as for this National Convention, which is to settle ***The Deliberative.***

every thing, if it do, as Deputy Paine and France generally expects, get all finished 'in a few months,' we shall call it a France therefore has done two things very completely: she has most deft Convention.

hurled back her Cimmerian Invaders far over the marches; and In truth, it is very singular to see how this mercurial French likewise she has shattered her own internal Social Constitu-People plunges suddenly from Vive le Roi to Vive la Republique; tion, even to the minutest fibre of it, into wreck and dissolu-and goes simmering and dancing; shaking off daily (so to tion. Utterly it is all altered: from King down to Parish Con-speak), and trampling into the dust, its old social garnitures, stable, all Authorities, Magistrates, Judges, persons that bore ways of thinking, rules of existing; and cheerfully dances to-rule, have had, on the sudden, to alter themselves, so far as wards the Ruleless, Unknown, with such hope in its heart, and

needful; or else, on the sudden, and not without violence, to nothing but Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood in its mouth.

be altered: a Patriot 'Executive Council of Ministers,' with a Is it two centuries, or is it only two years, since all France Patriot Danton in it, and then a whole Nation and National roared simultaneously to the welkin, bursting forth into sound Convention, have taken care of that. Not a Parish Constable, and smoke at its Feast of Pikes, "Live the Restorer of French in the furthest hamlet, who has said De Par le Roi, and shewn Liberty?" Three short years ago there was still Versailles and loyalty, but must retire, making way for a new improved Par-an Oeil-de-Boeuf: now there is that watched Circuit of the ish Constable who can say De par la Republique.

Temple, girt with dragon-eyed Municipals, where, as in its final It is a change such as History must beg her readers to imag-limbo, Royalty lies extinct. In the year 1789, Constituent ine, undescribed. An instantaneous change of the whole body-Deputy Barrere 'wept,' in his Break-of-Day Newspaper, at sight politic, the soul-politic being all changed; such a change as of a reconciled King Louis; and now in 1792, Convention Deputy few bodies, politic or other, can experience in this world. Say Barrere, perfectly tearless, may be considering, whether the perhaps, such as poor Nymph Semele's body did experience, reconciled King Louis shall be guillotined or not.

when she would needs, with woman's humour, see her Olym-Old garnitures and social vestures drop off (we say) so fast, pian Jove as very Jove;—and so stood, poor Nymph, this being indeed quite decayed, and are trodden under the Na-398

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tional dance. And the new vestures, where are they; the new come world-famous in solving it. For the Twenty-five millions modes and rules? Liberty, Equality, Fraternity: not vestures are Gallic effervescent too;—filled both with hope of the unbut the wish for vestures! The Nation is for the present, figu-utterable, of universal Fraternity and Golden Age; and with ratively

speaking, naked! It has no rule or vesture; but is na-terror of the unutterable, Cimmerian Europe all rallying on us.

ked,—a Sansculottic Nation.

It is a problem like few. Truly, if man, as the Philosophers brag, So far, therefore, in such manner have our Patriot Brissots, did to any extent look before and after, what, one may ask, in Guadets triumphed. Vergniaud's Ezekiel-visions of the fall of many cases would become of him? What, in this case, would thrones and crowns, which he spake hypothetically and pro-become of these Seven Hundred and Forty-nine men? The Con-phetically in the Spring of the year, have suddenly come to vention, seeing clearly before and after, were a paralysed Con-fulfilment in the Autumn. Our eloquent Patriots of the Legis-vention. Seeing clearly to the length of its own nose, it is not lative, like strong Conjurors, by the word of their mouth, have paralysed.

swept Royalism with its old modes and formulas to the winds; To the Convention itself neither the work nor the method of and shall now govern a France free of formulas. Free of formu-doing it is doubtful: To make the Constitution; to defend the las! And yet man lives not except with formulas; with cus-Republic till that be made. Speedily enough, accordingly, there toms, ways of doing and living: no text truer than this; which has been a 'Committee of the Constitution' got together. Sieyes, will hold true from the Tea-table and Tailor's shopboard up to Old-Constituent, Constitution-builder by trade; Condorcet, fit the High Senate-houses, Solemn Temples; nay through all prov-for better things; Deputy Paine, foreign Benefactor of the Spe-inces of Mind and Imagination, onwards to the outmost concies, with that 'red carbuncled face, and the black beaming fines of articulate Being,—Ubi homines sunt modi sunt! There eyes;' Herault de Sechelles, Ex-Parlementeer, one of the hand-are modes wherever there are men. It is the deepest law of somest men in France: these, with inferior guild-brethren, are man's nature; whereby man is a craftsman and 'tool-using ani-girt cheerfully to the work; will once more 'make the Constitu-mal;' not the slave of Impulse, Chance, and Brute Nature, but tion;' let us hope, more effectually than last time. For that the in some measure their lord. Twenty-

five millions of men, sud-Constitution can be made, who doubts,—unless the Gospel of denly stript bare of their modi, and dancing them down in Jean Jacques came into the world in vain? True, our last Con-that manner, are a terrible thing to govern!

stitution did tumble within the year, so lamentably. But what Eloquent Patriots of the Legislative, meanwhile, have pre-then, except sort the rubbish and boulders, and build them up cisely this problem to solve. Under the name and nickname of again better? 'Widen your basis,' for one thing, —to Universal

'statesmen, hommes d'etat,' of 'moderate-men, moderantins,'

Suffrage, if need be; exclude rotten materials, Royalism and of Brissotins, Rolandins, finally of Girondins, they shall be-such like, for another thing. And in brief, build, O unspeakable 399

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Sieyes and Company, unwearied! Frequent perilous conjectured: yet even these are a kind of Mystery in progress,—

downrushing of scaffolding and rubble-work, be that an irrita-whereby we see the Journalist Reporter find livelihood: even tion, no discouragement. Start ye always again, clearing aside these jolt madly out of the ruts, from time to time. How much the wreck; if with broken limbs, yet with whole hearts; and more a poor National Convention, of French vehemence; urged build, we say, in the name of Heaven,—till either the work do on at such velocity; without routine, without rut, track or stand; or else mankind abandon it, and the Constitution-build-landmark; and dreadfully in earnest every man of them! It is a ers be paid off, with laughter and tears! One good time, in the Parliament literally such as there was never elsewhere in the course of Eternity, it was appointed that this of Social Con-world. Themselves are new, unarranged; they are the Heart and tract too should try itself out. And so the Committee of Con-presiding centre of a France fallen wholly into maddest disar-stitution shall toil: with hope and faith;—

with no disturbance rangement. From all cities, hamlets, from the utmost ends of from any reader of these pages.

this France with its Twenty-five million vehement souls, thick-To make the Constitution, then, and return home joyfully in streaming influences storm in on that same Heart, in the Salle a few months: this is the prophecy our National Convention de Manege, and storm out again: such fiery venous-arterial gives of itself; by this scientific program shall its operations circulation is the function of that Heart. Seven Hundred and and events go on. But from the best scientific program, in Forty-nine human individuals, we say, never sat together on such a case, to the actual fulfilment, what a difference! Every Earth, under more original circumstances. Common individuals reunion of men, is it not, as we often say, a reunion of incalcu-most of them, or not far from common; yet in virtue of the lable Influences; every unit of it a microcosm of Influences;—

position they occupied, so notable. How, in this wild piping of of which how shall Science calculate or prophesy! Science, which the whirlwind of human passions, with death, victory, terror, cannot, with all its calculuses, differential, integral, and of valour, and all height and all depth pealing and piping, these variations, calculate the Problem of Three gravitating Bodies, men, left to their own guidance, will speak and act?

ought to hold her peace here, and say only: In this National Readers know well that this French National Convention Convention there are Seven Hundred and Forty-nine very sin-

(quite contrary to its own Program) became the astonishment gular Bodies, that gravitate and do much else;—who, prob-and horror of mankind; a kind of Apocalyptic Convention, or ably in an amazing manner, will work the appointment of black Dream become real; concerning which History seldom Heaven.

speaks except in the way of interjection: how it covered France Of National Assemblages, Parliaments, Congresses, which have with woe, delusion, and delirium; and from its bosom there long sat; which are of saturnine

temperament; above all, which went forth Death on the pale Horse. To hate this poor Na-are not 'dreadfully in earnest,' something may be computed or tional Convention is easy; to praise and love it has not been 400

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found impossible. It is, as we say, a Parliament in the most by Marat, reported in all.

original circumstances. To us, in these pages, be it as a fuliginous For the rest, that there is 'effervescence' who doubts? Effer-fiery mystery, where Upper has met Nether, and in such alter-vescence enough; Decrees passed by acclamation to-day, re-nate glare and blackness of darkness poor bedazzled mortals pealed by vociferation tomorrow; temper fitful, most rota-know not which is Upper, which is Nether; but rage and plunge tory changeful, always headlong! The 'voice of the orator is distractedly, as mortals, in that case, will do. A Convention covered with rumours;' a hundred 'honourable Members rush which has to consume itself, suicidally; and become dead with menaces towards the Left side of the Hall;' President has ashes—with its World! Behoves us, not to enter exploratively

'broken three bells in succession,'—claps on his hat, as signal its dim embroiled deeps; yet to stand with unwavering eyes, that the country is near ruined. A fiercely effervescent Old-looking how it welters; what notable phases and occurrences Gallic Assemblage!—Ah, how the loud sick sounds of Debate, it will successively throw up.

and of Life, which is a debate, sink silent one after another: so One general superficial circumstance we remark with praise: loud now, and in a little while so low! Brennus, and those anthe force of Politeness. To such depth has the sense of tique Gael Captains, in their way to Rome, to Galatia, and such civilisation penetrated man's life; no Drouet, no Legendre, in places, whither they were in the habit of marching in the most the maddest tug of war, can altogether shake it off. Debates fiery manner, had Debates as effervescent, doubt it not; though of Senates dreadfully in earnest are seldom given frankly to no Moniteur has reported them. They scolded in

Celtic Welsh, the world; else perhaps they would surprise it. Did not the those Brennuses; neither were they Sansculotte; nay rather Grand Monarque himself once chase his Louvois with a pair of breeches (braccae, say of felt or rough-leather) were the only brandished tongs? But reading long volumes of these Conven-thing they had; being, as Livy testifies, naked down to the tion Debates, all in a foam with furious earnestness, earnest haunches:—and, see, it is the same sort of work and of men many times to the extent of life and death, one is struck rather still, now when they have got coats, and speak nasally a kind with the degree of continence they manifest in speech; and of broken Latin! But on the whole does not time envelop this how in such wild ebullition, there is still a kind of polite rule present National Convention; as it did those Brennuses, and struggling for mastery, and the forms of social life never alto-ancient August Senates in felt breeches? Time surely; and also gether disappear. These men, though they menace with Eternity. Dim dusk of Time,—or noon which will be dusk; and clenched right-hands, do not clench one another by the collar; then there is night, and silence; and Time with all its sick noises they draw no daggers, except for oratorical purposes, and this is swallowed in the still sea. Pity thy brother, O Son of Adam!

not often: profane swearing is almost unknown, though the The angriest frothy jargon that he utters, is it not properly Reports are frank enough; we find only one or two oaths, oaths the whimpering of an infant which cannot speak what ails it, 401

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but is in distress clearly, in the inwards of it; and so must a National force? —Alas, Reader, it seems so to the eye: and squall and whimper continually, till its Mother take it, and it yet there is much to be said and argued. Thou beholdest here get—to sleep!

the small beginning of a Controversy, which mere logic will This Convention is not four days old, and the melodious not settle. Two small well-springs, September, Departmental Meliboean stanzas that shook down Royalty are still fresh in Guard, or rather at bottom they are but one and the

same our ear, when there bursts out a new diapason,—unhappily, small well-spring; which will swell and widen into waters of of Discord, this time. For speech has been made of a thing bitterness; all manner of subsidiary streams and brooks of bit-difficult to speak of well: the September Massacres. How deal terness flowing in, from this side and that; till it become a with these September Massacres; with the Paris Commune that wide river of bitterness, of rage and separation,—which can presided over them? A Paris Commune hateful-terrible; before subside only into the Catacombs. This Departmental Guard, which the poor effete Legislative had to quail, and sit quiet.

decreed by overwhelming majorities, and then repealed for And now if a young omnipotent Convention will not so quail peace's sake, and not to insult Paris, is again decreed more and sit, what steps shall it take? Have a Departmental Guard than once; nay it is partially executed, and the very men that in its pay, answer the Girondins, and Friends of Order! A Guard are to be of it are seen visibly parading the Paris streets,—

of National Volunteers, missioned from all the Eighty-three or shouting once, being overtaken with liquor: "A bas Marat, Down Eighty-five Departments, for that express end; these will keep with Marat!" (Hist. Parl. xx. 184.) Nevertheless, decreed never Septemberers, tumultuous Communes in a due state of sub-so often, it is repealed just as often; and continues, for some missiveness, the Convention in a due state of sovereignty. So seven months, an angry noisy Hypothesis only: a fair Possibil-have the Friends of Order answered, sitting in Committee, and ity struggling to become a Reality, but which shall never be reporting; and even a Decree has been passed of the required one; which, after endless struggling, shall, in February next, tenour. Nay certain Departments, as the Var or Marseilles, in sink into sad rest,—dragging much along with it. So singular mere expectation and assurance of a Decree, have their con-are the ways of men and honourable Members.

tingent of Volunteers already on march: brave Marseillese, fore-But on this fourth day of the Convention's existence, as we most on the Tenth of August, will not be hindmost here; 'fa-said, which is the 25th of September 1792,

there comes Com-thers gave their sons a musket and twenty-five louis,' says mittee Report on that Decree of the Departmental Guard, and Barbaroux, 'and bade them march.'

speech of repealing it; there come denunciations of anarchy, Can any thing be properer? A Republic that will found itself of a Dictatorship,—which let the incorruptible Robespierre on justice must needs investigate September Massacres; a Con-consider: there come denunciations of a certain Journal de la vention calling itself National, ought it not to be guarded by Republique, once called Ami du Peuple; and so thereupon there 402

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comes, visibly stepping up, visibly standing aloft on the Tri-to this of the two hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat Heads, bune, ready to speak, the Bodily Spectrum of People's-Friend Marat candidly says, "C'est la mon avis, such is my opinion."

Marat! Shriek, ye Seven Hundred and Forty-nine; it is verily Also it is not indisputable: "No power on Earth can prevent me Marat, he and not another. Marat is no phantasm of the brain, from seeing into traitors, and unmasking them,"—by my su-or mere lying impress of Printer's Types; but a thing material, perior originality of mind? (Moniteur Newspaper, Nos. 271, of joint and sinew, and a certain small stature: ye behold him 280, 294, Annee premiere; Moore's Journal, ii. 21, 157, &c.

there, in his blackness in his dingy squalor, a living fraction of (which, however, may perhaps, as in similar cases, be only a Chaos and Old Night; visibly incarnate, desirous to speak. "It copy of the Newspaper).) An honourable member like this appears," says Marat to the shrieking Assembly, "that a great Friend of the People few terrestrial Parliaments have had.

many persons here are enemies of mine." "All! All!" shriek hun-We observe, however, that this first onslaught by the Friends dreds of voices: enough to drown any People's-Friend. But Marat of Order, as sharp and prompt as it was, has failed. For neither will not drown: he speaks and

croaks explanation; croaks with can Robespierre, summoned out by talk of Dictatorship, and such reasonableness, air of sincerity, that repentant pity smoth-greeted with the like rumour on shewing himself, be thrown ers anger, and the shrieks subside or even become applauses.

into Prison, into Accusation;—not though Barbarous openly For this Convention is unfortunately the crankest of machines: bear testimony against him, and sign it on paper. With such it shall be pointing eastward, with stiff violence, this moment; sanctified meekness does the Incorruptible lift his seagreen and then do but touch some spring dexterously, the whole cheek to the smiter; lift his thin voice, and with jesuitic dex-machine, clattering and jerking seven-hundred-fold, will whirl terity plead, and prosper: asking at last, in a prosperous man-with huge crash, and, next moment, is pointing westward! Thus ner: "But what witnesses has the Citoyen Barbaroux to sup-Marat, absolved and applauded, victorious in this turn of fence, port his testimony?" "Moi!" cries hot Rebecqui, standing up, is, as the Debate goes on, prickt at again by some dexterous striking his breast with both hands, and answering, "Me!"

Girondin; and then and shrieks rise anew, and Decree of Accu-

(Moniteur, ut supra; Seance du 25 Septembre.) Nevertheless sation is on the point of passing; till the dingy People's-Friend the Seagreen pleads again, and makes it good: the long bobs aloft once more; croaks once more persuasive stillness, hurlyburly, 'personal merely,' while so much public matter lies and the Decree of Accusation sinks, Whereupon he draws fallow, has ended in the order of the day. O Friends of the forth—a Pistol; and setting it to his Head, the seat of such Gironde, why will you occupy our august sessions with mere thought and prophecy, says: "If they had passed their Accusa-paltry Personalities, while the grand Nationality lies in such a tion Decree, he, the People's-Friend, would have blown his brains state?— The Gironde has touched, this day, on the foul black-out." A People's Friend has that faculty in him. For the rest, as spot of its fair Convention Domain; has trodden on it, and yet 403

not trodden it down. Alas, it is a well-spring, as we said, this bread in his pocket, to save dinner and time; and, munching black-spot; and will not tread down!

incidentally, do three men's work in a day" punctual, silent, frugal,—the sleek Tartuffe that he was. Wherefore Roland, in ***Chapter 3.2.II.***

the late Overturn, recommended him to be War-Minister. And now, it would seem, he is secretly undermining Roland; play-The Executive.

ing into the hands of your hotter Jacobins and September Commune; and cannot, like strict Roland, be the Veto des May we not conjecture therefore that round this grand enter-Coquins! (Madame Roland, Memoires, ii. 237, &c.) prise of Making the Constitution there will, as heretofore, very How the sleek Pache might mine and undermine, one knows strange embroilments gather, and questions and interests com-not well; this however one does know: that his War-Office has plicate themselves; so that after a few or even several months, become a den of thieves and confusion, such as all men shud-the Convention will not have settled every thing? Alas, a whole der to behold. That the Citizen Hassenfratz, as Head-Clerk, tide of questions comes rolling, boiling; growing ever wider, sits there in bonnet rouge, in rapine, in violence, and some without end! Among which, apart from this question of Sep-Mathematical calculation; a most insolent, red-nightcapped tember and Anarchy, let us notice those, which emerge oftener man. That Pache munches his pocket-loaf, amid head-clerks than the others, and promise to become Leading Questions: of and sub-clerks, and has spent all the War-Estimates: that Furthe Armies; of the Subsistences; thirdly, of the Dethroned King.

nishers scour in gigs, over all districts of France, and drive bar-As to the Armies, Public Defence must evidently be put on a gains;—and lastly that the Army gets next to no furniture.

proper footing; for Europe seems coalising itself again; one is No shoes, though it is winter; no clothes; some have not even apprehensive even England will join it. Happily Dumouriez pros-arms: 'In the Army of the

South,' complains an honourable pers in the North;—nay what if he should prove too prosper-Member, 'there are thirty thousand pairs of breeches want-ous, and become Liberticide, Murderer of Freedom!—Dumouriez ing,'—a most scandalous want.

prospers, through this winter season; yet not without lamen-Roland's strict soul is sick to see the course things take: but table complaints. Sleek Pache, the Swiss Schoolmaster, he that what can he do? Keep his own Department strict; rebuke, and sat frugal in his Alley, the wonder of neighbours, has got repress wheresoever possible; at lowest, complain. He can com-lately—whither thinks the Reader? To be Minister of war!

plain in Letter after Letter, to a National Convention, to France, Madame Roland, struck with his sleek ways, recommended him to Posterity, the Universe; grow ever more querulous indig-to her Husband as Clerk: the sleek Clerk had no need of salary, nant;—till at last may he not grow wearisome? For is not this being of true Patriotic temper; he would come with a bit of continual text of his, at bottom a rather barren one: How as-

tonishing that in a time of Revolt and abrogation of all Law may be some 'six sous per pound, a day's wages some fifteen;'

but Cannon Law, there should be such Unlawfulness? Intrepid and grim winter here. How the Poor Man continues living, and Veto-of-Scoundrels, narrow-faithful, respectable, methodic man, so seldom starves, by miracle! Happily, in these days, he can work thou in that manner, since happily it is thy manner, and enlist, and have himself shot by the Austrians, in an unusually wear thyself away; though ineffectual, not profitless in it—

satisfactory manner: for the Rights of Man.—But Comman-then nor now!—The brave Dame Roland, bravest of all French dant Santerre, in this so straitened condition of the flour-mar-women, begins to have misgivings: the figure of Danton has ket, and state of Equality and Liberty, proposes, through the too much of the 'Sardanapalus character,' at a Republican

Newspapers, two remedies, or at least palliatives: First, that Rolandin Dinner-table: Clootz, Speaker of Mankind, proses sad all classes of men should live, two days of the week, on pota-stuff about a Universal Republic, or union of all Peoples and toes; then second, that every man should hang his dog. Hereby, Kindreds in one and the same Fraternal Bond; of which Bond, as the Commandant thinks, the saving, which indeed he com-how it is to be tied, one unhappily sees not.

putes to so many sacks, would be very considerable. A It is also an indisputable, unaccountable or accountable fact cheerfuller form of inventive-stupidity than Commandant that Grains are becoming scarcer and scarcer. Riots for grain, Santerre's dwells in no human soul. Inventive-stupidity, im-tumultuous Assemblages demanding to have the price of grain bedded in health, courage and good-nature: much to be com-fixed abound far and near. The Mayor of Paris and other poor mended. "My whole strength," he tells the Convention once, Mayors are like to have their difficulties. Petion was reelected

"is, day and night, at the service of my fellow-Citizens: if they Mayor of Paris; but has declined; being now a Convention Leg-find me worthless, they will dismiss me; I will return and brew islator. Wise surely to decline: for, besides this of Grains and all beer." (Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. xx. 412).) the rest, there is in these times an Improvised insurrectionary Or figure what correspondences a poor Roland, Minister of Commune passing into an Elected legal one; getting their ac-the Interior, must have, on this of Grains alone! Free-trade in counts settled,—not without irritancy! Petion has declined: Grain, impossibility to fix the Prices of Grain; on the other nevertheless many do covet and canvass. After months of scru-hand, clamour and necessity to fix them: Political Economy tinising, balloting, arguing and jargoning, one Doctor Chambon lecturing from the Home Office, with demonstration clear as gets the post of honour: who will not long keep it; but be, as Scripture;—ineffectual for the empty National Stomach. The we shall see, literally crushed out of it. (Dictionnaire des Mayor of Chartres, like to be eaten himself, cries to the Con-Hommes Marquans, para Chambon.)

vention: the Convention sends honourable Members in Depu-Think also if the private Sansculotte has not his difficulties, tation; who endeavour to feed the multitude by miraculous in a time of dearth! Bread, according to the People's-Friend, spiritual methods; but cannot. The multitude, in spite of all 405

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Eloquence, come bellowing round; will have the Grain-Prices ***Chapter 3.2.III.***

fixed, and at a moderate elevation; or else—the honourable Deputies hanged on the spot! The honourable Deputies, re-Discrowned.

porting this business, admit that, on the edge of horrid death, they did fix, or affect to fix the Price of Grain: for which, be it But the question more pressing than all on the Legislator, as also noted, the Convention, a Convention that will not be trifled yet, is this third: What shall be done with King Louis?

with, sees good to reprimand them. (Hist. Parl. xx. 431-440.) King Louis, now King and Majesty to his own family alone, But as to the origin of these Grain Riots, is it not most probin their own Prison Apartment alone, has been Louis Capet ably your secret Royalists again? Glimpses of Priests were dis-and the Traitor Veto with the rest of France. Shut in his Circuit cernible in this of Chartres,—to the eye of Patriotism. Or in-of the Temple, he has heard and seen the loud whirl of things; deed may not 'the root of it all lie in the Temple Prison, in the yells of September Massacres, Brunswick war-thunders dying heart of a perjured King,' well as we guard him? (Ibid. 409.) off in disaster and discomfiture; he passive, a spectator Unhappy perjured King!—And so there shall be Baker's Queues, merely;—waiting whither it would please to whirl with him.

by and by, more sharp-tempered than ever: on every Baker's From the neighbouring windows, the curious, not without pity, door-rabbet an iron ring, and coil of rope; whereon, with firm might see him walk daily, at a certain hour, in the Temple Gar-grip, on this side and that, we form our

Queue: but mischie-den, with his Queen, Sister and two Children, all that now bevous deceitful persons cut the rope, and our Queue becomes a longs to him in this Earth. (Moore, i. 123; ii. 224, &c.) Quietly ravelment; wherefore the coil must be made of iron chain.

he walks and waits; for he is not of lively feelings, and is of a (Mercier, Nouveau Paris.) Also there shall be Prices of Grain devout heart. The wearied Irresolute has, at least, no need of well fixed; but then no grain purchasable by them: bread not resolving now. His daily meals, lessons to his Son, daily walk to be had except by Ticket from the Mayor, few ounces per in the Garden, daily game at ombre or drafts, fill up the day: mouth daily; after long swaying, with firm grip, on the chain the morrow will provide for itself.

of the Queue. And Hunger shall stalk direful; and Wrath and The morrow indeed; and yet How? Louis asks, How? France, Suspicion, whetted to the Preternatural pitch, shall stalk;—as with perhaps still more solicitude, asks, How? A King dethroned those other preternatural 'shapes of Gods in their wrathful-by insurrection is verily not easy to dispose of. Keep him pris-ness' were discerned stalking, 'in glare and gloom of that fire-oner, he is a secret centre for the Disaffected, for endless plots, ocean,' when Troy Town fell!—

attempts and hopes of theirs. Banish him, he is an open centre for them; his royal war-standard, with what of divinity it has, unrolls itself, summoning the world. Put him to death? A cruel 406

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questionable extremity that too: and yet the likeliest in these was only for other Knights Errant, who knew courtesy and the extreme circumstances, of insurrectionary men, whose own life laws of battle. The French Nation, in simultaneous, desperate and death lies staked: accordingly it is said, from the last step dead-pull, and as if by miracle of madness, has pulled down of the throne to the first of the scaffold there is short distance.

the most dread Goliath, huge with the growth of ten centu-But, on the whole, we will remark here that this business of ries; and cannot believe,

though his giant bulk, covering acres, Louis looks altogether different now, as seen over Seas and at lies prostrate, bound with peg and packthread, that he will the distance of forty-four years, than it looked then, in France, not rise again, man-devouring; that the victory is not partly a and struggling, confused all round one! For indeed it is a most dream. Terror has its scepticism; miraculous victory its rage of lying thing that same Past Tense always: so beautiful, sad, vengeance. Then as to criminalty, is the prostrated Giant, who almost Elysian-sacred, 'in the moonlight of Memory,' it seems; will devour us if he rise, an innocent Giant? Curate Gregoire, and seems only. For observe: always, one most important ele-who indeed is now Constitutional Bishop Gregoire, asserts, in ment is surreptitiously (we not noticing it) withdrawn from the heat of eloquence, that Kingship by the very nature of it the Past Time: the haggard element of Fear! Not there does is a crime capital; that Kings' Houses are as wild-beasts' dens.

Fear dwell, nor Uncertainty, nor Anxiety; but it dwells here; (Moniteur, Seance du 21 Septembre, Annee 1er (1792).) Lastly haunting us, tracking us; running like an accursed ground-consider this: that there is on record a Trial of Charles First!

discord through all the music-tones of our Existence;—mak-This printed Trial of Charles First is sold and read every where ing the Tense a mere Present one! Just so is it with this of at present: (Moore's Journal, ii. 165.) —Quelle spectacle! Thus Louis. Why smite the fallen? asks Magnanimity, out of danger did the English People judge their Tyrant, and become the now. He is fallen so low this once-high man; no criminal nor first of Free Peoples: which feat, by the grace of Destiny, may traitor, how far from it; but the unhappiest of Human Sole-not France now rival? Scepticism of terror, rage of miraculous cisms: whom if abstract Justice had to pronounce upon, she victory, sublime spectacle to the universe,—all things point might well become concrete Pity, and pronounce only sobs one fatal way.

and dismissal!

Such leading questions, and their endless incidental ones: of So argues retrospective Magnanimity: but Pusillanimity, September Anarchists and

Departmental Guard; of Grain Riots, present, prospective? Reader, thou hast never lived, for months, plaintiff Interior Ministers; of Armies, Hassenfratz dilapida-under the rustle of Prussian gallows-ropes; never wert thou tions; and what is to be done with Louis,—beleaguer and portion of a National Sahara-waltz, Twenty-five millions run-embroil this Convention; which would so gladly make the Conning distracted to fight Brunswick! Knights Errant themselves, stitution rather. All which questions too, as we often urge of when they conquered Giants, usually slew the Giants: quarter such things, are in growth; they grow in every French head;
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and can be seen growing also, very curiously, in this mighty on that day, come in contact with Saxe-Teschen and the Aus-welter of Parliamentary Debate, of Public Business which the trians; Dumouriez wide-winged, they wide-winged; at and Convention has to do. A question emerges, so small at first; is around the village of Jemappes, near Mons. And fire-hail is put off, submerged; but always re-emerges bigger than bewhistling far and wide there, the great guns playing, and the fore. It is a curious, indeed an indescribable sort of growth small; so many green Heights getting fringed and maned with which such things have.

red Fire. And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing, and swept We perceive, however, both by its frequent re-emergence and back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly; when he by its rapid enlargement of bulk, that this Question of King rushes up in person, the prompt Polymetis; speaks a prompt Louis will take the lead of all the rest. And truly, in that case, word or two; and then, with clear tenor-pipe, 'uplifts the Hymn it will take the lead in a much deeper sense. For as Aaron's Rod of the Marseillese, entonna la Marseillaise,' (Dumouriez, swallowed all the other Serpents; so will the Foremost Ques-Memoires, iii. 174.) ten thousand tenor or bass pipes joining; tion, whichever may get foremost, absorb all other questions or say, some Forty Thousand in all; for every heart leaps at the and interests; and from it and the decision of it will they all, sound: and so with rhythmic march-melody, waxing ever quicker, so to speak, be born, or

newborn, and have shape, physiog-to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they nomy and destiny corresponding. It was appointed of Fate rush, death-defying, man-devouring; carry batteries, redoutes, that, in this wide-weltering, strangely growing, monstrous whatsoever is to be carried; and, like the fire-whirlwind, sweep stupendous imbroglio of Convention Business, the grand First-all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through Parent of all the questions, controversies, measures and enter-the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lille, in figurative speech, prises which were to be evolved there to the world's astonish-be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by ment, should be this Question of King Louis.

his Marseillese fiddlestrings (fidibus canoris) a Victory of Jemappes; and conquered the Low Countries.

Chapter 3.2.IV.

Young General Egalite, it would seem, shone brave among the bravest on this occasion. Doubtless a brave Egalite;—whom ***The Loser pays.***

however does not Dumouriez rather talk of oftener than need were? The Mother Society has her own thoughts. As for the The Sixth of November, 1792, was a great day for the Repub-Elder Egalite he flies low at this time; appears in the Conven-lic: outwardly, over the Frontiers; inwardly, in the Salle de tion for some half-hour daily, with rubicund, preoccupied, or Manege.

impressive quasi-contemptuous countenance; and then takes Outwardly: for Dumouriez, overrunning the Netherlands, did, himself away. (Moore, ii. 148.) The Netherlands are conquered, 408

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at least overrun. Jacobin missionaries, your Prolys, Pereiras, August alone' lying low in the Catacombs, fattening the passes follow in the train of the Armies; also Convention Commis-of Argonne Wood, of Valmy and far

Fields; he, such chief crimi-sioners, melting church-plate, revolutionising and remodel-nal, shall not even come to the bar?—For, alas, O Patriotism!

ling—among whom Danton, in brief space, does immensities add we, it was from of old said, The loser pays! It is he who has of business; not neglecting his own wages and trade-profits, it to pay all scores, run up by whomsoever; on him must all breakis thought. Hassenfratz dilapidates at home; Dumouriez ages and charges fall; and the twelve hundred on the Tenth of grumbles and they dilapidate abroad: within the walls there is August are not rebel traitors, but victims and martyrs: such is sinning, and without the walls there is sinning.

the law of quarrel.

But in the Hall of the Convention, at the same hour with Patriotism, nothing doubting, watches over this Question this victory of Jemappes, there went another thing forward: of the Trial, now happily emerged in an articulate shape; and Report, of great length, from the proper appointed Commit-will see it to maturity, if the gods permit. With a keen solici-tee, on the Crimes of Louis. The Galleries listen breathless; take tude Patriotism watches; getting ever keener, at every new comfort, ye Galleries: Deputy Valaze, Reporter on this occa-difficulty, as Girondins and false brothers interpose delays; till sion, thinks Louis very criminal; and that, if convenient, he it get a keenness as of fixed-idea, and will have this Trial and should be tried;—poor Girondin Valaze, who may be tried him-no earthly thing instead of it,—if Equality be not a name.

self, one day! Comfortable so far. Nay here comes a second Love of Equality; then scepticism of terror, rage of victory, Committee-reporter, Deputy Mailhe, with a Legal Argument, sublime spectacle of the universe: all these things are strong.

very prosy to read now, very refreshing to hear then, That, by But indeed this Question of the Trial, is it not to all persons the Law of the Country, Louis Capet was only called Inviolable a most grave one; filling with dubiety many a Legislative head!

by a figure of rhetoric; but at bottom was perfectly violable, Regicide? asks the Gironde Respectability: To kill a king, and triable; that he can, and even should be tried. This Question of become the horror of respectable nations and persons? But Louis, emerging so often as an angry confused possibility, and then also, to save a king; to lose one's footing with the de-submerging again, has emerged now in an articulate shape.

cided Patriot; and undecided Patriot, though never so respect-Patriotism growls indignant joy. The so-called reign of Equal-able, being mere hypothetic froth and no footing?—The di-ity is not to be a mere name, then, but a thing! Try Louis lemma presses sore; and between the horns of it you wriggle Capet? scornfully ejaculates Patriotism: Mean criminals go to round and round. Decision is nowhere, save in the Mother So-the gallows for a purse cut; and this chief criminal, guilty of a ciety and her Sons. These have decided, and go forward: the France cut; of a France slashed asunder with Clotho-scissors others wriggle round uneasily within their dilemma-horns, and and Civil war; with his victims 'twelve hundred on the Tenth of make way nowhither.

to his dying day, will regret that the Gironde did not take a bolder attitude, and extinguish him there and then.

Stretching of Formulas.

Not so, however: the Incorruptible, about to be indicted in this sudden manner, could not be refused a week of delay.

But how this Question of the Trial grew laboriously, through That week, he is not idle; nor is the Mother Society idle,—

the weeks of gestation, now that it has been articulated or fierce-tremulous for her chosen son. He is ready at the day conceived, were superfluous to trace here. It emerged and sub-with his written Speech; smooth as a Jesuit Doctor's; and con-merged among the infinite of questions and embroilments.

vinces some. And now? Why, now lazy Vergniaud does not rise The Veto of Scoundrels writes plaintive Letters as to Anarchy; with Demosthenic thunder; poor Louvet, unprepared, can do

'concealed Royalists,' aided by Hunger, produce Riots about little or nothing: Barrere proposes that these comparatively Grain. Alas, it is but a week ago, these Girondins made a new despicable 'personalities' be dismissed by order of the day!

fierce onslaught on the September Massacres!

Order of the day it accordingly is. Barbaroux cannot even get a For, one day, among the last of October, Robespierre, being hearing; not though he rush down to the Bar, and demand to summoned to the tribune by some new hint of that old cal-be heard there as a petitioner. (Louvet, Memoires (Paris, 1823) umny of the Dictatorship, was speaking and pleading there, p. 52; Moniteur (Seances du 29 Octobre, 5 Novembre, 1792); with more and more comfort to himself; till, rising high in Moore (ii. 178), &c.) The convention, eager for public business heart, he cried out valiantly: Is there any man here that dare (with that first articulate emergence of the Trial just coming specifically accuse me? "Moi!" exclaimed one. Pause of deep on), dismisses these comparative miseres and despicabilities: silence: a lean angry little Figure, with broad bald brow, strode splenetic Louvet must digest his spleen, regretfully for ever: swiftly towards the tribune, taking papers from its pocket: "I Robespierre, dear to Patriotism, is dearer for the dangers he accuse thee, Robespierre,"—I, Jean Baptiste Louvet! The has run.

Seagreen became tallow-green; shrinking to a corner of the This is the second grand attempt by our Girondin Friends of tribune: Danton cried,

"Speak, Robespierre, there are many good Order, to extinguish that black-spot in their domain; and we citizens that listen;" but the tongue refused its office. And so see they have made it far blacker and wider than before! Anar-Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime: chy, September Massacre: it is a thing that lies hideous in the dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections, general imagination; very detestable to the undecided Patriot, mob-retinue, September Massacres;—till all the Convention of Respectability: a thing to be harped on as often as need is.

shrieked again, and had almost indicted the Incorruptible there Harp on it, denounce it, trample it, ye Girondin Patriots:—and on the spot. Never did the Incorruptible run such a risk. Louvet, yet behold, the black-spot will not trample down; it will only, 410

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as we say, trample blacker and wider: fools, it is no black-spot of Society answers with angry roar;—with angry shriek, for there the surface, but a well-spring of the deep! Consider rightly, it is are Citoyennes too, thick crowded in the galleries here.

the apex of the everlasting Abyss, this black-spot, looking up Citoyennes who bring their seam with them, or their knitting-as water through thin ice; —say, as the region of Nether Dark-needles; and shriek or knit as the case needs; famed Tricoteuses, ness through your thin film of Gironde Regulation and Respect-Patriot Knitters;—Mere Duchesse, or the like Deborah and ability; trample it not, lest the film break, and then—!

Mother of the Faubourgs, giving the keynote. It is a changed The truth is, if our Gironde Friends had an understanding of Jacobin Society; and a still changing. Where Mother Duchess it, where were French Patriotism, with all its eloquence, at this now sits, authentic Duchesses have sat. High-rouged dames moment, had not that same great Nether Deep, of Bedlam, went once in jewels and spangles; now, instead of jewels, you Fanaticism and Popular wrath and madness, risen unfathom-may take the knitting-

needles and leave the rouge: the rouge able on the Tenth of August? French Patriotism were an elo-will gradually give place to natural brown, clean washed or quent Reminiscence; swinging on Prussian gibbets. Nay, where, even unwashed; and Demoiselle Theroigne herself get scandal-in few months, were it still, should the same great Nether Deep ously fustigated. Strange enough: it is the same tribune raised subside?—Nay, as readers of Newspapers pretend to recollect, in mid-air, where a high Mirabeau, a high Barnave and Aristo-this hatefulness of the September Massacre is itself partly an crat Lameths once thundered: whom gradually your Brissots, after-thought: readers of Newspapers can quote Gorsas and Guadets, Vergniauds, a hotter style of Patriots in bonnet rouge, various Brissotins approving of the September Massacre, at did displace; red heat, as one may say, superseding light. And the time it happened; and calling it a salutary vengeance! (See now your Brissots in turn, and Brissotins, Rolandins, Girondins, Hist. Parl. xvii. 401; Newspapers by Gorsas and others (cited are becoming supernumerary; must desert the sittings, or be ibid. 428.) So that the real grief, after all, were not so much expelled: the light of the Mighty Mother is burning not red righteous horror, as grief that one's own power was depart-but blue!—Provincial Daughter-Societies loudly disapprove ing? Unhappy Girondins!

these things; loudly demand the swift reinstatement of such In the Jacobin Society, therefore, the decided Patriot com-eloquent Girondins, the swift 'erasure of Marat, radiation de plains that here are men who with their private ambitions and Marat.' The Mother Society, so far as natural reason can pre-animosities, will ruin Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood, all dict, seems ruining herself. Nevertheless she has, at all crises, three: they check the spirit of Patriotism, throw stumbling-seemed so; she has a preternatural life in her, and will not ruin.

blocks in its way; and instead of pushing on, all shoulders at But, in a fortnight more, this great Question of the Trial, the wheel, will stand idle there, spitefully clamouring what while the fit Committee is assiduously but silently working on foul ruts there are, what rude jolts we give! To which the Jacobin it, receives an unexpected stimulus. Our readers remember poor

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Louis's turn for smithwork: how, in old happier days, a certain with gauze,' till we ascertain. Alas, it is too ascertainable! His Sieur Gamain of Versailles was wont to come over, and instruct Bust in the Hall of the Jacobins, denounced by Robespierre him in lockmaking;—often scolding him, they say for his from the tribune in mid-air, is not veiled, it is instantly broken numbness. By whom, nevertheless, the royal Apprentice had to sherds; a Patriot mounting swiftly with a ladder, and shiv-learned something of that craft. Hapless Apprentice; perfidi-ering it down on the floor;—it and others: amid shouts. (Jour-ous Master-Smith! For now, on this 20th of November 1792, nal des Debats des Jacobins (in Hist. Parl. xxii. 296.) Such is dingy Smith Gamain comes over to the Paris Municipality, over their recompense and amount of wages, at this date: on the to Minister Roland, with hints that he, Smith Gamain, knows a principle of supply and demand! Smith Gamain, inadequately thing; that, in May last, when traitorous Correspondence was recompensed for the present, comes, some fifteen months af-so brisk, he and the royal Apprentice fabricated an 'Iron Press, ter, with a humble Petition; setting forth that no sooner was Armoire de Fer,' cunningly inserting the same in a wall of the that important Iron Press finished off by him, than (as he now royal chamber in the Tuileries; invisible under the wainscot; bethinks himself) Louis gave him a large glass of wine. Which where doubtless it still sticks! Perfidious Gamain, attended by large glass of wine did produce in the stomach of Sieur Gamain the proper Authorities, finds the wainscot panel which none the terriblest effects, evidently tending towards death, and else can find; wrenches it up; discloses the Iron Press,—full of was then brought up by an emetic; but has, notwithstanding, Letters and Papers! Roland clutches them out; conveys them entirely ruined the constitution of Sieur Gamain; so that he over in towels to the fit assiduous Committee, which sits hard cannot work for his family (as he now bethinks himself). The by. In towels, we say, and without notarial inventory; an over-recompense of which is 'Pension of Twelve Hundred Francs,'

sight on the part of Roland.

and 'honourable mention.' So different is the ratio of demand Here, however, are Letters enough: which disclose to a demand supply at different times.

onstration the Correspondence of a traitorous self-preserving Thus, amid obstructions and stimulating furtherances, has Court; and this not with Traitors only, but even with Patriots, the Question of the Trial to grow; emerging and submerging; so-called! Barnave's treason, of Correspondence with the Queen, fostered by solicitous Patriotism. Of the Orations that were and friendly advice to her, ever since that Varennes Business, is spoken on it, of the painfully devised Forms of Process for hereby manifest: how happy that we have him, this Barnave, managing it, the Law Arguments to prove it lawful, and all the lying safe in the Prison of Grenoble, since September last, for infinite floods of Juridical and other ingenuity and oratory, he had long been suspect! Talleyrand's treason, many a man's be no syllable reported in this History. Lawyer ingenuity is treason, if not manifest hereby, is next to it. Mirabeau's trea-good: but what can it profit here? If the truth must be spo-son: wherefore his Bust in the Hall of the Convention 'is veiled ken, O august Senators, the only Law in this case is: Vae victis, 412

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the loser pays! Seldom did Robespierre say a wiser word than On Tuesday, eleventh of December, the King's Trial has the hint he gave to that effect, in his oration, that it was emerged, very decidedly: into the streets of Paris; in the shape needless to speak of Law, that here, if never elsewhere, our of that green Carriage of Mayor Chambon, within which sits Right was Might. An oration admired almost to ecstasy by the the King himself, with attendants, on his way to the Conven-Jacobin Patriot: who shall say that Robespierre is not a thor-tion Hall! Attended, in that green Carriage, by Mayors oughgoing man; bold in Logic at least? To the like effect, or Chambon, Procureurs Chaumette; and outside of it by Com-still more plainly, spake young Saint-Just, the black-haired, mandants Santerre, with cannon, cavalry and double row of mild-toned youth. Danton is on mission, in the Netherlands, infantry; all Sections under arms, strong Patrols scouring all

during this preliminary work. The rest, far as one reads, welter streets; so fares he, slowly through the dull drizzling weather: amid Law of Nations, Social Contract, Juristics, Syllogistics; to and about two o'clock we behold him, 'in walnut-coloured us barren as the East wind. In fact, what can be more unprofit-great-coat, redingote noisette,' descending through the Place able than the sight of Seven Hundred and Forty-nine inge-Vendome, towards that Salle de Manege; to be indicted, and nious men, struggling with their whole force and industry, for judicially interrogated. The mysterious Temple Circuit has given a long course of weeks, to do at bottom this: To stretch out up its secret; which now, in this walnut-coloured coat, men the old Formula and Law Phraseology, so that it may cover the behold with eyes. The same bodily Louis who was once Louis new, contradictory, entirely uncoverable Thing? Whereby the the Desired, fares there: hapless King, he is getting now to-poor Formula does but crack, and one's honesty along with it!

wards port; his deplorable farings and voyagings draw to a The thing that is palpably hot, burning, wilt thou prove it, by close. What duty remains to him henceforth, that of placidly syllogism, to be a freezing-mixture? This of stretching out enduring, he is fit to do.

Formulas till they crack is, especially in times of swift change, The singular Procession fares on; in silence, says Prudhomme, one of the sorrowfullest tasks poor Humanity has.

or amid growlings of the Marseillese Hymn; in silence, ushers itself into the Hall of the Convention, Santerre holding Louis's ***Chapter 3.2.VI.***

arm with his hand. Louis looks round him, with composed air, to see what kind of Convention and Parliament it is. Much ***At the Bar.***

changed indeed:—since February gone two years, when our Constituent, then busy, spread fleur-de-lys velvet for us; and Meanwhile, in a space of some five weeks, we have got to an-we came over to say a kind word here, and they all started up other emerging of the Trial, and a more practical

one than swearing Fidelity; and all France started up swearing, and made ever.

it a Feast of Pikes; which has ended in this! Barrere, who once 413

'wept' looking up from his Editor's-Desk, looks down now from breaks his half-loaf: the King eats of the crust; mounts the his President's-Chair, with a list of Fifty-seven Questions; and green Carriage, eating; asks now what he shall do with the says, dry-eyed: "Louis, you may sit down." Louis sits down: it crumb? Chaumette's clerk takes it from him; flings it out into is the very seat, they say, same timber and stuffing, from which the street. Louis says, It is pity to fling out bread, in a time of he accepted the Constitution, amid dancing and illumination, dearth. "My grandmother," remarks Chaumette, "used to say autumn gone a year. So much woodwork remains identical; so to me, Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread, you cannot much else is not identical. Louis sits and listens, with a com-make one." "Monsieur Chaumette," answers Louis, "your grand-posed look and mind.

mother seems to have been a sensible woman." (Prudhomme's Of the Fifty-seven Questions we shall not give so much as one.

Newspaper (in Hist. Parl. xxi. 314.) Poor innocent mortal: so They are questions captiously embracing all the main Documents quietly he waits the drawing of the lot;—fit to do this at least seized on the Tenth of August, or found lately in the Iron Press; well; Passivity alone, without Activity, sufficing for it! He talks embracing all the main incidents of the Revolution History; and once of travelling over France by and by, to have a geographi-they ask, in substance, this: Louis, who wert King, art thou not cal and topographical view of it; being from of old fond of guilty to a certain extent, by act and written document, of geography.—The Temple Circuit again receives him, closes on trying to continue King? Neither in the Answers is there much him; gazing Paris may retire to its hearths and coffeehouses, notable. Mere quiet negations, for most part; an accused man to its clubs and theatres: the damp Darkness has sunk, and standing on the simple

basis of No: I do not recognise that with it the drumming and patrolling of this strange Day.

document; I did not do that act; or did it according to the law Louis is now separated from his Queen and Family; given up that then was. Whereupon the Fifty-seven Questions, and Docu-to his simple reflections and resources. Dull lie these stone ments to the number of a Hundred and Sixty-two, being ex-walls round him; of his loved ones none with him. In this state hausted in this manner, Barrere finishes, after some three hours, of 'uncertainty,' providing for the worst, he writes his Will: a with his: "Louis, I invite you to withdraw."

Paper which can still be read; full of placidity, simplicity, pious Louis withdraws, under Municipal escort, into a neighbouring sweetness. The Convention, after debate, has granted him Le-Committee-room; having first, in leaving the bar, demanded gal Counsel, of his own choosing. Advocate Target feels him-to have Legal Counsel. He declines refreshment, in this Com-self 'too old,' being turned of fifty-four; and declines. He had mittee-room, then, seeing Chaumette busy with a small loaf gained great honour once, defending Rohan the Necklace-Car-which a grenadier had divided with him, says, he will take a dinal; but will gain none here. Advocate Tronchet, some ten bit of bread. It is five o'clock; and he had breakfasted but years older, does not decline. Nay behold, good old Malesherbes slightly in a morning of such drumming and alarm. Chaumette steps forward voluntarily; to the last of his fields, the good 414

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old hero! He is grey with seventy years: he says, 'I was twice too common now; some Louvet or Buzot attacking some Tallien, called to the Council of him who was my Master, when all the Chabot; and so the whole Mountain effervescing against the world coveted that honour; and I owe him the same service whole Gironde. Scarcely is this done, at nine, when Louis and now, when it has become one which many reckon dangerous.'

his three Advocates, escorted by the clang of arms and These two, with a younger Deseze, whom they will select for Santerre's National force, enter the Hall.

pleading, are busy over that Fifty-and-sevenfold Indictment, Deseze unfolds his papers; honourably fulfilling his peril-over the Hundred and Sixty-two Documents; Louis aiding them ous office, pleads for the space of three hours. An honourable as he can.

Pleading, 'composed almost overnight;' courageous yet disA great Thing is now therefore in open progress; all men, in all creet; not without ingenuity, and soft pathetic eloquence: lands, watching it. By what Forms and Methods shall the Con-Louis fell on his neck, when they had withdrawn, and said vention acquit itself, in such manner that there rest not on it with tears, Mon pauvre Deseze. Louis himself, before with-even the suspicion of blame? Difficult that will be! The Conven-drawing, had added a few words, "perhaps the last he would tion, really much at a loss, discusses and deliberates. All day utter to them:" how it pained his heart, above all things, to from morning to night, day after day, the Tribune drones with be held guilty of that bloodshed on the Tenth of August; or oratory on this matter; one must stretch the old Formula to of ever shedding or wishing to shed French blood. So saying, cover the new Thing. The Patriots of the Mountain, whetted he withdrew from that Hall;—having indeed finished his work ever keener, clamour for despatch above all; the only good Form there. Many are the strange errands he has had thither; but will be a swift one. Nevertheless the Convention deliberates; this strange one is the last.

the Tribune drones,—drowned indeed in tenor, and even in treble, And now, why will the Convention loiter? Here is the Indict-from time to time; the whole Hall shrilling up round it into ment and Evidence; here is the Pleading: does not the rest pretty frequent wrath and provocation. It has droned and shrilled follow of itself? The Mountain, and Patriotism in general, wellnigh a fortnight, before we can decide, this shrillness get-clamours still louder for despatch; for Permanent-session, till ting ever shriller, That on Wednesday 26th of December, Louis the task be done. Nevertheless a doubting, apprehensive Con-shall appear, and plead. His

Advocates complain that it is fa-vention decides that it will still deliberate first; that all Mem-tally soon; which they well might as Advocates: but without bers, who desire it, shall have leave to speak.—To your desks, remedy; to Patriotism it seems endlessly late.

therefore, ye eloquent Members! Down with your thoughts, On Wednesday, therefore, at the cold dark hour of eight in your echoes and hearsays of thoughts: now is the time to shew the morning, all Senators are at their post. Indeed they warm oneself; France and the Universe listens! Members are not want-the cold hour, as we find, by a violent effervescence, such as is ing: Oration spoken Pamphlet follows spoken Pamphlet, with 415

what eloquence it can: President's List swells ever higher with conviction and assurance of faith they have. They must wriggle names claiming to speak; from day to day, all days and all painfully between their dilemma-horns. (See Extracts from their hours, the constant Tribune drones;—shrill Galleries supply-Newspapers, in Hist. Parl. xxi. 1-38, &c.) ing, very variably, the tenor and treble. It were a dull tune Nor is France idle, nor Europe. It is a Heart this Convention, otherwise.

as we said, which sends out influences, and receives them. A The Patriots, in Mountain and Galleries, or taking counsel King's Execution, call it Martyrdom, call it Punishment, were nightly in Section-house, in Mother Society, amid their shrill an influence! Two notable influences this Convention has al-Tricoteuses, have to watch lynx-eyed; to give voice when need-ready sent forth, over all Nations; much to its own detriment.

ful; occasionally very loud. Deputy Thuriot, he who was Advo-On the 19th of November, it emitted a Decree, and has since cate Thuriot, who was Elector Thuriot, and from the top of the confirmed and unfolded the details of it. That any Nation which Bastille, saw Saint-Antoine rising like the ocean; this Thuriot might see good to shake off the fetters of Despotism was can stretch a Formula as heartily as most men. Cruel Billaud is thereby, so to speak, the Sister of France, and should have not silent, if you incite him.

Nor is cruel Jean-Bon silent; a help and countenance. A Decree much noised of by Diplomatists, kind of Jesuit he too;—write him not, as the Dictionaries too Editors, International Lawyers; such a Decree as no living Fet-often do, Jambon, which signifies mere Ham.

ter of Despotism, nor Person in Authority anywhere, can ap-But, on the whole, let no man conceive it possible that Louis prove of! It was Deputy Chambon the Girondin who propounded is not guilty. The only question for a reasonable man is, or this Decree;—at bottom perhaps as a flourish of rhetoric.

was: Can the Convention judge Louis? Or must it be the whole The second influence we speak of had a still poorer origin: in People: in Primary Assembly, and with delay? Always delay, ye the restless loud-rattling slightly-furnished head of one Jacob Girondins, false hommes d'etat! so bellows Patriotism, its pa-Dupont from the Loire country. The Convention is speculating tience almost failing.—But indeed, if we consider it, what shall on a plan of National Education: Deputy Dupont in his speech these poor Girondins do? Speak their convictions that Louis is says, "I am free to avow, M. le President, that I for my part am a Prisoner of War; and cannot be put to death without injus-an Atheist," (Moniteur, Seance du 14 Decembre 1792.)—think-tice, solecism, peril? Speak such conviction; and lose utterly ing the world might like to know that. The French world re-your footing with the decided Patriot? Nay properly it is not ceived it without commentary; or with no audible commen-even a conviction, but a conjecture and dim puzzle. How many tary, so loud was France otherwise. The Foreign world received poor Girondins are sure of but one thing: That a man and it with confutation, with horror and astonishment; (Mrs.

Girondin ought to have footing somewhere, and to stand firmly Hannah More, Letter to Jacob Dupont (London, 1793); &c.

on it; keeping well with the Respectable Classes! This is what

&c.) a most miserable influence this! And now if to these two 416

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were added a third influence, and sent pulsing abroad over all Mayor Chambon heard of dreadful rioting at the Theatre de la the Earth: that of Regicide?

Nation: it had come to rioting, and even to fist-work, between Foreign Courts interfere in this Trial of Louis; Spain, England: the Decided and the Undecided, touching a new Drama called not to be listened to; though they come, as it were, at least Ami des Lois (Friend of the Laws). One of the poorest Dramas Spain comes, with the olive-branch in one hand, and the sword ever written; but which had didactic applications in it; where-without scabbard in the other. But at home too, from out of fore powdered wigs of Friends of Order and black hair of Jacobin this circumambient Paris and France, what influences come heads are flying there; and Mayor Chambon hastens with thick-pulsing! Petitions flow in; pleading for equal justice, in Santerre, in hopes to quell it. Far from quelling it, our poor a reign of so-called Equality. The living Patriot pleads;—O ye Mayor gets so 'squeezed,' says the Report, and likewise so National Deputies, do not the dead Patriots plead? The Twelve blamed and bullied, say we,—that he, with regret, quits the Hundred that lie in cold obstruction, do not they plead; and brief Mayoralty altogether, 'his lungs being affected.' This mis-petition, in Death's dumb-show, from their narrow house there, erable Amis des Lois is debated of in the Convention itself; so more eloquently than speech? Crippled Patriots hop on crutches violent, mutually-enraged, are the Limited Patriots and the round the Salle de Manege, demanding justice. The Wounded Unlimited. (Hist. Parl. xxiii. 31, 48, &c.) of the Tenth of August, the Widows and Orphans of the Killed Between which two classes, are not Aristocrats enough, and petition in a body; and hop and defile, eloquently mute, Crypto-Aristocrats, busy? Spies running over from London with through the Hall: one wounded Patriot, unable to hop, is borne important Packets; spies pretending to run! One of these lat-on his bed thither, and passes shoulder-high, in the horizonter, Viard was the name of him, pretended to accuse Roland, tal posture. (Hist. Parl. xxii. 131; Moore, &c.) The Convention and even the Wife of Roland; to the joy of Chabot and the Tribune, which has paused at such sight, commences again,—

Mountain. But the Wife of Roland came, being summoned, on droning mere Juristic Oratory. But out of doors Paris is piping the instant, to the Convention Hall; came, in her high clear-ever higher. Bull-voiced St. Huruge is heard; and the hysteric ness; and, with few clear words, dissipated this Viard into eloquence of Mother Duchesse: 'Varlet, Apostle of Liberty,' with despicability and air; all Friends of Order applauding. (Moniteur, pike and red cap, flies hastily, carrying his oratorical folding-Seance du 7 Decembre 1792.) So, with Theatre-riots, and 'Bread, stool. Justice on the Traitor! cries all the Patriot world. Con-or else kill us;' with Rage, Hunger, preternatural Suspicion, does sider also this other cry, heard loud on the streets: "Give us this wild Paris pipe. Roland grows ever more querulous, in his Bread, or else kill us!" Bread and Equality; Justice on the Trai-Messages and Letters; rising almost to the hysterical pitch.

tor, that we may have Bread!

Marat, whom no power on Earth can prevent seeing into trai-The Limited or undecided Patriot is set against the Decided.

tors and Rolands, takes to bed for three days; almost dead, 417

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the invaluable People's-Friend, with heartbreak, with fever and ***Chapter 3.2.VII.***

headache: 'O, Peuple babillard, si tu savais agir, People of Babblers, if thou couldst but act!'

The Three Votings.

To crown all, victorious Dumouriez, in these Newyear's days, is arrived in Paris;—one fears, for no good. He pretends to be Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against Liberty? Shall our complaining of Minister Pache, and Hassenfratz dilapidations; Sentence be itself final, or need ratifying by Appeal to the to be concerting measures for the spring campaign: one finds People? If guilty, what Punishment? This is the form agreed him much in

the company of the Girondins. Plotting with them to, after uproar and 'several hours of tumultuous indecision:'

against Jacobinism, against Equality, and the Punishment of these are the Three successive Questions, whereon the Con-Louis! We have Letters of his to the Convention itself. Will he vention shall now pronounce. Paris floods round their Hall; act the old Lafayette part, this new victorious General? Let multitudinous, many sounding. Europe and all Nations listen him withdraw again; not undenounced. (Dumouriez, Memoires, for their answer. Deputy after Deputy shall answer to his name: iii. c. 4.)

Guilty or Not guilty?

And still, in the Convention Tribune, it drones continually, As to the Guilt, there is, as above hinted, no doubt in the mere Juristic Eloquence, and Hypothesis without Action; and mind of Patriot man. Overwhelming majority pronounces Guilt; there are still fifties on the President's List. Nay these Gironde the unanimous Convention votes for Guilt, only some feeble Presidents give their own party preference: we suspect they twenty-eight voting not Innocence, but refusing to vote at play foul with the List; men of the Mountain cannot be heard.

all. Neither does the Second Question prove doubtful, what-And still it drones, all through December into January and a ever the Girondins might calculate. Would not Appeal to the New year; and there is no end! Paris pipes round it; multitudi-People be another name for civil war? Majority of two to one nous; ever higher, to the note of the whirlwind. Paris will 'bring answers that there shall be no Appeal: this also is settled.

cannon from Saint-Denis;' there is talk of 'shutting the Barri-Loud Patriotism, now at ten o'clock, may hush itself for the ers,'—to Roland's horror.

night; and retire to its bed not without hope. Tuesday has Whereupon, behold, the Convention Tribune suddenly ceases gone well. On the morrow comes, What Punishment? On the droning: we cut short, be on the List who likes; and make end.

morrow is the tug of war.

On Tuesday next, the Fifteenth of January 1793, it shall go to Consider therefore if, on this Wednesday morning, there is the Vote, name by name; and, one way or other, this great an affluence of Patriotism; if Paris stands a-tiptoe, and all Depu-game play itself out!

ties are at their post! Seven Hundred and Forty-nine honourable Deputies; only some twenty absent on mission, Duchatel and 418

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some seven others absent by sickness. Meanwhile expectant Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A Patriotism and Paris standing a-tiptoe, have need of patience.

King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trem-For this Wednesday again passes in debate and effervescence; bling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes Girondins proposing that a 'majority of three-fourths' shall be itself till he have spoken: Death; Banishment: Imprisonment required; Patriots fiercely resisting them. Danton, who has just till the Peace. Many say, Death; with what cautious well-stud-got back from mission in the Netherlands, does obtain 'order ied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of the day' on this Girondin proposal; nay he obtains further of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too that we decide sans desemparer, in Permanent-session, till we say, Banishment; something short of Death. The balance have done.

trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious And so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupen-Patriotism bellows; irrepressible by Ushers.

dous Voting, by rollcall or appel nominal, does begin. What The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellow-Punishment? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid ing of Patriotism, say Death;

justifying, motivant, that most of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy, must answer here and now.

miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry.

Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamplight, floods all corri-Vergniaud himself says, Death; justifying by jesuitry. Rich dors, crowds all galleries, sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sound-Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then ing Ushers summon you by Name and Department; you must of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent; and had argued rise to the Tribune and say.

and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, against Capital Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Vot-Punishment: nevertheless he now says, Death; a word which ing, and of the votings that grew out of it; a scene protracted, may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednes-August last; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since day till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the September, and the scenes of September. In this Convention, Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's pale-above all, no word he could speak would find favour; he says ness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows now, Banishment; and in mute wrath quits the place for ever,—

sink, and the dim lamps are lit: but through day and night and much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Egalite votes in his the vicissitude of hours, Member after Member is mounting soul and conscience, Death, at the sound of which, and of whom, continually those Tribune-steps; pausing aloft there, in the even Patriotism shakes its head; and there runs a groan and clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word; then diving down shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of be doubtful; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Sieyes ascend; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, 419

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"La Mort sans phrase, Death without phrases;" and fares on-vote it is thought may turn the scale.

ward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial!

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful or voice full of sorrow, has to say: "I declare, in the name of the even grave character, he is far mistaken. 'The Ushers in the Convention, that the Punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet Mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as Box-openers is that of Death." Death by a small majority of Fifty-three.

at the Opera;' opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a persons, for 'd'Orleans Egalite's mistresses,' or other high-certain Twenty-six, who said Death but coupled some faintest dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor.

ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them One.

with ices, refreshments and small-talk; the high-dizened heads Death is the sentence: but its execution? It is not executed beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down yet! Scarcely is the vote declared when Louis's Three Advo-the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of Rouge-et-Noir. Further cates enter; with Protest in his name, with demand for Delay, aloft reigns Mere Duchesse with her unrouged Amazons; she for Appeal to the People. For this do Deseze and Tronchet plead, cannot be prevented making long Hahas, when the vote is not with brief eloquence: brave old Malesherbes pleads for it with La Mort. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine eloquent want of eloquence, in broken sentences, in embar- and brandy 'as in open tavern, en pleine tabagie.' Betting goes rassment and sobs; that brave time-honoured face, with its on in all coffeehouses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, grey strength, its broad sagacity and

honesty, is mastered with fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all vis-emotion, melts into dumb tears. (Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. xxiii.

ages; lighted up only from time to time, by turns of the game.

210). See Boissy d'Anglas, Vie de Malesherbes, ii. 139.)—They Members have fallen asleep; Ushers come and awaken them to reject the Appeal to the People; that having been already vote: other Members calculate whether they shall not have settled. But as to the Delay, what they call Sursis, it shall be time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the considered; shall be voted for tomorrow: at present we ad-dusky lamplight; utter from this Tribune, only one word: journ. Whereupon Patriotism 'hisses' from the Mountain: but a Death. 'Tout est optique,' says Mercier, 'the world is all an op-

'tyrannical majority' has so decided, and adjourns.

tical shadow.' (Mercier, Nouveau Paris, vi. 156-59; Montgaillard, There is still this fourth Vote then, growls indignant Patrio-iii. 348-87; Moore, &c.) Deep in the Thursday night, when the tism:—this vote, and who knows what other votes, and ad-Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchatel, journments of voting; and the whole matter still hovering hy- more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapt in pothetical! And at every new vote those Jesuit Girondins, even blankets, 'in nightgown and nightcap,' to vote for Mercy: one they who voted for Death, would so fain find a loophole! Pa-420

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triotism must watch and rage. Tyrannical adjournments there distracted over the world: or their bones lie whitening Argonne have been; one, and now another at midnight on plea of fa-Wood. Only some weak Priests 'leave Pamphlets on all the tigue,—all Friday wasted in hesitation and higgling; in re-bournestones,' this night, calling for a rescue; calling for the counting of the votes, which are found correct as they stood!

pious women to rise; or are taken distributing Pamphlets, and Patriotism bays fiercer than ever; Patriotism, by long-watch-sent to prison. (See Prudhomme's Newspaper, Revolutions de ing, has become red-eyed, almost rabid.

Paris (in Hist. Parl. xxiii. 318).)

"Delay: yes or no?" men do vote it finally, all Saturday, all Nay there is one death-doer, of the ancient Meot sort, who, day and night. Men's nerves are worn out, men's hearts are with effort, has done even less and worse: slain a Deputy, and desperate; now it shall end. Vergniaud, spite of the baying, set all the Patriotism of Paris on edge! It was five on Saturday ventures to say Yes, Delay; though he had voted Death. Philippe evening when Lepelletier St. Fargeau, having given his vote, Egalite says, in his soul and conscience, No. The next Member No Delay, ran over to Fevrier's in the Palais Royal to snatch a mounting: "Since Philippe says No, I for my part say Yes, Moi morsel of dinner. He had dined, and was paying. A thickset je dis Oui." The balance still trembles. Till finally, at three o'clock man 'with black hair and blue beard,' in a loose kind of frock, on Sunday morning, we have: No Delay, by a majority of Sev-stept up to him; it was, as Fevrier and the bystanders bethought enty; Death within four-and-twenty hours!

them, one Paris of the old King's-Guard. "Are you Lepelletier?"

Garat Minister of Justice has to go to the Temple, with this asks he. —"Yes."—"You voted in the King's Business?"—"I stern message: he ejaculates repeatedly, "Quelle commission voted Death."—"Scelerat, take that!" cries Paris, flashing out affreuse, What a frightful function!" (Biographie des Ministres, a sabre from under his frock, and plunging it deep in p. 157.) Louis begs for a Confessor; for yet three days of life, Lepelletier's side. Fevrier clutches him; but he breaks off; is to prepare himself to die. The Confessor is granted; the three gone.

days and all respite are refused.

The voter Lepelletier lies dead; he has expired in great pain, There is no deliverance, then? Thick stone walls answer, at one in the morning;—two

hours before that Vote of no None—Has King Louis no friends? Men of action, of courage Delay was fully summed up! Guardsman Paris is flying over grown desperate, in this his extreme need? King Louis's friends France; cannot be taken; will be found some months after, are feeble and far. Not even a voice in the coffeehouses rises self-shot in a remote inn. (Hist. Parl. xxiii. 275, 318; Felix for him. At Meot the Restaurateur's no Captain Dampmartin Lepelletier, Vie de Michel Lepelletier son Frere, p. 61. &c. Felix, now dines; or sees death-doing whiskerandoes on furlough with due love of the miraculous, will have it that the Suicide in exhibit daggers of improved structure! Meot's gallant Royal-the inn was not Paris, but some double-ganger of his.)—

ists on furlough are far across the Marches; they are wandering Robespierre sees reason to think that Prince d'Artois himself 421

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is privately in Town; that the Convention will be butchered in bottom it is not the King dying, but the Man! Kingship is a the lump. Patriotism sounds mere wail and vengeance: Santerre coat; the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you doubles and trebles all his patrols. Pity is lost in rage and fear; take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do more?

the Convention has refused the three days of life and all re-Lally went on his hurdle, his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest spite.

mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, ***Chapter 3.2.VIII.***

unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the ***Place de la Revolution.***

unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold conTo this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless, Louis! The trasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of law.

A Confessor has come; Abbe Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go needful, it is also frightful this Machine; dead, blind; not what thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And be-be left here! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Clery, hold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; is to expire here in cruel tortures;— like a Phalaris shut in the and see the cruellest of scenes:

belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou

'At half-past eight, the door of the anteroom opened: the shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Ma-injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily 'return always home,'

dame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; many generations: he too experiences that man's tribunal is interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was with him.

waiting unknown to them: "No," said the King, "let us go into A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the the dining-room, it is there only that I can see you." They imagination; as the like must do, and ought

to do. And yet at entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The 422

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King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth conference with Abbe Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince it were too hard to bear.

remained standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse lasted an hour and three-quarters; during which we could hear to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hun- nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, dred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the minutes; and that then the King began again to speak.' (Clery's hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At Narrative (London, 1798), cited in Weber, iii. 312.)—And so the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come.

our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we

'Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all

"Partons, let us go."'—How the rolling of those drums comes our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has through all ages of Time, see thee any more!— never! O Reader, not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Chil- knowest thou that hard word?

dren. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear them-miserably save one; she, as

Duchesse d'Angouleme, will live,—

selves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow."

not happily.

He promises:—Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, of pitiful women: "Grace! Grace!" Through the rest of the streets but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to in passing through the anteroom glanced at the Cerberus be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, Municipals; and with woman's vehemence, said through her each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, tears, "Vous etes tous des scelerats."

none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Clery, carriage rolls this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty as he had been ordered, awoke him. Clery dressed his hair.

thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; While this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound.

six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: 423

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clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great that France —" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, silence; but the thought

would fain struggle heavenward, and prances out with uplifted hand: "Tambours!" The drums drown forget the Earth.

the voice. "Executioners do your duty!" The Executioners, des-As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Revolution, perate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators bind him to their plank. Abbe Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks crowding in the rear; d'Orleans Egalite there in cabriolet. Swift him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks messengers, hoquetons, speed to the Townhall, every three down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of minutes: near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dy-and twenty-eight days. (Newspapers, Municipal Records, &c.

ing; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage

&c. (in Hist. Parl. xxiii. 298-349) Deux Amis (ix. 369-373), opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give Mercier (Nouveau Paris, iii. 3-8).)

ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tem-Executioner Samson shews the Head: fierce shout of Vive la pers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: Republique rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be re-waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on signed. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the the far Quais; fling it over Paris. Orleans drives off in his cabriolet; Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It The drums are beating: "Taisez-vous, Silence!" he cries 'in a is done." There is

dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in terrible voice, d'une voix terrible.' He mounts the scaffold, not the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of grey, white stock-it, (His Letter in the Newspapers (Hist. Parl. ubi supra).) sells ings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waist-locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn coat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: in rings. (Forster's Briefwechsel, i. 473.)—And so, in some half-he spurns, resists; Abbe Edgeworth has to remind him how the hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastrycooks, Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-to the edge of the Scaffold, 'his face very red,' and says: "French-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands men, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a 424

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grave thing it was.

him swiftly to another world than theirs. (Hist. Parl. ubi su-A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences.

pra.) This is Te-Deum Fauchet, of the Bastille Victory, of the On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in Cercle Social. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day: but it was soft to such all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing: wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting remote obscurity to the country and his books. They will never Darkness!

be audited those accounts; he will never get retired thither.

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revo-Lepelletier St. Fargeau's Funeral, and passage to the Pantheon lutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding sheet disclosing haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. En-the death-wound: sabre and bloody clothes parade themselves; gland signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather a 'lugubrious music' wailing harsh naeniae. Oak-crowns shower Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every Talleyrand, depart accordingly. (Annual Register of 1793, pp.

colour, all mourning brotherlike.

114-128.) Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Notable also for another thing, this Burial of Lepelletier: it Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

was the last act these men ever did with concert! All Parties England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war,—

and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked princi-to dagger; the King's Life, round which they all struck and pally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto in-battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, dicates. (23d March (Annual Register, p. 161).) Nay we find it growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but Dumouriez will have a King; that young d'Orleans Egalite

shall that France herself declared war first on both of them; (1st be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the Journal des Amis, curses February; 7th March (Moniteur of these dates).)—a point of his day, more bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, Regicides, of 'Arras Vipers' or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away.

It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: beneath the region of order, it must work and welter, not as a

"The coalised Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage Regularity but as a Chaos; destructive and self-destructive; of battle, the Head of a King."

always till something that has order arise, strong enough to bind it into subjection again? Which something, we may fur-BOOK 3.III.

ther conjecture, will not be a Formula, with philosophical propositions and forensic eloquence; but a Reality, probably with a ***THE GIRONDINS***

sword in its hand!

As for the Girondin Formula, of a respectable Republic for ***Chapter 3.3.I.***

the Middle Classes, all manner of Aristocracies being now sufficiently demolished, there seems little reason to expect that ***Cause and Effect.***

the business will stop there. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, these are the words; enunciative and prophetic. Republic for the re-This huge Insurrectionary Movement, which we liken to a break-spectable washed Middle Classes, how can that be the fulfilment ing out of Tophet and the

Abyss, has swept away Royalty, thereof? Hunger and nakedness, and nightmare oppression Aristocracy, and a King's life. The question is, What will it next lying heavy on Twenty-five million hearts; this, not the do; how will it henceforth shape itself? Settle down into a wounded vanities or contradicted philosophies of philosophi-reign of Law and Liberty; according as the habits, persuasions cal Advocates, rich Shopkeepers, rural Noblesse, was the prime and endeavours of the educated, monied, respectable class mover in the French Revolution; as the like will be in all such prescribe? That is to say: the volcanic lava-flood, bursting up Revolutions, in all countries. Feudal Fleur-de-lys had become in the manner described, will explode and flow according to an insupportably bad marching banner, and needed to be torn Girondin Formula and pre-established rule of Philosophy? If and trampled: but Moneybag of Mammon (for that, in these so, for our Girondin friends it will be well.

times, is what the respectable Republic for the Middle Classes Meanwhile were not the prophecy rather that as no external will signify) is a still worse, while it lasts. Properly, indeed, it force, Royal or other, now remains which could control this is the worst and basest of all banners, and symbols of domin-Movement, the Movement will follow a course of its own; prob-ion among men; and indeed is possible only in a time of gen-ably a very original one? Further, that whatsoever man or men eral Atheism, and Unbelief in any thing save in brute Force can best interpret the inward tendencies it has, and give them and Sensualism; pride of birth, pride of office, any known kind voice and activity, will obtain the lead of it? For the rest, that of pride being a degree better than purse-pride. Freedom, Equal-as a thing without order, a thing proceeding from beyond and ity, Brotherhood: not in the Moneybag, but far elsewhere, will 426

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Sansculottism seek these things.

the other, then it, in its turn, may divide, self-destructive; and We say therefore that an Insurrectionary France, loose of so the process continue, as far as needful. This is the way of control from without, destitute of

supreme order from within, Revolutions, which spring up as the French one has done; when will form one of the most tumultuous Activities ever seen on the so-called Bonds of Society snap asunder; and all Laws that this Earth; such as no Girondin Formula can regulate. An im-are not Laws of Nature become naught and Formulas merely.

measurable force, made up of forces manifold, heterogeneous, But quitting these somewhat abstract considerations, let compatible and incompatible. In plainer words, this France must History note this concrete reality which the streets of Paris needs split into Parties; each of which seeking to make itself exhibit, on Monday the 25th of February 1793. Long before good, contradiction, exasperation will arise; and Parties on daylight that morning, these streets are noisy and angry. Pe-Parties find that they cannot work together, cannot exist to-titioning enough there has been; a Convention often solic-gether.

ited. It was but yesterday there came a Deputation of As for the number of Parties, there will, strictly counting, be Washerwomen with Petition; complaining that not so much as as many Parties as there are Opinions. According to which rule, soap could be had; to say nothing of bread, and condiments of in this National Convention itself, to say nothing of France bread. The cry of women, round the Salle de Manege, was heard generally, the number of Parties ought to be Seven Hundred plaintive: "Du pain et du savon, Bread and Soap." (Moniteur and Forty-Nine; for every unit entertains his opinion. But now

&c. (Hist. Parl. xxiv. 332-348.)

as every unit has at once an individual nature, or necessity to And now from six o'clock, this Monday morning, one per-follow his own road, and a gregarious nature or necessity to ceives the Baker's Queues unusually expanded, angrily agitat-see himself travelling by the side of others,—what can there ing themselves. Not the Baker alone, but two Section Commis-be but dissolutions, precipitations, endless turbulence of at-sioners to help him, manage with difficulty the daily distribu-tracting and repelling; till

once the master-element get evolved, tion of loaves. Soft-spoken assiduous, in the early candle-light, and this wild alchemy arrange itself again?

are Baker and Commissioners: and yet the pale chill February To the length of Seven Hundred and Forty-nine Parties, how-sunrise discloses an unpromising scene. Indignant Female Pa-ever, no Nation was ever yet seen to go. Nor indeed much be-triots, partly supplied with bread, rush now to the shops, de-yond the length of Two Parties; two at a time;—so invincible claring that they will have groceries. Groceries enough: sugar-is man's tendency to unite, with all the invincible divisiveness barrels rolled forth into the street, Patriot Citoyennes weigh-he has! Two Parties, we say, are the usual number at one time: ing it out at a just rate of elevenpence a pound; likewise cof-let these two fight it out, all minor shades of party rallying fee-chests, soap-chests, nay cinnamon and cloves-chests, with under the shade likest them; when the one has fought down aquavitae and other forms of alcohol,—at a just rate, which 427

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some do not pay; the pale-faced Grocer silently wringing his ter scarcity, and sufferings of the people, till he seemed to get hands! What help? The distributive Citoyennes are of violent wroth: 'If your Rights of Man were anything but a piece of speech and gesture, their long Eumenides' hair hanging out of written paper, the plunder of a few shops, and a forestaller or curl; nay in their girdles pistols are seen sticking: some, it is two hung up at the door-lintels, would put an end to such even said, have beards,—male Patriots in petticoats and mob-things.' (Hist. Parl. xxiv. 353-356.) Are not these, say the cap. Thus, in the streets of Lombards, in the street of Five-Girondins, pregnant indications? Pitt has bribed the Anarchists; Diamonds, street of Pullies, in most streets of Paris does it Marat is the agent of Pitt: hence this sale of sugar. To the effervesce, the livelong day; no Municipality, no Mayor Pache, Mother Society, again, it is clear that the scarcity is factitious; though he was War-Minister lately, sends military against it, is the work of Girondins, and such like; a set of men sold partly or aught against it but persuasive-eloquence, till seven at night, to Pitt; sold wholly to their own ambitions, and hard-hearted or later.

pedantries; who will not fix the grain-prices, but prate pedan-On Monday gone five weeks, which was the twenty-first of tically of free-trade; wishing to starve Paris into violence, and January, we saw Paris, beheading its King, stand silent, like a embroil it with the Departments: hence this sale of sugar.

petrified City of Enchantment: and now on this Monday it is And, alas, if to these two notabilities, of a Phenomenon and so noisy, selling sugar! Cities, especially Cities in Revolution, such Theories of a Phenomenon, we add this third notability, are subject to these alternations; the secret courses of civic That the French Nation has believed, for several years now, in business and existence effervescing and efflorescing, in this the possibility, nay certainty and near advent, of a universal manner, as a concrete Phenomenon to the eye. Of which Phe-Millennium, or reign of Freedom, Equality, Fraternity, wherein nomenon, when secret existence becoming public effloresces man should be the brother of man, and sorrow and sin flee on the street, the philosophical cause-and-effect is not so easy away? Not bread to eat, nor soap to wish with; and the reign to find. What, for example, may be the accurate philosophical of perfect Felicity ready to arrive, due always since the Bastille meaning, and meanings, of this sale of sugar? These things fell! How did our hearts burn within us, at that Feast of Pikes, that have become visible in the street of Pullies and over Paris, when brother flung himself on brother's bosom; and in sunny whence are they, we say; and whither?—

jubilee, Twenty-five millions burst forth into sound and can-That Pitt has a hand in it, the gold of Pitt: so much, to all non-smoke! Bright was our Hope then, as sunlight; red-angry reasonable Patriot men, may seem clear. But then, through is our Hope grown now, as consuming fire. But, O Heavens, what agents of Pitt? Varlet, Apostle of Liberty, was discerned what enchantment is it, or devilish legerdemain, of such ef-again of late, with his pike and his red nightcap. Deputy Marat fect, that Perfect Felicity, always within arm's length, could published in his journal, this very day, complaining of the bit-never be laid hold of, but only in her stead Controversy and 428

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Scarcity? This set of traitors after that set! Tremble, ye trai-But, for the rest, let no man ask History to explain by cause-tors; dread a People which calls itself patient, long-suffering; and-effect how the business proceeded henceforth. This battle but which cannot always submit to have its pocket picked, in of Mountain and Gironde, and what follows, is the battle of this way,—of a Millennium!

Fanaticisms and Miracles; unsuitable for cause-and-effect. The Yes, Reader, here is a miracle. Out of that putrescent rubbish sound of it, to the mind, is as a hubbub of voices in distrac-of Scepticism, Sensualism, Sentimentalism, hollow tion; little of articulate is to be gathered by long listening Machiavelism, such a Faith has verily risen; flaming in the heart and studying; only battle-tumult, shouts of triumph, shrieks of a People. A whole People, awakening as it were to con-of despair. The Mountain has left no Memoirs; the Girondins sciousness in deep misery, believes that it is within reach of a have left Memoirs, which are too often little other than long-Fraternal Heaven-on-Earth. With longing arms, it struggles to drawn Interjections, of Woe is me and Cursed be ye. So soon as embrace the Unspeakable; cannot embrace it, owing to certain History can philosophically delineate the conflagration of a causes.—Seldom do we find that a whole People can be said to kindled Fireship, she may try this other task. Here lay the have any Faith at all; except in things which it can eat and bitumen-stratum, there the brimstone one; so ran the vein of handle. Whensoever it gets any Faith, its history becomes spirit-gunpowder, of nitre, terebinth and foul grease: this, were she stirring, noteworthy. But since the time when steel Europe inquisitive enough, History might partly know. But how they shook itself simultaneously, at the word of Hermit Peter, and acted and reacted below decks, one fire-stratum playing into rushed towards the Sepulchre where God had lain, there was the other, by its nature and the art of man, now when all no universal impulse of Faith that one could note. Since Prot-hands ran raging, and the flames lashed high over shrouds and estantism went silent, no Luther's voice, no Zisca's drum any topmast: this let not History attempt.

longer proclaiming that God's Truth was not the Devil's Lie; The Fireship is old France, the old French Form of Life; her and the last of the Cameronians (Renwick was the name of creed a Generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings him; honour to the name of the brave!) sank, shot, on the there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But, on the whole, Castle Hill of Edinburgh, there was no partial impulse of Faith are they not gone, O Reader? Their Fireship and they, frighten-among Nations. Till now, behold, once more this French Nation ing the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders believes! Herein, we say, in that astonishing Faith of theirs, quite away, into the Deep of Time. One thing therefore History lies the miracle. It is a Faith undoubtedly of the more prodi-will do: pity them all; for it went hard with them all. Not even gious sort, even among Faiths; and will embody itself in prodi-the seagreen Incorruptible but shall have some pity, some gies. It is the soul of that world-prodigy named French Revo-human love, though it takes an effort. And now, so much once lution; whereat the world still gazes and shudders.

thoroughly attained, the rest will become easier. To the eye of 429

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equal brotherly pity, innumerable perversions dissipate them-lican or any other Transcendentalism, and fighting and selves; exaggerations and execrations fall off, of their own fanaticising amid a Nation of his like, becomes as it were en-accord. Standing wistfully on the safe shore, we will look, and veloped in an ambient atmosphere of Transcendentalism and see, what is of interest to us, what is adapted to us.

Delirium: his individual self is lost in something that is not himself, but foreign though inseparable from him. Strange to ***Chapter 3.3.II.***

think of, the man's cloak still seems to hold the same man: and yet the man is not there, his volition is not there; nor the ***Culottic and Sansculottic.***

source of what he will do and devise; instead of the man and his volition there is a piece of Fanaticism and Fatalism incar-Gironde and Mountain are now in full quarrel; their mutual nated in the shape of him. He, the

hapless incarnated Fanati-rage, says Toulongeon, is growing a 'pale' rage. Curious, lamen-cism, goes his road; no man can help him, he himself least of table: all these men have the word Republic on their lips; in all. It is a wonderful tragical predicament;—such as human the heart of every one of them is a passionate wish for some-language, unused to deal with these things, being contrived thing which he calls Republic: yet see their death-quarrel! So, for the uses of common life, struggles to shadow out in fig- however, are men made. Creatures who live in confusion; who, ures. The ambient element of material fire is not wilder than once thrown together, can readily fall into that confusion of this of Fanaticism; nor, though visible to the eye, is it more confusions which quarrel is, simply because their confusions real. Volition bursts forth involuntary; rapt along; the move- differ from one another; still more because they seem to dif-ment of free human minds becomes a raging tornado of fatal-fer! Men's words are a poor exponent of their thought; nay ism, blind as the winds; and Mountain and Gironde, when they their thought itself is a poor exponent of the inward unnamed recover themselves, are alike astounded to see where it has Mystery, wherefrom both thought and action have their birth.

flung and dropt them. To such height of miracle can men work No man can explain himself, can get himself explained; men on men; the Conscious and the Unconscious blended inscruta-see not one another but distorted phantasms which they call bly in this our inscrutable Life; endless Necessity environing one another; which they hate and go to battle with: for all Freewill!

battle is well said to be misunderstanding.

The weapons of the Girondins are Political Philosophy, Re-But indeed that similitude of the Fireship; of our poor French spectability and Eloquence. Eloquence, or call it rhetoric, re-brethren, so fiery themselves, working also in an element of ally of a superior order; Vergniaud, for instance, turns a period fire, was not insignificant. Consider it well, there is a shade of as sweetly as any man of that generation. The weapons of the the truth in it. For a man, once committed headlong to repub-Mountain are those of mere nature: Audacity and Impetuosity 430

which may become Ferocity, as of men complete in their deter-darkness, heavy-laden, till they rose with pikes in their hands?

mination, in their conviction; nay of men, in some cases, who At least and lowest, one would think, it should bring them a as Septemberers must either prevail or perish. The ground to proportion of bread to live on? There is in the Mountain here be fought for is Popularity: further you may either seek Popu-and there; in Marat People's-friend; in the incorruptible larity with the friends of Freedom and Order, or with the friends Seagreen himself, though otherwise so lean and formularly, a of Freedom Simple; to seek it with both has unhappily be-heartfelt knowledge of this latter fact;—without which knowl-come impossible. With the former sort, and generally with the edge all other knowledge here is naught, and the choicest fo-Authorities of the Departments, and such as read Parliamen-rensic eloquence is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

tary Debates, and are of Respectability, and of a peace-loving Most cold, on the other hand, most patronising, unsubstan-monied nature, the Girondins carry it. With the extreme Patial is the tone of the Girondins towards 'our poorer breth-triot again, with the indigent millions, especially with the ren;'—those brethren whom one often hears of under the col-Population of Paris who do not read so much as hear and see, lective name of 'the masses,' as if they were not persons at all, the Girondins altogether lose it, and the Mountain carries it.

but mounds of combustible explosive material, for blowing Egoism, nor meanness of mind, is not wanting on either side.

down Bastilles with! In very truth, a Revolutionist of this kind, Surely not on the Girondin side; where in fact the instinct of is he not a Solecism? Disowned by Nature and Art; deserving self-preservation, too prominently unfolded by circumstances, only to be erased, and disappear! Surely, to our poorer breth-cuts almost a sorry figure; where also a certain finesse, to the ren of Paris, all this Girondin patronage sounds deadening and length even

of shuffling and shamming, now and then shews killing: if fine-spoken and incontrovertible in logic, then all itself. They are men skilful in Advocate-fence. They have been the falser, all the hatefuller in fact.

called the Jesuits of the Revolution; (Dumouriez, Memoires, Nay doubtless, pleading for Popularity, here among our iii. 314.) but that is too hard a name. It must be owned like-poorer brethren of Paris, the Girondin has a hard game to play.

wise that this rude blustering Mountain has a sense in it of If he gain the ear of the Respectable at a distance, it is by what the Revolution means; which these eloquent Girondins insisting on September and such like; it is at the expense of are totally void of. Was the Revolution made, and fought for, this Paris where he dwells and perorates. Hard to perorate in against the world, these four weary years, that a Formula might such an auditory! Wherefore the question arises: Could we not be substantiated; that Society might become methodic, de-get ourselves out of this Paris? Twice or oftener such an at-monstrable by logic; and the old Noblesse with their preten-tempt is made. If not we ourselves, thinks Guadet, then at sions vanish? Or ought it not withal to bring some glimmering least our Suppleans might do it. For every Deputy has his of light and alleviation to the Twenty-five Millions, who sat in Suppleant, or Substitute, who will take his place if need be: 431

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might not these assemble, say at Bourges, which is a quiet a man cannot both be Legislator and Editor; that he shall choose episcopal Town, in quiet Berri, forty good leagues off? In that between the one function and the other. (Hist. Parl. xxv. 25, case, what profit were it for the Paris Sansculottery to insult

&c.) But this too, which indeed could help little, is revoked or us; our Suppleans sitting quiet in Bourges, to whom we could eluded; remains a pious wish mainly.

run? Nay even the Primary electoral Assemblies, thinks Guadet, Meanwhile, as the sad fruit of such strife, behold, O ye Na-might be reconvoked, and a New Convention got, with new tional Representatives, how between the friends of Law and orders from the Sovereign people; and right glad were Lyons, the friends of Freedom everywhere, mere heats and jealousies were Bourdeaux, Rouen, Marseilles, as yet Provincial Towns, to have arisen; fevering the whole Republic! Department, Provin-welcome us in their turn, and become a sort of Capital Towns; cial Town is set against Metropolis, Rich against Poor, Culottic and teach these Parisians reason.

against Sansculottic, man against man. From the Southern Cities Fond schemes; which all misgo! If decreed, in heat of elo-come Addresses of an almost inculpatory character; for Paris quent logic, to-day, they are repealed, by clamour, and pas-has long suffered Newspaper calumny. Bourdeaux demands a sionate wider considerations, on the morrow. (Moniteur, 1793, reign of Law and Respectability, meaning Girondism, with em-No. 140, &c.) Will you, O Girondins, parcel us into separate phasis. With emphasis Marseilles demands the like. Nay from Republics, then; like the Swiss, like your Americans; so that Marseilles there come two Addresses: one Girondin; one Jacobin there be no Metropolis or indivisible French Nation any more?

Sansculottic. Hot Rebecqui, sick of this Convention-work, has Your Departmental Guard seemed to point that way! Federal given place to his Substitute, and gone home; where also, with Republic? Federalist? Men and Knitting-women repeat such jarrings, there is work to be sick of.

Federaliste, with or without much Dictionary-meaning; but go Lyons, a place of Capitalists and Aristocrats, is in still worse on repeating it, as is usual in such cases, till the meaning of it state; almost in revolt. Chalier the Jacobin Town-Councillor becomes almost magical, fit to designate all mystery of Iniq-has got, too literally, to daggers-drawn with Nievre-Chol the uity; and Federaliste has grown a word of Exorcism and Apage-Moderantin Mayor; one of your Moderate, perhaps Aristocrat, Satanas. But furthermore, consider what 'poisoning of public Royalist or Federalist

Mayors! Chalier, who pilgrimed to Paris opinion' in the Departments, by these Brissot, Gorsas, Caritat-

'to behold Marat and the Mountain,' has verily kindled himself Condorcet Newspapers! And then also what counter-poison-at their sacred urn: for on the 6th of February last, History or ing, still feller in quality, by a Pere Duchesne of Hebert, Rumour has seen him haranguing his Lyons Jacobins in a quite brutallest Newspaper yet published on Earth; by a Rougiff of transcendental manner, with a drawn dagger in his hand; rec-Guffroy; by the 'incendiary leaves of Marat!' More than once, ommending (they say) sheer September-methods, patience on complaint given and effervescence rising, it is decreed that being worn out; and that the Jacobin Brethren should, im-432

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promptu, work the Guillotine themselves! One sees him still, ***Chapter 3.3.III.***

in Engravings: mounted on a table; foot advanced, body contorted; a bald, rude, slope-browed, infuriated visage of the ***Growing shrill.***

canine species, the eyes starting from their sockets; in his puissant right-hand the brandished dagger, or horse-pistol, as some On the whole, one cannot say that the Girondins are wanting give it; other dog-visages kindling under him:—a man not likely to themselves, so far as goodwill might go. They prick assidu-to end well! However, the Guillotine was not got together imously into the sore-places of the Mountain; from principle, and promptu, that day, 'on the Pont Saint-Clair,' or elsewhere; but also from jesuitism.

indeed continued lying rusty in its loft: (Hist. Parl. xxiv. 385-Besides September, of which there is now little to be made 93; xxvi. 229, &c.) Nievre-Chol with military went about, rum-except effervescence, we discern two sore-places where the bling cannon, in the most confused manner; and the 'nine hun-Mountain often suffers: Marat and Orleans Egalite. Squalid dred prisoners' received no hurt. So distracted is Lyons grown, Marat, for

his own sake and for the Mountain's, is assaulted with its cannon rumbling. Convention Commissioners must be ever and anon; held up to France, as a squalid bloodthirsty sent thither forthwith: if even they can appease it, and keep Portent, inciting to the pillage of shops; of whom let the Moun-the Guillotine in its loft?

tain have the credit! The Mountain murmurs, ill at ease: this Consider finally if, on all these mad jarrings of the Southern

'Maximum of Patriotism,' how shall they either own him or Cities, and of France generally, a traitorous Crypto-Royalist disown him? As for Marat personally, he, with his fixed-idea, class is not looking and watching; ready to strike in, at the remains invulnerable to such things: nay the People's-friend is right season! Neither is there bread; neither is there soap: see very evidently rising in importance, as his befriended People the Patriot women selling out sugar, at a just rate of twenty-rises. No shrieks now, when he goes to speak; occasional two sous per pound! Citizen Representatives, it were verily applauses rather, furtherance which breeds confidence. The day well that your quarrels finished, and the reign of Perfect Felic-when the Girondins proposed to 'decree him accused' (decreter ity began.

d'accusation, as they phrase it) for that February Paragraph, of 'hanging up a Forestaller or two at the door-lintels,' Marat proposes to have them 'decreed insane;' and, descending the Tribune-steps, is heard to articulate these most unsenatorial ejaculations: "Les Cochons, les imbecilles, Pigs, idiots!"

Oftentimes he croaks harsh sarcasm, having really a rough rasping tongue, and a very deep fund of contempt for fine outsides; 433

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and once or twice, he even laughs, nay 'explodes into laughtered, if shelter it be, in the clefts of the Mountain, poor Egalite ter, rit aux eclats,' at the gentilities and superfine airs of these will wait: one refuge in Jacobinism, one in Dumouriez and Girondin "men of statesmanship," with their pedantries, plau-Counter-Revolution, are there not two chances? However,

the sibilities, pusillanimities: "these two years," says he, "you have look of him, Dame Genlis says, is grown gloomy; sad to see.

been whining about attacks, and plots, and danger from Paris; Sillery also, the Genlis's Husband, who hovers about the Moun-and you have not a scratch to shew for yourselves." (Moniteur, tain, not on it, is in a bad way. Dame Genlis has come to Raincy, Seance du 20 Mai 1793.)—Danton gruffly rebukes him, from out of England and Bury St. Edmunds, in these days; being time to time: a Maximum of Patriotism, whom one can neither summoned by Egalite, with her young charge, Mademoiselle own nor disown!

Egalite, that so Mademoiselle might not be counted among But the second sore-place of the Mountain is this anoma-Emigrants and hardly dealt with. But it proves a ravelled busilous Monseigneur Equality Prince d'Orleans. Behold these men, ness: Genlis and charge find that they must retire to the Neth-says the Gironde; with a whilom Bourbon Prince among them: erlands; must wait on the Frontiers for a week or two; till they are creatures of the d'Orleans Faction; they will have Monseigneur, by Jacobin help, get it wound up. 'Next morn-Philippe made King; one King no sooner guillotined than aning,' says Dame Genlis, 'Monseigneur, gloomier than ever, gave other made in his stead! Girondins have moved, Buzot moved me his arm, to lead me to the carriage. I was greatly troubled; long ago, from principle and also from jesuitism, that the whole Mademoiselle burst into tears; her Father was pale and trem-race of Bourbons should be marched forth from the soil of bling. After I had got seated, he stood immovable at the car-France; this Prince Egalite to bring up the rear. Motions which riage-door, with his eyes fixed on me; his mournful and pain-might produce some effect on the public;—which the Moun-ful look seemed to implore pity;—"Adieu, Madame!" said he.

tain, ill at ease, knows not what to do with.

The altered sound of his voice completely overcame me; not And poor Orleans Egalite himself, for one begins to pity even able to utter a word, I held out my hand; he grasped it close; him, what does he do with them? The

disowned of all parties, then turning, and advancing sharply towards the postillions, the rejected and foolishly be-drifted hither and hither, to what he gave them a sign, and we rolled away.' (Genlis, Memoires corner of Nature can he now drift with advantage? Feasible (London, 1825), iv. 118.)

hope remains not for him: unfeasible hope, in pallid doubtful Nor are Peace-makers wanting; of whom likewise we men-glimmers, there may still come, bewildering, not cheering or tion two; one fast on the crown of the Mountain, the other illuminating,—from the Dumouriez quarter; and how, if not not yet alighted anywhere: Danton and Barrere. Ingenious the timewasted Orleans Egalite, then perhaps the young un-Barrere, Old-Constituent and Editor from the slopes of the worn Chartres Egalite might rise to be a kind of King? Shel-Pyrenees, is one of the usefullest men of this Convention, in 434

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his way. Truth may lie on both sides, on either side, or on me:" this is the answer a conciliatory Meillan gets from him; to neither side; my friends, ye must give and take: for the rest, all the arguments and pleadings this conciliatory Meillan can success to the winning side! This is the motto of Barrere. Inge-bring, the repeated answer is, "Ils n'ont point de confiance."

nious, almost genial; quick-sighted, supple, graceful; a man (Memoires de Meillan, Representant du Peuple (Paris, 1823), that will prosper. Scarcely Belial in the assembled Pandemo-p. 51.)—The tumult will get ever shriller; rage is growing pale.

nium was plausibler to ear and eye. An indispensable man: in In fact, what a pang is it to the heart of a Girondin, this first the great Art of Varnish he may be said to seek his fellow. Has withering probability that the despicable unphilosophic anar-there an explosion arisen, as many do arise, a confusion, un-chic Mountain, after all, may triumph! Brutal Septemberers, a sightliness, which no tongue can speak of, nor eye look on; fifth-floor Tallien, 'a Robespierre without an idea in his head,'

give it to Barrere; Barrere shall be Committee-Reporter of it; as Condorcet says, 'or a feeling in his heart:' and yet we, the you shall see it transmute itself into a regularity, into the very flower of France, cannot stand against them; behold the sceptre beauty and improvement that was needed. Without one such departs from us; from us and goes to them! Eloquence, man, we say, how were this Convention bested? Call him not, Philosophism, Respectability avail not: 'against Stupidity the as exaggerative Mercier does, 'the greatest liar in France:' nay very gods fight to no purpose,

it may be argued there is not truth enough in him to make a real lie of. Call him, with Burke, Anacreon of the Guillotine,

'Mit der Dummheit kampfen Gotter selbst vergebens!'

and a man serviceable to this Convention.

The other Peace-maker whom we name is Danton. Peace, O

Shrill are the plaints of Louvet; his thin existence all acidified peace with one another! cries Danton often enough: Are we into rage, and preternatural insight of suspicion. Wroth is young not alone against the world; a little band of brothers? Broad Barbaroux; wroth and scornful. Silent, like a Queen with the Danton is loved by all the Mountain; but they think him too aspic on her bosom, sits the wife of Roland; Roland's Accounts easy-tempered, deficient in suspicion: he has stood between never yet got audited, his name become a byword. Such is the Dumouriez and much censure, anxious not to exasperate our fortune of war, especially of revolution. The great gulf of only General: in the shrill tumult Danton's strong voice rever-Tophet, and Tenth of August, opened itself at the magic of berates, for union and pacification. Meetings there are; dinings your eloquent voice; and lo now, it will not close at your voice!

with the Girondins: it is so pressingly essential that there be It is a dangerous thing such magic. The Magician's Famulus got union. But the Girondins are haughty and respectable; this hold of the forbidden Book, and summoned a goblin: Plait-il, Titan Danton is not a man of Formulas, and there rests on him What is your will? said the Goblin. The Famulus,

somewhat a shadow of September. "Your Girondins have no confidence in struck, bade him fetch water: the swift goblin fetched it, pail 435

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in each hand; but lo, would not cease fetching it! Desperate, be not even flight; for already terror-stricken cohorts and strag-the Famulus shrieks at him, smites at him, cuts him in two; lo, glers pour off, not waiting for order; flow disastrous, as many two goblin water-carriers ply; and the house will be swum away as ten thousand of them, without halt till they see France in Deucalion Deluges.

again. (Dumouriez, iv. 16-73.) Nay worse: Dumouriez himself is perhaps secretly turning traitor? Very sharp is the tone in ***Chapter 3.3.IV.***

which he writes to our Committees. Commissioners and Jacobin Pillagers have done such incalculable mischief; Hassenfratz ***Fatherland in Danger.***

sends neither cartridges nor clothing; shoes we have, deceptively 'soled with wood and pasteboard.' Nothing in short is Or rather we will say, this Senatorial war might have lasted right. Danton and Lacroix, when it was they that were Com-long; and Party tugging and throttling with Party might have missioners, would needs join Belgium to France;—of which suppressed and smothered one another, in the ordinary blood-Dumouriez might have made the prettiest little Duchy for his less Parliamentary way; on one condition: that France had been own secret behoof! With all these things the General is wroth; at least able to exist, all the while. But this Sovereign People and writes to us in a sharp tone. Who knows what this hot has a digestive faculty, and cannot do without bread. Also we little General is meditating? Dumouriez Duke of Belgium or are at war, and must have victory; at war with Europe, with Brabant; and say, Egalite the Younger King of France: there Fate and Famine: and behold, in the spring of the year, all were an end for our Revolution!—Committee of Defence gazes, victory deserts us.

and shakes its head: who except Danton, defective in suspi-Dumouriez had his outposts stretched as far as Aix-lacion, could still struggle to be of

hope?

Chapelle, and the beautifullest plan for pouncing on Holland, And General Custine is rolling back from the Rhine Country; by stratagem, flatbottomed boats and rapid intrepidity; conquered Mentz will be reconquered, the Prussians gather-wherein too he had prospered so far; but unhappily could pros-ing round to bombard it with shot and shell. Mentz may reper no further. Aix-la-Chapelle is lost; Maestricht will not sur-sist, Commissioner Merlin, the Thionviller, 'making sallies, at render to mere smoke and noise: the flatbottomed boats must the head of the besieged;'—resist to the death; but not longer launch themselves again, and return the way they came. Steady than that. How sad a reverse for Mentz! Brave Foster, brave now, ye rapidly intrepid men; retreat with firmness, Parthian-Lux planted Liberty-trees, amid ca-ira-ing music, in the snow-like! Alas, were it General Miranda's fault; were it the War-slush of last winter, there: and made Jacobin Societies; and minister's fault; or were it Dumouriez's own fault and that of got the Territory incorporated with France: they came hither Fortune: enough, there is nothing for it but retreat,—well if it to Paris, as Deputies or Delegates, and have their eighteen 436

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francs a-day: but see, before once the Liberty-Tree is got rightly and Pitt be declared and decreed, with effervescence, 'L'ennemi in leaf, Mentz is changing into an explosive crater; vomiting du genre humain, The enemy of mankind;' and, very singular fire, bevomited with fire!

to say, you make an order that no Soldier of Liberty give quar-Neither of these men shall again see Mentz; they have come ter to an Englishman. Which order however, the Soldier of Lib-hither only to die. Foster has been round the Globe; he saw erty does but partially obey. We will take no Prisoners then, Cook perish under Owyhee clubs; but like this Paris he has yet say the Soldiers of Liberty; they shall all be 'Deserters' that we seen or suffered nothing. Poverty escorts him: from home there take. (See Dampmartin, Evenemens, ii. 213-30.) It is a frantic can nothing come, except Job's-news; the eighteen daily francs, order; and attended with

inconvenience. For surely, if you give which we here as Deputy or Delegate with difficulty 'touch,'

no quarter, the plain issue is that you will get none; and so are in paper assignats, and sink fast in value. Poverty, disap-the business become as broad as it was long.—Our 'recruit-pointment, inaction, obloquy; the brave heart slowly break-ment of Three Hundred Thousand men,' which was the decreed ing! Such is Foster's lot. For the rest, Demoiselle Theroigne force for this year, is like to have work enough laid to its hand.

smiles on you in the Soirees; 'a beautiful brownlocked face,' of So many enemies come wending on; penetrating through an exalted temper; and contrives to keep her carriage. Prus-throats of Mountains, steering over the salt sea; towards all sian Trenck, the poor subterranean Baron, jargons and jangles points of our territory; rattling chains at us. Nay worst of all: in an unmelodious manner. Thomas Paine's face is red-pustuled, there is an enemy within our own territory itself. In the early

'but the eyes uncommonly bright.' Convention Deputies ask days of March, the Nantes Postbags do not arrive; there arrive you to dinner: very courteous; and 'we all play at plumsack.'

only instead of them Conjecture, Apprehension, bodeful wind (Forster's Briefwechsel, ii. 514, 460, 631.) 'It is the Explosion of Rumour. The bodefullest proves true! Those fanatic Peoples and New-creation of a World,' says Foster; 'and the actors in it, of La Vendee will no longer keep under: their fire of insurrec-such small mean objects, buzzing round one like a handful of tion, heretofore dissipated with difficulty, blazes out anew, flies.'—

after the King's Death, as a wide conflagration; not riot, but Likewise there is war with Spain. Spain will advance through civil war. Your Cathelineaus, your Stofflets, Charettes, are other the gorges of the Pyrenees; rustling with Bourbon banners; men than was thought: behold how their Peasants, in mere jingling with artillery and menace. And England has donned russet

and hodden, with their rude arms, rude array, with their the red coat; and marches, with Royal Highness of York,—

fanatic Gaelic frenzy and wild-yelling battle-cry of God and whom some once spake of inviting to be our King. Changed the King, dash at us like a dark whirlwind; and blow the best-that humour now: and ever more changing; till no hatefuller disciplined Nationals we can get into panic and sauve-qui-peut!

thing walk this Earth than a denizen of that tyrannous Island; Field after field is theirs; one sees not where it will end. Com-437

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mandant Santerre may be sent thither; but with non-effect; them go, and think what their errand is. Speedy Camp of Fifty he might as well have returned and brewed beer.

thousand between Paris and the North Frontier; for Paris will It has become peremptorily necessary that a National Con-pour forth her volunteers! Shoulder to shoulder; one strong vention cease arguing, and begin acting. Yield one party of universal death-defiant rising and rushing; we shall hurl back you to the other, and do it swiftly. No theoretic outlook is these Sons of Night yet again; and France, in spite of the world, here, but the close certainty of ruin; the very day that is pass-be free! (Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. xxv. 6).)—So sounds the ing over must be provided for.

Titan's voice: into all Section-houses; into all French hearts.

It was Friday the eighth of March when this Job's-post from Sections sit in Permanence, for recruitment, enrolment, that Dumouriez, thickly preceded and escorted by so many other very night. Convention Commissioners, on swift wheels, are Job's-posts, reached the National Convention. Blank enough carrying the fire-cross from Town to Town, till all France blaze.

are most faces. Little will it avail whether our Septemberers be And so there is Flag of Fatherland in Danger waving from the punished or go

unpunished; if Pitt and Cobourg are coming in, Townhall, Black Flag from the top of Notre-Dame Cathedral; with one punishment for us all; nothing now between Paris there is Proclamation, hot eloquence; Paris rushing out once itself and the Tyrants but a doubtful Dumouriez, and hosts in again to strike its enemies down. That, in such circumstances, loose-flowing loud retreat!—Danton the Titan rises in this hour, Paris was in no mild humour can be conjectured. Agitated as always in the hour of need. Great is his voice, reverberating streets; still more agitated round the Salle de Manege! Feuillans-from the domes:—Citizen-Representatives, shall we not, in such Terrace crowds itself with angry Citizens, angrier Citizenesses; crisis of Fate, lay aside discords? Reputation: O what is the Varlet perambulates with portable-chair: ejaculations of no reputation of this man or of that? Que mon nom soit fletri, measured kind, as to perfidious fine-spoken Hommes d'etat, que la France soit libre, Let my name be blighted; let France be friends of Dumouriez, secret-friends of Pitt and Cobourg, burst free! It is necessary now again that France rise, in swift ven-from the hearts and lips of men. To fight the enemy? Yes, and geance, with her million right-hands, with her heart as of one even to "freeze him with terror, glacer d'effroi;" but first to man. Instantaneous recruitment in Paris; let every Section of have domestic Traitors punished! Who are they that, carping Paris furnish its thousands; every section of France! Ninety-and quarrelling, in their jesuitic most moderate way, seek to six Commissioners of us, two for each Section of the Forty-shackle the Patriotic movement? That divide France against eight, they must go forthwith, and tell Paris what the Country Paris, and poison public opinion in the Departments? That when needs of her. Let Eighty more of us be sent, post-haste, over we ask for bread, and a Maximum fixed-price, treat us with France; to spread the fire-cross, to call forth the might of men.

lectures on Free-trade in grains? Can the human stomach sat-Let the Eighty also be on the road, before this sitting rise. Let isfy itself with lectures on Free-trade; and are we to fight the 438

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Austrians in a moderate manner, or in an immoderate? This resolute, and end these Anarchists: to which, however, Petion, Convention must be purged.

opening the window, and finding the night very wet, answered

"Set up a swift Tribunal for Traitors, a Maximum for Grains:"

only, "Ils ne feront rien," and 'composedly resumed his violin,'

thus speak with energy the Patriot Volunteers, as they defile says Louvet: (Louvet, Memoires, p. 72.) thereby, with soft through the Convention Hall, just on the wing to the Fron-Lydian tweedledeeing, to wrap himself against eating cares.

tiers;—perorating in that heroical Cambyses' vein of theirs: Also that Louvet felt especially liable to being killed; that beshouted by the Galleries and Mountain; bemurmured by the several Girondins went abroad to seek beds: liable to being Right-side and Plain. Nor are prodigies wanting: lo, while a killed; but were not. Further that, in very truth, Journalist Captain of the Section Poissonniere perorates with vehemence Deputy Gorsas, poisoner of the Departments, he and his Printer about Dumouriez, Maximum, and Crypto-Royalist Traitors, and had their houses broken into (by a tumult of Patriots, among his troop beat chorus with him, waving their Banner overhead, whom redcapped Varlet, American Fournier loom forth, in the the eye of a Deputy discerns, in this same Banner, that the darkness of the rain and riot); had their wives put in fear; cravates or streamers of it have Royal fleurs-de-lys! The Sec-their presses, types and circumjacent equipments beaten to tion-Captain shrieks; his troop shriek, horrorstruck, and ruin; no Mayor interfering in time; Gorsas himself escaping,

'trample the Banner under foot:' seemingly the work of some pistol in hand, 'along the coping of the back wall.' Further that Crypto-Royalist Plotter? Most probable; (Choix des Rapports, Sunday, the morrow, was not a workday; and the streets were xi. 277.)—or perhaps at bottom, only the old Banner of the more agitated than ever: Is it a new September, then, that

Section, manufactured prior to the Tenth of August, when such these Anarchists intend? Finally, that no September came;—

streamers were according to rule! (Hist. Parl. xxv. 72.) and also that hysterics, not unnaturally, had reached almost History, looking over the Girondin Memoirs, anxious to dis-their acme. (Meillan, pp. 23, 24; Louvet, pp. 71-80.) entangle the truth of them from the hysterics, finds these Vergniaud denounces and deplores; in sweetly turned peri-days of March, especially this Sunday the Tenth of March, play ods. Section Bonconseil, Good-counsel so-named, not a great part. Plots, plots: a plot for murdering the Girondin Mauconseil or Ill-counsel as it once was,—does a far notabler Deputies; Anarchists and Secret-Royalists plotting, in hellish thing: demands that Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, and other concert, for that end! The far greater part of which is hyster-denunciatory fine-spoken Girondins, to the number of Twenty-ics. What we do find indisputable is that Louvet and certain two, be put under arrest! Section Good-counsel, so named ever Girondins were apprehensive they might be murdered on Sat-since the Tenth of August, is sharply rebuked, like a Section of urday, and did not go to the evening sitting: but held council Ill-counsel; (Moniteur (Seance du 12 Mars), 15 Mars.) but its with one another, each inciting his fellow to do something word is spoken, and will not fall to the ground.

In fact, one thing strikes us in these poor Girondins; their incompatible with the Reality: and, in its dark wrath, the Real-fatal shortness of vision; nay fatal poorness of character, for ity will extinguish it and them! What a man kens he cans. But that is the root of it. They are as strangers to the People they the beginning of a man's doom is that vision be withdrawn would govern; to the thing they have come to work in. Formu-from him; that he see not the reality, but a false spectrum of las, Philosophies, Respectabilities, what has been written in the reality; and, following that, step darkly, with more or less Books, and admitted by the Cultivated Classes; this inadequate velocity, downwards to the utter Dark; to Ruin,

which is the Scheme of Nature's working is all that Nature, let her work as great Sea of Darkness, whither all falsehoods, winding or dishe will, can reveal to these men. So they perorate and specu-rect, continually flow!

late; and call on the Friends of Law, when the question is not This Tenth of March we may mark as an epoch in the Girondin Law or No-Law, but Life or No-Life. Pedants of the Revolution, destinies; the rage so exasperated itself, the misconception so if not Jesuits of it! Their Formalism is great; great also is their darkened itself. Many desert the sittings; many come to them Egoism. France rising to fight Austria has been raised only by armed. (Meillan (Memoires, pp. 85, 24).) An honourable Deputy, Plot of the Tenth of March, to kill Twenty-two of them! This setting out after breakfast, must now, besides taking his Notes, Revolution Prodigy, unfolding itself into terrific stature and see whether his Priming is in order.

articulation, by its own laws and Nature's, not by the laws of Meanwhile with Dumouriez in Belgium it fares ever worse.

Formula, has become unintelligible, incredible as an impossi-Were it again General Miranda's fault, or some other's fault, bility, the waste chaos of a Dream.' A Republic founded on there is no doubt whatever but the 'Battle of Nerwinden,' on what they call the Virtues; on what we call the Decencies and the 18th of March, is lost; and our rapid retreat has become a Respectabilities: this they will have, and nothing but this.

far too rapid one. Victorious Cobourg, with his Austrian prick-Whatsoever other Republic Nature and Reality send, shall be ers, hangs like a dark cloud on the rear of us: Dumouriez never considered as not sent; as a kind of Nightmare Vision, and off horseback night or day; engagement every three hours; thing non-extant; disowned by the Laws of Nature, and of our whole discomfited Host rolling rapidly inwards, full of rage, Formula. Alas! Dim for the best eyes is this Reality; and as for suspicion, and sauve-qui-peut! And then Dumouriez himself, these men, they will not look at it with eyes at all, but only what his intents may be? Wicked seemingly and not chari-through 'facetted spectacles' of Pedantry, wounded Vanity; table! His despatches to Committee openly denounce a fac-which yield the most

portentous fallacious spectrum. Carping tious Convention, for the woes it has brought on France and and complaining forever of Plots and Anarchy, they will do him. And his speeches—for the General has no reticence! The one thing: prove, to demonstration, that the Reality will not Execution of the Tyrant this Dumouriez calls the Murder of translate into their Formula; that they and their Formula are the King. Danton and Lacroix, flying thither as Commissioners 440

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once more, return very doubtful; even Danton now doubts.

ing and denouncing. The Mountain must speak new fiat, and Three Jacobin Missionaries, Proly, Dubuisson, Pereyra, have new fiats.

flown forth; sped by a wakeful Mother Society: they are struck And does it not speak such? Take, as first example, those dumb to hear the General speak. The Convention, according to Comites Revolutionnaires for the arrestment of Persons Sus-this General, consists of three hundred scoundrels and four pect. Revolutionary Committee, of Twelve chosen Patriots, sits hundred imbeciles: France cannot do without a King. "But we in every Township of France; examining the Suspect, seeking have executed our King." "And what is it to me," hastily cries arms, making domiciliary visits and arrestments;—caring, gen-Dumouriez, a General of no reticence, "whether the King's name erally, that the Republic suffer no detriment. Chosen by uni-be Ludovicus or Jacobus?" "Or Philippus!" rejoins Proly; —and versal suffrage, each in its Section, they are a kind of elixir of hastens to report progress. Over the Frontiers such hope is Jacobinism; some Forty-four Thousand of them awake and alive there.

over France! In Paris and all Towns, every house-door must have the names of the inmates legibly printed on it, 'at a height ***Chapter 3.3.V.***

not exceeding five feet from the ground;' every Citizen must produce his certificatory Carte de Civisme, signed by Section-Sansculottism Accoutred.

President; every man be ready to give account of the faith that is in him. Persons Suspect had as well depart this soil of Let us look, however, at the grand internal Sansculottism and Liberty! And yet departure too is bad: all Emigrants are de-Revolution Prodigy, whether it stirs and waxes: there and not clared Traitors, their property become National; they are 'dead elsewhere hope may still be for France. The Revolution Prodigy, in Law,'—save indeed that for our behoof they shall 'live yet as Decree after Decree issues from the Mountain, like creative fifty years in Law,' and what heritages may fall to them in that fiats, accordant with the nature of the Thing,—is shaping it-time become National too! A mad vitality of Jacobinism, with self rapidly, in these days, into terrific stature and articula-Forty-four Thousand centres of activity, circulates through all tion, limb after limb. Last March, 1792, we saw all France flow-fibres of France.

ing in blind terror; shutting town-barriers, boiling pitch for Very notable also is the Tribunal Extraordinaire: (Moniteur, Brigands: happier, this March, that it is a seeing terror; that a No. 70, (du 11 Mars), No. 76, &c.) decreed by the Mountain; creative Mountain exists, which can say fiat! Recruitment pro-some Girondins dissenting, for surely such a Court contradicts ceeds with fierce celerity: nevertheless our Volunteers hesi-every formula;—other Girondins assenting, nay cooperating, tate to set out, till Treason be punished at home; they do not for do not we all hate Traitors, O ye people of Paris?—Tribunal fly to the frontiers; but only fly hither and thither, demand-of the Seventeenth in Autumn last was swift; but this shall be 441

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swifter. Five Judges; a standing Jury, which is named from too numerous for an administrative body. Wherefore, in this Paris and the Neighbourhood, that there be not delay in nam-perilous quick-whirling condition of the Republic, before the ing it: they are subject to no Appeal; to hardly any Law-forms, end of March, we obtain our small Comite de Salut Public; but must 'get themselves convinced' in all readiest ways; and (Moniteur, No. 83 (du 24 Mars 1793) Nos. 86, 98, 99, 100.) as for security are bound 'to vote audibly;' audibly, in the hear-it were, for miscellaneous

accidental purposes, requiring des-ing of a Paris Public. This is the Tribunal Extraordinaire; which, patch;—as it proves, for a sort of universal supervision, and in few months, getting into most lively action, shall be en- universal subjection. They are to report weekly, these new titled Tribunal Revolutionnaire, as indeed it from the very first Committeemen; but to deliberate in secret. Their number is has entitled itself: with a Herman or a Dumas for Judge Presi-Nine, firm Patriots all, Danton one of them: Renewable every dent, with a Fouquier-Tinville for Attorney-General, and a Jury month;—yet why not reelect them if they turn out well? The of such as Citizen Leroi, who has surnamed himself Dix-Aout, flower of the matter is that they are but nine; that they sit in

'Leroi August-Tenth,' it will become the wonder of the world.

secret. An insignificant-looking thing at first, this Committee; Herein has Sansculottism fashioned for itself a Sword of Sharp-but with a principle of growth in it! Forwarded by fortune, by ness: a weapon magical; tempered in the Stygian hell-waters; internal Jacobin energy, it will reduce all Committees and the to the edge of it all armour, and defence of strength or of Convention itself to mute obedience, the Six Ministers to Six cunning shall be soft; it shall mow down Lives and Brazen-assiduous Clerks; and work its will on the Earth and under gates; and the waving of it shed terror through the souls of Heaven, for a season. 'A Committee of Public Salvation,' whereat men.

the world still shrieks and shudders.

But speaking of an amorphous Sansculottism taking form, If we call that Revolutionary Tribunal a Sword, which ought we not above all things to specify how the Amorphous Sansculottism has provided for itself, then let us call the 'Law gets itself a Head? Without metaphor, this Revolution Govern- of the Maximum,' a Provender-scrip, or Haversack, wherein bet-ment continues hitherto in a very anarchic state. Executive ter or worse some ration of bread may be found. It is true, Council of Ministers, Six in number, there is; but they, espe-Political Economy, Girondin free-trade, and all law

of supply cially since Roland's retreat, have hardly known whether they and demand, are hereby hurled topsyturvy: but what help?

were Ministers or not. Convention Committees sit supreme over Patriotism must live; the 'cupidity of farmers' seems to have them; but then each Committee as supreme as the others: Com-no bowels. Wherefore this Law of the Maximum, fixing the mittee of Twenty-one, of Defence, of General Surety; simulta-highest price of grains, is, with infinite effort, got passed; neous or successive, for specific purposes. The Convention alone (Moniteur (du 20 Avril, &c. to 20 Mai, 1793).) and shall gradu-is all-powerful,—especially if the Commune go with it; but is ally extend itself into a Maximum for all manner of comes-442

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tibles and commodities: with such scrambling and mum and Bakers'-queues, with Cupidity, Hunger, Denunciation topsyturvying as may be fancied! For now, if, for example, the and Paper-money, it led its galvanic-life, and began and farmer will not sell? The farmer shall be forced to sell. An accu-ended,—remains the most interesting of all Chapters in Politi-rate Account of what grain he has shall be delivered in to the cal Economy: still to be written.

Constituted Authorities: let him see that he say not too much; All which things are they not clean against Formula? O

for in that case, his rents, taxes and contributions will rise Girondin Friends, it is not a Republic of the Virtues we are proportionally: let him see that he say not too little; for, on or getting; but only a Republic of the Strengths, virtuous and before a set day, we shall suppose in April, less than one-third other!

of this declared quantity, must remain in his barns, more than two-thirds of it must have been thrashed and sold. One can ***Chapter 3.3.VI.***

denounce him, and raise penalties.

By such inextricable overturning of all Commercial relation ***The Traitor.***

will Sansculottism keep life in; since not otherwise. On the whole, as Camille Desmoulins says once, "while the Sansculottes But Dumouriez, with his fugitive Host, with his King Ludovicus fight, the Monsieurs must pay." So there come Impots or King Philippus? There lies the crisis; there hangs the ques-Progressifs, Ascending Taxes; which consume, with fast-increas-tion: Revolution Prodigy, or Counter-Revolution?—One wide ing voracity, and 'superfluous-revenue' of men: beyond fifty-shriek covers that North-East region. Soldiers, full of rage, sus-pounds a-year you are not exempt; rising into the hundreds picion and terror, flock hither and thither; Dumouriez the many-you bleed freely; into the thousands and tens of thousands, counselled, never off horseback, knows now no counsel that you bleed gushing. Also there come Requisitions; there comes were not worse than none: the counsel, namely, of joining him-

'Forced-Loan of a Milliard,' some Fifty-Millions Sterling; which self with Cobourg; marching to Paris, extinguishing Jacobinism, of course they that have must lend. Unexampled enough: it and, with some new King Ludovicus or King Philippus, resting has grown to be no country for the Rich, this; but a country the Constitution of 1791! (Dumouriez, Memoires, iv. c. 7-10.) for the Poor! And then if one fly, what steads it? Dead in Law; Is Wisdom quitting Dumouriez; the herald of Fortune quit-nay kept alive fifty years yet, for their accursed behoof! In ting him? Principle, faith political or other, beyond a certain this manner, therefore, it goes; topsyturvying, ca-ira-ing;—

faith of messrooms, and honour of an officer, had him not to and withal there is endless sale of Emigrant National-Prop-quit. At any rate, his quarters in the Burgh of Saint-Amand; erty, there is Cambon with endless cornucopia of Assignats.

his headquarters in the Village of Saint-Amand des Boues, a The Trade and Finance of Sansculottism; and how, with Maxi-short way off,—have become a Bedlam. National Representa-443

tives, Jacobin Missionaries are riding and running: of the 'three trians, and suspicious French Nationals; finally, into Switzer-Towns,' Lille, Valenciennes or even Conde, which Dumouriez land; safe though nigh moneyless. (Genlis, iv. 139.) The brave wanted to snatch for himself, not one can be snatched: your young Egalite has a most wild Morrow to look for; but now Captain is admitted, but the Town-gate is closed on him, and only himself to carry through it.

then the Prison gate, and 'his men wander about the ram-For indeed over at that Village named of the Mudbaths, Saint-parts.' Couriers gallop breathless; men wait, or seem waiting, Amand des Boues, matters are still worse. About four o'clock to assassinate, to be assassinated; Battalions nigh frantic with on Tuesday afternoon, the 2d of April 1793, two Couriers come such suspicion and uncertainty, with Vive-la-Republique and galloping as if for life: Mon General! Four National Representa-Sauve-qui-peut, rush this way and that;—Ruin and Despera-tives, War-Minister at their head, are posting hitherward, from tion in the shape of Cobourg lying entrenched close by.

Valenciennes: are close at hand,—with what intents one may Dame Genlis and her fair Princess d'Orleans find this Burgh of guess! While the Couriers are yet speaking, War-Minister and Saint-Amand no fit place for them; Dumouriez's protection is National Representatives, old Camus the Archivist for chief grown worse than none. Tough Genlis one of the toughest speaker of them, arrive. Hardly has Mon General had time to women; a woman, as it were, with nine lives in her; whom noth-order out the Huzzar Regiment de Berchigny; that it take rank ing will beat: she packs her bandboxes; clear for flight in a and wait near by, in case of accident. And so, enter War-Minis-private manner. Her beloved Princess she will—leave here, with ter Beurnonville, with an embrace of friendship, for he is an the Prince Chartres Egalite her Brother. In the cold grey of the old friend; enter Archivist Camus and the other three, follow-April morning, we find her accordingly established in her hired ing him.

vehicle, on the street of Saint-Amand; postilions just cracking They produce Papers, invite the General to the bar of the their whips to go,—when behold the young Princely Brother, Convention: merely to give an explanation or two. The Gen-struggling hitherward, hastily calling; bearing the Princess in eral finds it unsuitable, not to say impossible, and that "the his arms! Hastily he has clutched the poor young lady up, in service will suffer." Then comes reasoning; the voice of the old her very nightgown, nothing saved of her goods except the Archivist getting loud. Vain to reason loud with this Dumouriez; watch from the pillow: with brotherly despair he flings her in, he answers mere angry irreverences. And so, amid plumed staff-among the bandboxes, into Genlis's chaise, into Genlis's arms: officers, very gloomy-looking; in jeopardy and uncertainty, Leave her not, in the name of Mercy and Heaven! A shrill scene, these poor National messengers debate and consult, retire and but a brief one:—the postilions crack and go. Ah, whither?

re-enter, for the space of some two hours: without effect.

Through by-roads and broken hill-passes: seeking their way Whereupon Archivist Camus, getting quite loud, proclaims, in with lanterns after nightfall; through perils, and Cobourg Aus-the name of the National Convention, for he has the power to 444

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do it, That General Dumouriez is arrested: "Will you obey the the National Battalions have wheeled round, are emitting shot!

National Mandate, General!" "Pas dans ce moment-ci, Not at Mount, Dumouriez, and spring for life! Dumouriez and Staff this particular moment," answers the General also aloud; then strike the spurs in, deep; vault over ditches, into the fields, glancing the other way, utters certain unknown vocables, in a which prove to be morasses; sprawl and plunge for life; mandatory manner; seemingly a German word-of-command.

bewhistled with curses and lead. Sunk to the middle, with or (Dumouriez, iv. 159, &c.) Hussars clutch the Four National without horses, several

servants killed, they escape out of shot-Representatives, and Beurnonville the Warminister; pack them range, to General Mack the Austrian's quarters. Nay they re-out of the apartment; out of the Village, over the lines to turn on the morrow, to Saint-Amand and faithful foreign Cobourg, in two chaises that very night,—as hostages, pris-Berchigny; but what boots it? The Artillery has all revolted, is oners; to lie long in Maestricht and Austrian strongholds! (Their jingling off to Valenciennes: all have revolted, are revolting; Narrative, written by Camus (in Toulongeon, iii. app. 60-87).) except only foreign Berchigny, to the extent of some poor Jacta est alea.

fifteen hundred, none will follow Dumouriez against France This night Dumouriez prints his 'Proclamation;' this night and Indivisible Republic: Dumouriez's occupation's gone.

and the morrow the Dumouriez Army, in such darkness visible, (Memoires, iv. 162-180.)

and rage of semi-desperation as there is, shall meditate what Such an instinct of Frenehhood and Sansculottism dwells in the General is doing, what they themselves will do in it. Judge these men: they will follow no Dumouriez nor Lafayette, nor whether this Wednesday was of halcyon nature, for any one!

any mortal on such errand. Shriek may be of Sauve-qui-peut, But, on the Thursday morning, we discern Dumouriez with small but will also be of Vive-la-Republique. New National Represen-escort, with Chartres Egalite and a few staff-officers, ambling tatives arrive; new General Dampierre, soon killed in battle; along the Conde Highway: perhaps they are for Conde, and new General Custine; the agitated Hosts draw back to some trying to persuade the Garrison there; at all events, they are Camp of Famars; make head against Cobourg as they can.

for an interview with Cobourg, who waits in the woods by And so Dumouriez is in the Austrian quarters; his drama appointment, in that quarter. Nigh the Village of Doumet, three ended, in this rather sorry manner. A most shifty, wiry man; National Battalions, a set of men always

full of Jacobinism, one of Heaven's Swiss that wanted only work. Fifty years of sweep past us; marching rather swiftly,—seemingly in mis-unnoticed toil and valour; one year of toil and valour, not take, by a way we had not ordered. The General dismounts, unnoticed, but seen of all countries and centuries; then thirty steps into a cottage, a little from the wayside; will give them other years again unnoticed, of Memoir-writing, English Pen-right order in writing. Hark! what strange growling is heard: sion, scheming and projecting to no purpose: Adieu thou Swiss what barkings are heard, loud yells of "Traitors," of "Arrest:"

of Heaven, worthy to have been something else!

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His Staff go different ways. Brave young Egalite reaches Swit-do it, and our Commissioners were off to arrest him; when zerland and the Genlis Cottage; with a strong crabstick in his what does the Girondin Lasource see good to do, but rise, and hand, a strong heart in his body: his Princedom in now re-jesuitically question and insinuate at great length, whether a duced to that. Egalite the Father sat playing whist, in his Palais main accomplice of Dumouriez had not probably been—

Egalite, at Paris, on the 6th day of this same month of April, Danton? Gironde grins sardonic assent; Mountain holds its when a catchpole entered: Citoyen Egalite is wanted at the breath. The figure of Danton, Levasseur says, while this speech Convention Committee! (See Montgaillard, iv. 144.) Examina-went on, was noteworthy. He sat erect, with a kind of internal tion, requiring Arrestment; finally requiring Imprisonment, convulsion struggling to keep itself motionless; his eye from transference to Marseilles and the Castle of If! Orleansdom has time to time flashing wilder, his lip curling in Titanic scorn.

sunk in the black waters; Palais Egalite, which was Palais Royal, (Memoires de Rene Levasseur (Bruxelles, 1830), i. 164.) is like to become Palais National.

Lasource, in a fine-spoken attorney-manner, proceeds: there is this probability to his mind, and there is that; probabilities ***Chapter 3.3.VII.***

which press painfully on him, which cast the Patriotism of Danton under a painful shade; which painful shade he, Lasource, ***In Fight.***

will hope that Danton may find it not impossible to dispel.

"Les Scelerats!" cries Danton, starting up, with clenched right-Our Republic, by paper Decree, may be 'One and Indivisible;'

hand, Lasource having done: and descends from the Moun-but what profits it while these things are? Federalists in the tain, like a lava-flood; his answer not unready. Lasource's prob-Senate, renegadoes in the Army, traitors everywhere! France, abilities fly like idle dust; but leave a result behind them. "Ye all in desperate recruitment since the Tenth of March, does not were right, friends of the Mountain," begins Danton, "and I fly to the frontier, but only flies hither and thither. This defec-was wrong: there is no peace possible with these men. Let it tion of contemptuous diplomatic Dumouriez falls heavy on be war then! They will not save the Republic with us: it shall the fine-spoken high-sniffing Hommes d'etat, whom he con-be saved without them; saved in spite of them." Really a burst sorted with; forms a second epoch in their destinies.

of rude Parliamentary eloquence this; which is still worth read-Or perhaps more strictly we might say, the second Girondin ing, in the old Moniteur! With fire-words the exasperated rude epoch, though little noticed then, began on the day when, in Titan rives and smites these Girondins; at every hit the glad reference to this defection, the Girondins broke with Danton.

Mountain utters chorus: Marat, like a musical bis, repeating It was the first day of April; Dumouriez had not yet plunged the last phrase. (Seance du 1er Avril, 1793 (in Hist. Parl. xxv.

across the morasses to Cobourg, but was evidently meaning to 24-35).) Lasource's probabilities are gone: but Danton's pledge 446

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of battle remains lying.

lutionary Tribunal? Violate the inviolability of a Representa-A third epoch, or scene in the Girondin Drama, or rather it is tive? Have a care, O Friends! This poor Marat has faults enough; but the completion of this second epoch, we reckon from the but against Liberty or Equality, what fault? That he has loved day when the patience of virtuous Petion finally boiled over; and fought for it, not wisely but too well. In dungeons and and the Girondins, so to speak, took up this battle-pledge of cellars, in pinching poverty, under anathema of men; even so, Danton's and decreed Marat accused. It was the eleventh of in such fight, has he grown so dingy, bleared; even so has his the same month of April, on some effervescence rising, such as head become a Stylites one! Him you will fling to your Sword often rose; and President had covered himself, mere Bedlam of Sharpness; while Cobourg and Pitt advance on us, fire-spit-now ruling; and Mountain and Gironde were rushing on one ting?

another with clenched right-hands, and even with pistols in The Mountain is loud, the Gironde is loud and deaf; all lips them; when, behold, the Girondin Duperret drew a sword! Shriek are foamy. With 'Permanent-Session of twenty-four hours,' with of horror rose, instantly quenching all other effervescence, at vote by rollcall, and a deadlift effort, the Gironde carries it: sight of the clear murderous steel; whereupon Duperret re-Marat is ordered to the Revolutionary Tribunal, to answer for turned it to the leather again;—confessing that he did indeed that February Paragraph of Forestallers at the door-lintel, with draw it, being instigated by a kind of sacred madness, "sainte other offences; and, after a little hesitation, he obeys.

fureur," and pistols held at him; but that if he parricidally had (Moniteur (du 16 Avril 1793, et seqq).) chanced to scratch the outmost skin of National Representa-Thus is Danton's battle-pledge taken up: there is, as he said tion with it, he too carried pistols, and would have blown his there would be, 'war without truce or treaty, ni treve ni com-brains out on the

spot. (Hist. Parl. xv. 397.) position.' Wherefore, close now with one another, Formula and But now in such posture of affairs, virtuous Petion rose, next Reality, in death-grips, and wrestle it out; both of you cannot morning, to lament these effervescences, this endless Anarchy live, but only one!

invading the Legislative Sanctuary itself; and here, being growled at and howled at by the Mountain, his patience, long ***Chapter 3.3.VIII.***

tried, did, as we say, boil over; and he spake vehemently, in high key, with foam on his lips; 'whence,' says Marat, 'I conIn Death-Grips.

cluded he had got 'la rage,' the rabidity, or dog-madness. Rabidity smites others rabid: so there rises new foam-lipped de-It proves what strength, were it only of inertia, there is in mand to have Anarchists extinguished; and specially to have established Formulas, what weakness in nascent Realities, and Marat put under Accusation. Send a Representative to the Revo-illustrates several things, that this death-wrestle should still 447

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have lasted some six weeks or more. National business, discus-so the eye of History beholds Patriotism, which had gloomed sion of the Constitutional Act, for our Constitution should unutterable things all week, break into loud jubilee, embrace decidedly be got ready, proceeds along with it. We even change its Marat; lift him into a chair of triumph, bear him shoulder-our Locality; we shift, on the Tenth of May, from the old Salle high through the streets. Shoulder-high is the injured People's-de Manege, into our new Hall, in the Palace, once a King's but friend, crowned with an oak-garland; amid the wavy sea of red now the Republic's, of the Tuileries. Hope and ruth, flickering nightcaps, carmagnole jackets, grenadier bonnets and female against despair and rage, still struggles in the minds of men.

mob-caps; far-sounding like a sea! The injured People's-friend It is a most dark confused death-wrestle, this of the six weeks.

has here reached his culminating-point; he too strikes the stars Formalist frenzy against Realist frenzy; Patriotism, Egoism, with his sublime head.

Pride, Anger, Vanity, Hope and Despair, all raised to the fre-But the Reader can judge with what face President Lasource, netic pitch: Frenzy meets Frenzy, like dark clashing whirlwinds; he of the 'painful probabilities,' who presides in this Conven-neither understands the other; the weaker, one day, will un-tion Hall, might welcome such jubilee-tide, when it got thither, derstand that it is verily swept down! Girondism is strong as and the Decreed of Accusation floating on the top of it! A established Formula and Respectability: do not as many as National Sapper, spokesman on the occasion, says, the People Seventy-two of the Departments, or say respectable Heads of know their Friend, and love his life as their own; "whosoever Departments, declare for us? Calvados, which loves its Buzot, wants Marat's head must get the Sapper's first." (Seance (in will even rise in revolt, so hint the Addresses; Marseilles, cradle Moniteur, No. 116 (du 26 Avril, An 1er).) Lasource answered of Patriotism, will rise; Bourdeaux will rise, and the Gironde with some vague painful mumblement,—which, says Levasseur, Department, as one man; in a word, who will not rise, were our one could not help tittering at. (Levasseur, Memoires, i. c. 6.) Representation Nationale to be insulted, or one hair of a Patriot Sections, Volunteers not yet gone to the Frontiers, come Deputy's head harmed! The Mountain, again, is strong as Real-demanding the "purgation of traitors from your own bosom;"

ity and Audacity. To the Reality of the Mountain are not all the expulsion, or even the trial and sentence, of a factious furthersome things possible? A new Tenth of August, if need-Twenty-two.

ful; nay a new Second of September!—

Nevertheless the Gironde has got its Commission of Twelve; But, on Wednesday afternoon, twenty-fourth day of April, a Commission specially appointed for investigating these year 1793, what tumult as of fierce jubilee is this? It is Marat troubles of the Legislative Sanctuary: let Sansculottism say returning from Revolutionary Tribunal! A week or more of what it will, Law shall triumph. Old-Constituent Rabaut Saint-death-peril: and now there is triumphant acquittal; Revolu-Etienne presides over this Commission: "it is the last plank tionary Tribunal can find no accusation

against this man. And whereon a wrecked Republic may perhaps still save herself."

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Rabaut and they therefore sit, intent; examining witnesses; erly,' Fraternelle, say Sisterly, which meets under the roof of launching arrestments; looking out into a waste dim sea of the Jacobins. 'Two thousand daggers,' or so, have been or-troubles.—the womb of Formula, or perhaps her grave! Enter dered,—doubtless, for them. They rush to Versailles, to raise not that sea, O Reader! There are dim desolation and confu-more women; but the Versailles women will not rise. (Buzot, sion; raging women and raging men. Sections come demand-Memoires, pp. 69, 84; Meillan, Memoires, pp. 192, 195, 196.

ing Twenty-two; for the number first given by Section See Commission des Douze (in Choix des Rapports, xii. 69-Bonconseil still holds, though the names should even vary.

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Other Sections, of the wealthier kind, come denouncing such Nay, behold, in National Garden of Tuileries,—Demoiselle demand; nay the same Section will demand to-day, and de-Theroigne herself is become as a brownlocked Diana (were that nounce the demand tomorrow, according as the wealthier sit, possible) attacked by her own dogs, or she-dogs! The Demoi-or the poorer. Wherefore, indeed, the Girondins decree that all selle, keeping her carriage, is for Liberty indeed, as she has full Sections shall close 'at ten in the evening;' before the working well shewn; but then for Liberty with Respectability: where-people come: which Decree remains without effect. And nightly upon these serpent-haired Extreme She-Patriots now do fas-the Mother of Patriotism wails doleful; doleful, but her eye ten on her, tatter her, shamefully fustigate her, in their shameful kindling! And Fournier l'Americain is busy, and the two Banker way; almost fling her into the Garden-ponds, had not help Freys, and Varlet Apostle of Liberty; the

bull-voice of Marquis intervened. Help, alas, to small purpose. The poor Demoiselle's Saint-Huruge is heard. And shrill women vociferate from all head and nervous-system, none of the soundest, is so tat-Galleries, the Convention ones and downwards. Nay a 'Central tered and fluttered that it will never recover; but flutter worse Committee' of all the Forty-eight Sections, looms forth huge and worse, till it crack; and within year and day we hear of her and dubious; sitting dim in the Archeveche, sending Resolu- in madhouse, and straitwaistcoat, which proves permanent!—

tions, receiving them: a Centre of the Sections; in dread delib-Such brownlocked Figure did flutter, and inarticulately jabber eration as to a New Tenth of August!

and gesticulate, little able to speak the obscure meaning it One thing we will specify to throw light on many: the aspect had, through some segment of that Eighteenth Century of under which, seen through the eyes of these Girondin Twelve, Time. She disappears here from the Revolution and Public His-or even seen through one's own eyes, the Patriotism of the tory, for evermore. (Deux Amis, vii. 77-80; Forster, i. 514; Moore, softer sex presents itself. There are Female Patriots, whom the i. 70. She did not die till 1817; in the Salpetriere, in the most Girondins call Megaeras, and count to the extent of eight thou-abject state of insanity; see Esquirol, Des Maladies Mentales sand; with serpent-hair, all out of curl; who have changed the (Paris, 1838), i. 445-50.)

distaff for the dagger. They are of 'the Society called Broth-Another thing we will not again specify, yet again beseech 449

the Reader to imagine: the reign of Fraternity and Perfection.

cion, that looking back on that Twelfth of July 1789, when Imagine, we say, O Reader, that the Millennium were strug-the thousands rose round him, yelling responsive at his word gling on the threshold, and yet not so much as groceries could in the Palais Royal Garden, and took cockades, he finds it ex-be had,—owing to traitors. With what impetus would a man plicable

only on this hypothesis, That they were all hired to strike traitors, in that case? Ah, thou canst not imagine it: do it, and set on by the Foreign and other Plotters. 'It was not thou hast thy groceries safe in the shops, and little or no hope for nothing,' says Camille with insight, 'that this multitude of a Millennium ever coming!—But, indeed, as to the temper burst up round me when I spoke!' No, not for nothing. Behind, there was in men and women, does not this one fact say enough: around, before, it is one huge Preternatural Puppet-play of the height suspicion had risen to? Preternatural we often called Plots; Pitt pulling the wires. (See Histoire des Brissotins, par it; seemingly in the language of exaggeration: but listen to Camille Desmoulins (a Pamphlet of Camille's, Paris, 1793).) the cold deposition of witnesses. Not a musical Patriot can Almost I conjecture that I Camille myself am a Plot, and wooden blow himself a snatch of melody from the French Horn, sitting with wires.—The force of insight could no further go.

mildly pensive on the housetop, but Mercier will recognise it Be this as it will, History remarks that the Commission of to be a signal which one Plotting Committee is making to Twelve, now clear enough as to the Plots; and luckily having another. Distraction has possessed Harmony herself; lurks in

'got the threads of them all by the end,' as they say,—are the sound of Marseillese and ca-ira. (Mercier, Nouveau Paris, launching Mandates of Arrest rapidly in these May days; and vi. 63.) Louvet, who can see as deep into a millstone as the carrying matters with a high hand; resolute that the sea of most, discerns that we shall be invited back to our old Hall of troubles shall be restrained. What chief Patriot, Section-Presi-the Manege, by a Deputation; and then the Anarchists will dent even, is safe? They can arrest him; tear him from his warm massacre Twenty-two of us, as we walk over. It is Pitt and bed, because he has made irregular Section Arrestments! They Cobourg; the gold of Pitt.—Poor Pitt! They little know what arrest Varlet Apostle of Liberty. They arrest Procureur-Substi-work he has with his own Friends of the People; getting them tute Hebert, Pere Duchesne; a Magistrate of the People, sit-bespied, beheaded, their habeas-corpuses suspended, and his ting in Townhall; who, with high solemnity of

martyrdom, takes own Social Order and strongboxes kept tight,—to fancy him leave of his colleagues; prompt he, to obey the Law; and sol-raising mobs among his neighbours!

emnly acquiescent, disappears into prison.

But the strangest fact connected with French or indeed with The swifter fly the Sections, energetically demanding him human Suspicion, is perhaps this of Camille Desmoulins.

back; demanding not arrestment of Popular Magistrates, but Camille's head, one of the clearest in France, has got itself so of a traitorous Twenty-two. Section comes flying after Sec-saturated through every fibre with Preternaturalism of Suspi-tion;—defiling energetic, with their Cambyses' vein of oratory: 450

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nay the Commune itself comes, with Mayor Pache at its head; ***Chapter 3.3.IX.***

and with question not of Hebert and the Twenty-two alone, but with this ominous old question made new, "Can you save ***Extinct.***

the Republic, or must we do it?" To whom President Max Isnard makes fiery answer: If by fatal chance, in any of those tumults Accordingly, on Friday, the Thirty-first of May 1793, there which since the Tenth of March are ever returning, Paris were comes forth into the summer sunlight one of the strangest to lift a sacrilegious finger against the National Representa- scenes. Mayor Pache with Municipality arrives at the Tuileries tion, France would rise as one man, in never-imagined ven-Hall of Convention; sent for, Paris being in visible ferment; and geance, and shortly "the traveller would ask, on which side of gives the strangest news.

the Seine Paris had stood!" (Moniteur, Seance du 25 Mai, 1793.) How, in the grey of this morning, while we sat Permanent in Whereat the Mountain

bellows only louder, and every Gallery; Townhall, watchful for the commonweal, there entered, pre-Patriot Paris boiling round.

cisely as on a Tenth of August, some Ninety-six extraneous And Girondin Valaze has nightly conclaves at his house; sends persons; who declared themselves to be in a state of Insurrec-billets; 'Come punctually, and well armed, for there is to be tion; to be plenipotentiary Commissioners from the Forty-eight business.' And Megaera women perambulate the streets, with Sections, sections or members of the Sovereign People, all in a flags, with lamentable alleleu. (Meillan, Memoires, p. 195; state of Insurrection; and further that we, in the name of said Buzot, pp. 69, 84.) And the Convention-doors are obstructed Sovereign in Insurrection, were dismissed from office. How we by roaring multitudes: find-spoken hommes d'etat are hustled, thereupon laid off our sashes, and withdrew into the adjacent maltreated, as they pass; Marat will apostrophise you, in such Saloon of Liberty. How in a moment or two, we were called death-peril, and say, Thou too art of them. If Roland ask leave back; and reinstated; the Sovereign pleasing to think us still to quit Paris, there is order of the day. What help? Substitute worthy of confidence. Whereby, having taken new oath of of-Hebert, Apostle Varlet, must be given back; to be crowned fice, we on a sudden find ourselves Insurrectionary Magistrates, with oak-garlands. The Commission of Twelve, in a Convention with extraneous Committee of Ninety-six sitting by us; and a overwhelmed with roaring Sections, is broken; then on the Citoyen Henriot, one whom some accuse of Septemberism, is morrow, in a Convention of rallied Girondins, is reinstated. Dim made Generalissimo of the National Guard; and, since six o'clock, Chaos, or the sea of troubles, is struggling through all its ele-the tocsins ring and the drums beat:—Under which peculiar ments; writhing and chafing towards some creation.

circumstances, what would an august National Convention please to direct us to do? (Compare Debats de la Convention (Paris, 1828), iv. 187-223; Moniteur, Nos. 152, 3, 4, An 1er.) 451

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Yes, there is the question! "Break the Insurrectionary Au-serve better? Faction and Girondism is struck down for the thorities," answers some with vehemence. Vergniaud at least moment, and consents to be a nullity; but will it not, at an-will have "the National Representatives all die at their post;"

other favourabler moment rise, still feller; and the Republic this is sworn to, with ready loud acclaim. But as to breaking have to be saved in spite of it? So reasons Patriotism, still the Insurrectionary Authorities,—alas, while we yet debate, Permanent; so reasons the Figure of Marat, visible in the dim what sound is that? Sound of the Alarm-Cannon on the Pont Section-world, on the morrow. To the conviction of men!—

Neuf; which it is death by the Law to fire without order from And so at eventide of Saturday, when Barrere had just got it us!

all varnished in the course of the day, and his Report was set-It does boom off there, nevertheless; sending a sound through ting off in the evening mail-bags, tocsin peals out again!

all hearts. And the tocsins discourse stern music; and Henriot Generale is beating; armed men taking station in the Place with his Armed Force has enveloped us! And Section succeeds Vendome and elsewhere for the night; supplied with provi-Section, the livelong day; demanding with Cambyses'-oratory, sions and liquor. There under the summer stars will they wait, with the rattle of muskets, That traitors, Twenty-two or more, this night, what is to be seen and to be done, Henriot and be punished; that the Commission of Twelve be irrecoverably Townhall giving due signal.

broken. The heart of the Gironde dies within it; distant are the The Convention, at sound of generale, hastens back to its Seventy-two respectable Departments, this fiery Municipality Hall; but to the number only of a Hundred; and does little is near! Barrere is for a middle course; granting something. The business, puts off business till the morrow. The Girondins do Commission of Twelve declares that, not waiting to be broken, not stir out thither, the Girondins are abroad seeking beds.

it hereby breaks itself, and is no more. Fain would Reporter Poor Rabaut, on the morrow morning, returning to his post, Rabaut speak his and its last-words; but he is bellowed off.

with Louvet and some others, through streets all in ferment, Too happy that the Twenty-two are still left unviolated!—

wrings his hands, ejaculating, "Illa suprema dies!" (Louvet, Vergniaud, carrying the laws of refinement to a great length, Memoires, p. 89.) It has become Sunday, the second day of moves, to the amazement of some, that 'the Sections of Paris June, year 1793, by the old style; by the new style, year One have deserved well of their country.' Whereupon, at a late hour of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. We have got to the last scene of the evening, the deserving Sections retire to their respec-of all, that ends this history of the Girondin Senatorship.

tive places of abode. Barrere shall report on it. With busy quill It seems doubtful whether any terrestrial Convention had and brain he sits, secluded; for him no sleep tonight. Friday ever met in such circumstances as this National one now does.

the last of May has ended in this manner.

Tocsin is pealing; Barriers shut; all Paris is on the gaze, or un-The Sections have deserved well: but ought they not to deder arms. As many as a Hundred Thousand under arms they 452

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count: National Force; and the Armed Volunteers, who should goes on protesting; amid rage and clangor; Legendre crying at have flown to the Frontiers and La Vendee; but would not, last: "Lanjuinais, come down from the Tribune, or I will fling treason being unpunished; and only flew hither and thither!

thee down, ou je te jette en bas!" For matters are come to So many, steady under arms, environ the National Tuileries extremity. Nay they do clutch

hold of Lanjuinais, certain zeal-and Garden. There are horse, foot, artillery, sappers with beards: ous Mountain-men; but cannot fling him down, for he 'cramps the artillery one can see with their camp-furnaces in this Na- himself on the railing;' and 'his clothes get torn.' Brave Sena-tional Garden, heating bullets red, and their match is lighted.

tor, worthy of pity! Neither will Barbaroux demit; he "has sworn Henriot in plumes rides, amid a plumed Staff: all posts and to die at his post, and will keep that oath." Whereupon the issues are safe; reserves lie out, as far as the Wood of Boulogne; Galleries all rise with explosion; brandishing weapons, some of the choicest Patriots nearest the scene. One other circumstance them; and rush out saying: "Allons, then; we must save our we will note: that a careful Municipality, liberal of camp-fur-country!" Such a Session is this of Sunday the second of June.

naces, has not forgotten provision-carts. No member of the Churches fill, over Christian Europe, and then empty them-Sovereign need now go home to dinner; but can keep rank,—

selves; but this Convention empties not, the while: a day of plentiful victual circulating unsought. Does not this People shrieking contention, of agony, humiliation and tearing of understand Insurrection? Ye, not uninventive, Gualches!—

coatskirts; illa suprema dies! Round stand Henriot and his Therefore let a National Representation, 'mandatories of the Hundred Thousand, copiously refreshed from tray and basket: Sovereign,' take thought of it. Expulsion of your Twenty-two, nay he is 'distributing five francs a-piece;' we Girondins saw it and your Commission of Twelve: we stand here till it be done!

with our eyes; five francs to keep them in heart! And distrac-Deputation after Deputation, in ever stronger language, comes tion of armed riot encumbers our borders, jangles at our Bar; with that message. Barrere proposes a middle course:—Will we are prisoners in our own Hall: Bishop Gregoire could not not perhaps the inculpated Deputies consent to withdraw vol-get out for a besoin actuel without four gendarmes to wait on

untarily; to make a generous demission, and self-sacrifice for him! What is the character of a National Representative be-the sake of one's country? Isnard, repentant of that search on come? And now the sunlight falls yellower on western win-which river-bank Paris stood, declares himself ready to demit.

dows, and the chimney-tops are flinging longer shadows; the Ready also is Te-Deum Fauchet; old Dusaulx of the Bastille, refreshed Hundred Thousand, nor their shadows, stir not! What

'vieux radoteur, old dotard,' as Marat calls him, is still readier.

to resolve on? Motion rises, superfluous one would think, That On the contrary, Lanjuinais the Breton declares that there is the Convention go forth in a body; ascertain with its own eyes one man who never will demit voluntarily; but will protest to whether it is free or not. Lo, therefore, from the Eastern Gate the uttermost, while a voice is left him. And he accordingly of the Tuileries, a distressed Convention issuing; handsome 453

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Herault Sechelles at their head; he with hat on, in sign of pub-and the denounced Twenty-two, to whom we add Ex-Ministers lic calamity, the rest bareheaded,—towards the Gate of the Claviere and Lebrun: these, with some slight extempore alter-Carrousel; wondrous to see: towards Henriot and his plumed ations (this or that orator proposing, but Marat disposing), are staff. "In the name of the National Convention, make way!"

voted to be under 'Arrestment in their own houses.' Brissot, Buzot, Not an inch of the way does Henriot make: "I receive no or-Vergniaud, Guadet, Louvet, Gensonne, Barbaroux, Lasource, ders, till the Sovereign, yours and mine, has been obeyed."

Lanjuinais, Rabaut,—Thirty-two, by the tale; all that we have The Convention presses on; Henriot prances back, with his staff, known as Girondins, and more than we have known. They, 'un-some fifteen paces, "To arms! Cannoneers to your guns!"—

der the safeguard of the French People;' by and by, under the flashes out his puissant sword, as the Staff all do, and the safeguard of two Gendarmes each, shall dwell peaceably in their Hussars all do. Cannoneers brandish the lit match; Infantry own houses; as Non-Senators; till further order. Herewith ends present arms,—alas, in the level way, as if for firing! Hatted Seance of Sunday the second of June 1793.

Herault leads his distressed flock, through their pinfold of a At ten o'clock, under mild stars, the Hundred Thousand, their Tuileries again; across the Garden, to the Gate on the opposite work well finished, turn homewards. This same day, Central side. Here is Feuillans Terrace, alas, there is our old Salle de Insurrection Committee has arrested Madame Roland; impris- Manege; but neither at this Gate of the Pont Tournant is there oned her in the Abbaye. Roland has fled, no one knows whither.

egress. Try the other; and the other: no egress! We wander Thus fell the Girondins, by Insurrection; and became extinct disconsolate through armed ranks; who indeed salute with as a Party: not without a sigh from most Historians. The men Live the Republic, but also with Die the Gironde. Other such were men of parts, of Philosophic culture, decent behaviour; sight, in the year One of Liberty, the westering sun never saw.

not condemnable in that they were Pedants and had not bet-And now behold Marat meets us; for he lagged in this Sup-ter parts; not condemnable, but most unfortunate. They wanted pliant Procession of ours: he has got some hundred elect Pa-a Republic of the Virtues, wherein themselves should be head; triots at his heels: he orders us in the Sovereign's name to and they could only get a Republic of the Strengths, wherein return to our place, and do as we are bidden and bound. The others than they were head.

Convention returns. "Does not the Convention," says Couthon For the rest, Barrere shall make Report of it. The night con-with a singular power of face, "see that it is free?"—none but cludes with a 'civic promenade by torchlight:' (Buzot, Memoires, friends round it? The Convention, overflowing with friends and p. 310. See Pieces Justificatives, of

Narratives, Commentaries, armed Sectioners, proceeds to vote as bidden. Many will not

&c. in Buzot, Louvet, Meillan: Documens Complementaires, in vote, but remain silent; some one or two protest, in words: Hist. Parl. xxviii. 1-78.) surely the true reign of Fraternity is the Mountain has a clear unanimity. Commission of Twelve, now not far?

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BOOK 3.IV.

Pythagorean Valady, a Duchatel, the Duchatel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have ***TERROR***

escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge ***Chapter 3.4.I.***

here, at the 'Intendance, or Departmental Mansion,' of the Town of Caen; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and de-Charlotte Corday.

frayed, having no money of their own. And the Bulletin de Caen comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How In the leafy months of June and July, several French Depart-the Bourdeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this De-ments germinate a set of rebellious paper-leaves, named Proc-partment after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-lamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals 'of the Union for nine, or seventy-two (Meillan, p. 72, 73; Louvet, p. 129.) re-Resistance to Oppression.' In particular, the Town of Caen, in spectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare.

Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of Bulletin de Caen suddenly bud, Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the be. So has Marseilles Town

said, That she will march. But on Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

the other hand, that Montelimart Town has said, No thorough-For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more fare; and means even to 'bury herself' under her own stone and desperate humour. Some, as Vergniaud, Valaze, Gensonne, 'ar-mortar first—of this be no mention in Bulletin of Caen.

rested in their own houses' will await with stoical resignation Such animating paragraphs we read in this Newspaper; and what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to fervours, and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened frame pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are Provincials. What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhither, and then rendezvous also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others; at Caen: to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable De-and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Vol-partments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at unteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye National least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near; forward to arrested; a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Petion, who Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen, in the early July have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and con-455

sulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of Carabots, Anti-jacobin with their olive and sword, are packed into prison: there may friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, Romme lie, under lock and key,

'for fifty days;' and meditate and the editing of Bulletins, a National Representative has his his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria and Civil War! Never hands full.

was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.—

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History spe-animated in the 'Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us.'

cially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a and torn with an internal La Vendee, this is the conclusion we young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of have arrived at: to put down Anarchy by Civil War! Durum et Deputy Barbaroux. (Meillan, p.75; Louvet, p. 114.) She is of durum, the Proverb says, non faciunt murum. La Vendee burns: stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege styled d'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given of Mentz is become famed;—lovers of the Picturesque (as her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some er-stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and rand? 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never counterwork; 'you only duck a little while the shot whizzes wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision is in this fair fe-past.' (Belagerung von Mainz (Goethe's Werke, xxx. 278-334).) male Figure: 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt Conde is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, sud-our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre denly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic was killed; General Custine was blamed,—

and indeed is now splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extin-come to Paris to give 'explanations.'

guished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must through long centuries!— Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions with-even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they out, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, His-are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not with-tory will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte out severity; they ray forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Com-burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

missioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathemati-With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of cal Romme, and Prieur named of the Cote d'Or, venturing thither, luggage, we see Charlotte, on Tuesday the ninth of July, seated 456

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in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes fare-the utmost West, from Neuchatel in the utmost East, they two well of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must par-business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches don her and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and which she mingles not; all night, all day, and again all night.

'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer.

On Thursday, not long before none, we are at the Bridge of Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes,—the with it by coach, about seven in the evening,

herself. Tired goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Provi-day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is dence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—tomorrow morning.

wards a purpose.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of eve of the Bastille day,—when 'M. Marat,' four years ago, in the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dis-getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has fin-mount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable ished this, in the course of Friday;—yet says nothing of re-among Patriot men! Four years: what a road he has travelled;—

turning. She has seen and silently investigated several things.

and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Moun-slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what tain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

sick and worn, poor man: with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large of ready money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—

des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'Ecole de Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establish-Medecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—

ment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hap-Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?— Hark, a less beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in rap again! A musical woman's-voice, refusing to be rejected: it 457

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is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrou-recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is sel; and newborn children be named Marat; and Lago-de-Como admitted.

Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished David paint his Picture, or Death-scene; and such other Apo-to speak with you.—Be seated, mon enfant. Now what are the theosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? —Charlotte can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun.

names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,"

One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in croaks the eager People's-Friend, clutching his tablets to write: the old Moniteur Newspaper: how Marat's brother comes from Barbaroux, Petion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside Neuchatel to ask of the Convention 'that the deceased Jean-in the bath: Petion, and Louvet, and—Charlotte has drawn her Paul Marat's musket be given him.' (Seance du 16 Septembre knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the 1793.) For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections; writer's heart. "A moi, chere amie, Help, dear!" No more could and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful

Washerwoman run-cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, ning in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indigAs for Charlotte Corday her work is accomplished; the rec-nant, to the shades below. (Moniteur, Nos. 197, 198, 199; Hist.

ompense of it is near and sure. The chere amie, and neighbours Parl. xxviii. 301-5; Deux Amis, x. 368-374.) of the house, flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' en-And so Marat People's-Friend is ended; the lone Stylites has trenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surren-got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—whither He that ders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all made him does know. Patriot Paris may sound triple and ten-Paris sounding in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her.

fold, in dole and wail; reechoed by Patriot France; and the Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—

Convention, 'Chabot pale with terror declaring that they are which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; to be all assassinated,' may decree him Pantheon Honours, though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firm-Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his char-ness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

acter, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and

'the good Sansculotte,'—whom we name not here. (See Eloge Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: funebre de Jean-Paul Marat, prononce a Strasbourg (in she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange Barbaroux, p. 125-131); Mercier, &c.) Also a Chapel may be murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not 458

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say of what character. (Proces de Charlotte Corday, &c. (Hist.

executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it Parl. xxviii. 311-338).) Tinville has his indictments and tape-meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits papers the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, her the sheath-knife; "all these details are needless," inter-they take the neckerchief from her neck: a blush of maidenly rupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instiga-shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were tion?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I still tinged with it, when the executioner lifted the severed killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely head, to shew it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Foster, (extremement), as they went on with their questions, "I killed

'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save inno-eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it.' (Briefwechsel, i. 508.) cents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy."

come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes aston-Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are ished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not dis-no more. 'Day of the Preparation of Peace?' Alas, how were approving; the men of law proceed with their formalities. The peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of in gentle phrase, in highflown classical spirit. To the Priest Love-paradises, and the light of Life; but of Codrus'-sacrifices, they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, or and death well earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have ghostly or other aid from him.

got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven this: whereof not peace can be the embodyment! The death of o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tip-Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than toe, the fatal Cart issues: seated on it a fair young creature, any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the world.

bore you both!

Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart This was the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most but must be touched? (Deux Amis, x. 374-384.) Others growl complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscrip-this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Revolution, tion, Greater than Brutus. Friends represent his danger; Lux is the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

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Chapter 3.4.II.

carcerating Patriots; the very Royalists now shewing face.

Against which a General Cartaux fights, though in small force; ***In Civil War.***

and with him an Artillery Major, of the name of—Napoleon Buonaparte. This Napoleon, to prove that the Marseillese have But during these same hours, another guillotine is at work, on no chance ultimately, not only fights

but writes; publishes his another: Charlotte, for the Girondins, dies at Paris to-day; Supper of Beaucaire, a Dialogue which has become curious.

Chalier, by the Girondins, dies at Lyons tomorrow.

(See Hazlitt, ii. 529-41.) Unfortunate Cities, with their ac-From rumbling of cannon along the streets of that City, it has tions and their reactions! Violence to be paid with violence in come to firing of them, to rabid fighting: Nievre-Chol and the geometrical ratio; Royalism and Anarchism both striking in;—

Girondins triumph;—behind whom there is, as everywhere, a the final net-amount of which geometrical series, what man Royalist Faction waiting to strike in. Trouble enough at Lyons; shall sum?

and the dominant party carrying it with a high hand! For inThe Bar of Iron has never yet floated in Marseilles Harbour; deed, the whole South is astir; incarcerating Jacobins; arming but the Body of Rebecqui was found floating, self-drowned for Girondins: wherefore we have got a 'Congress of Lyons;' also there. Hot Rebecqui seeing how confusion deepened, and Re-a 'Revolutionary Tribunal of Lyons,' and Anarchists shall tremble.

spectability grew poisoned with Royalism, felt that there was So Chalier was soon found guilty, of Jacobinism, of murderous no refuge for a Republican but death. Rebecqui disappeared: Plot, 'address with drawn dagger on the sixth of February last;'

no one knew whither; till, one morning, they found the empty and, on the morrow, he also travels his final road, along the case or body of him risen to the top, tumbling on the salt streets of Lyons, 'by the side of an ecclesiastic, with whom he waves; (Barbaroux, p. 29.) and perceived that Rebecqui had seems to speak earnestly,'—the axe now glittering high. He withdrawn forever.—Toulon likewise is incarcerating Patriots; could weep, in old years, this man, and 'fall on his knees on the sending delegates to Congress; intriguing, in case of neces-pavement,' blessing Heaven at sight of Federation Programs or sity, with the Royalists and English. Montpellier, Bourdeaux, like; then he pilgrimed to Paris, to worship Marat and the

Moun-Nantes: all France, that is not under the swoop of Austria and tain: now Marat and he are both gone;—we said he could not Cimmeria, seems rushing into madness, and suicidal ruin. The end well. Jacobinism groans inwardly, at Lyons; but dare not Mountain labours; like a volcano in a burning volcanic Land.

outwardly. Chalier, when the Tribunal sentenced him, made an-Convention Committees, of Surety, of Salvation, are busy night swer: "My death will cost this City dear."

and day: Convention Commissioners whirl on all highways; Montelimart Town is not buried under its ruins; yet Marseilles bearing olive-branch and sword, or now perhaps sword only.

is actually marching, under order of a 'Lyons Congress;' is in-Chaumette and Municipals come daily to the Tuileries demand-460

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ing a Constitution: it is some weeks now since he resolved, in him.

Townhall, that a Deputation 'should go every day' and de-Few wars, accordingly, were ever levied of a more insufficient mand a Constitution, till one were got; (Deux Amis, x. 345.) character than this of Calvados. He that is curious in such things whereby suicidal France might rally and pacify itself; a thing may read the details of it in the Memoirs of that same Ci- inexpressibly desirable.

devant Puisaye, the much-enduring man and Royalist: How This then is the fruit your Anti-anarchic Girondins have got our Girondin National Forces, marching off with plenty of wind-from that Levying of War in Calvados? This fruit, we may say; music, were drawn out about the old Chateau of Brecourt, in and no other whatsoever. For indeed, before either Charlotte's the wood-country near Vernon, to meet the Mountain National or Chalier's head had fallen, the Calvados War itself had, as it forces advancing from Paris. How on the fifteenth afternoon were, vanished, dreamlike, in a shriek! With 'seventy-two De-of July, they did meet,—and, as it were,

shrieked mutually, partments' on one's side, one might have hoped better things.

and took mutually to flight without loss. How Puisaye there-But it turns out that Respectabilities, though they will vote, after, for the Mountain Nationals fled first, and we thought will not fight. Possession is always nine points in Law; but in ourselves the victors,—was roused from his warm bed in the Lawsuits of this kind, one may say, it is ninety-and-nine points.

Castle of Brecourt; and had to gallop without boots; our NaMen do what they were wont to do; and have immense irreso-tionals, in the night-watches, having fallen unexpectedly into lution and inertia: they obey him who has the symbols that sauve qui peut:—and in brief the Calvados War had burnt prim-claim obedience. Consider what, in modern society, this one ing; and the only question now was, Whitherward to vanish, in fact means: the Metropolis is with our enemies! Metropolis, what hole to hide oneself! (Memoires de Puisaye (London, Mother-city; rightly so named: all the rest are but as her chil-1803), ii. 142-67.)

dren, her nurselings. Why, there is not a leathern Diligence, The National Volunteers rush homewards, faster than they with its postbags and luggage-boots, that lumbers out from came. The Seventy-two Respectable Departments, says Meillan, her, but is as a huge life-pulse; she is the heart of all. Cut short

'all turned round, and forsook us, in the space of four-and-that one leathern Diligence, how much is cut short!—General twenty hours.' Unhappy those who, as at Lyons for instance, Wimpfen, looking practically into the matter, can see nothing have gone too far for turning! 'One morning,' we find placarded for it but that one should fall back on Royalism; get into com-on our Intendance Mansion, the Decree of Convention which munication with Pitt! Dark innuendoes he flings out, to that casts us Hors la loi, into Outlawry: placarded by our Caen Mag-effect: whereat we Girondins start, horrorstruck. He produces istrates;—clear hint that we also are to vanish. Vanish, in-as his Second in command a certain 'Ci-devant,' one Comte deed: but whitherward? Gorsas has friends in Rennes; he will Puisaye;

entirely unknown to Louvet; greatly suspected by hide there,—unhappily will not lie hid. Guadet, Lanjuinais are 461

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on cross roads; making for Bourdeaux. To Bourdeaux! cries the purse;—encompassed with perils as with a sea! Revolutionary general voice, of Valour alike and of Despair. Some flag of Re-Committees are in every Township; of Jacobin temper; our spectability still floats there, or is thought to float.

friends all cowed, our cause the losing one. In the Borough of Thitherward therefore; each as he can! Eleven of these ill-Moncontour, by ill chance, it is market-day: to the gaping public fated Deputies, among whom we may count, as twelfth, Friend such transit of a solitary Marching Detachment is suspicious; Riouffe the Man of Letters, do an original thing. Take the uni- we have need of energy, of promptitude and luck, to be al-form of National Volunteers, and retreat southward with the lowed to march through. Hasten, ye weary pilgrims! The coun-Breton Battalion, as private soldiers of that corps. These brave try is getting up; noise of you is bruited day after day, a soli-Bretons had stood truer by us than any other. Nevertheless, at tary Twelve retreating in this mysterious manner: with every the end of a day or two, they also do now get dubious, self-new day, a wider wave of inquisitive pursuing tumult is stirred divided; we must part from them; and, with some half-dozen up till the whole West will be in motion. 'Cussy is tormented as convoy or guide, retreat by ourselves,—a solitary marching with gout, Buzot is too fat for marching.' Riouffe, blistered, detachment, through waste regions of the West. (Louvet, pp.

bleeding, marching only on tiptoe; Barbaroux limps with 101-37; Meillan, pp. 81, 241-70.)

sprained ancle, yet ever cheery, full of hope and valour. Light Louvet glances hare-eyed, not hare-hearted: only virtuous ***Chapter 3.4.III.***

Petion's serenity 'was but once seen ruffled.' (Meillan, pp. 119-137.) They lie in straw-lofts, in woody brakes; rudest paillasse ***Retreat of the Eleven.***

on the floor of a secret friend is luxury. They are seized in the dead of night by Jacobin mayors and tap of drum; get off by It is one of the notablest Retreats, this of the Eleven, that firm countenance, rattle of muskets, and ready wit.

History presents: The handful of forlorn Legislators retreating Of Bourdeaux, through fiery La Vendee and the long geo-there, continually, with shouldered firelock and well-filled car-graphical spaces that remain, it were madness to think: well, if tridge-box, in the yellow autumn; long hundreds of miles be-you can get to Quimper on the sea-coast, and take shipping tween them and Bourdeaux; the country all getting hostile, there. Faster, ever faster! Before the end of the march, so hot suspicious of the truth; simmering and buzzing on all sides, has the country grown, it is found advisable to march all night.

more and more. Louvet has preserved the Itinerary of it; a piece They do it; under the still night-canopy they plod along;—

worth all the rest he ever wrote.

and yet behold, Rumour has outplodded them. In the paltry O virtuous Petion, with thy early-white head, O brave young Village of Carhaix (be its thatched huts, and bottomless peat-Barbaroux, has it come to this? Weary ways, worn shoes, light bogs, long notable to the Traveller), one is astonished to find 462

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light still glimmering: citizens are awake, with rushlights burn-Arrested visible Deputies at Paris. 'Arrestment at home' threat-ing, in that nook of the terrestrial Planet; as we traverse swiftly ens to become 'Confinement in the Luxembourg;' to end: where?

the one poor street, a voice is heard saying, "There they are, For example, what pale-visaged thin man is this, journeying Les voila qui passent!" (Louvet, pp. 138-164.) Swifter, ye towards Switzerland as a Merchant of Neuchatel, whom they doomed lame Twelve: speed ere they can arm; gain

the Woods arrest in the town of Moulins? To Revolutionary Committee he of Quimper before day, and lie squatted there!

is suspect. To Revolutionary Committee, on probing the mat-The doomed Twelve do it; though with difficulty, with loss ter, he is evidently: Deputy Brissot! Back to thy Arrestment, of road, with peril, and the mistakes of a night. In Quimper are poor Brissot; or indeed to strait confinement,— whither oth-Girondin friends, who perhaps will harbour the homeless, till a ers are fared to follow. Rabaut has built himself a false-parti-Bourdeaux ship weigh. Wayworn, heartworn, in agony of sus-tion, in a friend's house; lives, in invisible darkness, between pense, till Quimper friendship get warning, they lie there, squat-two walls. It will end, this same Arrestment business, in Prison, ted under the thick wet boscage; suspicious of the face of and the Revolutionary Tribunal.

man. Some pity to the brave; to the unhappy! Unhappiest of Nor must we forget Duperret, and the seal put on his papers all Legislators, O when ye packed your luggage, some score, or by reason of Charlotte. One Paper is there, fit to breed woe two-score months ago; and mounted this or the other leath-enough: A secret solemn Protest against that suprema dies of ern vehicle, to be Conscript Fathers of a regenerated France, the Second of June! This Secret Protest our poor Duperret had and reap deathless laurels, —did ye think your journey was to drawn up, the same week, in all plainness of speech; waiting lead hither? The Quimper Samaritans find them squatted; lift the time for publishing it: to which Secret Protest his signa-them up to help and comfort; will hide them in sure places.

ture, and that of other honourable Deputies not a few, stands Thence let them dissipate gradually; or there they can lie quiet, legibly appended. And now, if the seals were once broken, the and write Memoirs, till a Bourdeaux ship sail.

Mountain still victorious? Such Protestors, your Merciers, And thus, in Calvados all is dissipated; Romme is out of prison, Bailleuls, Seventy-three by the tale, what yet remains of Remeditating his Calendar; ringleaders are locked in his room. At spectable Girondism in the Convention, may tremble

to Caen the Corday family mourns in silence; Buzot's House is a think!—These are the fruits of levying civil war.

heap of dust and demolition; and amid the rubbish sticks a Also we find, that, in these last days of July, the famed Gallows, with this inscription, Here dwelt the Traitor Buzot Siege of Mentz is finished; the Garrison to march out with who conspired against the Republic. Buzot and the other van-honours of war; not to serve against the Coalition for a year!

ished Deputies are hors la loi, as we saw; their lives free to Lovers of the Picturesque, and Goethe standing on the Chaussee take where they can be found. The worse fares it with the poor of Mentz, saw, with due interest, the Procession issuing forth, 463

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in all solemnity:

defeat. But what now shall stem that tide of Prussians setting

'Escorted by Prussian horse came first the French Garrison.

in through the open North-East?' Lucky, if fortified Lines of Nothing could look stranger than this latter: a column of Weissembourg, and impassibilities of Vosges Mountains, con-Marseillese, slight, swarthy, party-coloured, in patched clothes, fine it to French Alsace, keep it from submerging the very heart came tripping on;—as if King Edwin had opened the Dwarf of the country!

Hill, and sent out his nimble Host of Dwarfs. Next followed Furthermore, precisely in the same days, Valenciennes Siege regular troops; serious, sullen; not as if downcast or ashamed.

is finished, in the North-West:—fallen, under the red hail of But the remarkablest appearance, which struck every one, was York! Conde fell some fortnight since. Cimmerian Coalition that of the Chasers (Chasseurs) coming out mounted: they presses on. What seems very notable too, on all

these cap-had advanced quite silent to where we stood, when their Band tured French Towns there flies not the Royalist fleur-de-lys, in struck up the Marseillaise. This Revolutionary Te-Deum has in the name of a new Louis the Pretender; but the Austrian flag itself something mournful and bodeful, however briskly played; flies; as if Austria meant to keep them for herself! Perhaps but at present they gave it in altogether slow time, propor-General Custines, still in Paris, can give some explanation of tionate to the creeping step they rode at. It was piercing and the fall of these strong-places? Mother Society, from tribune fearful, and a most serious-looking thing, as these cavaliers, and gallery, growls loud that he ought to do it;—remarks, long, lean men, of a certain age, with mien suitable to the however, in a splenetic manner that 'the Monsieurs of the Palais music, came pacing on: singly you might have likened them to Royal' are calling, Long-life to this General.

Don Quixote; in mass, they were highly dignified.

The Mother Society, purged now, by successive 'scrutinies or

'But now a single troop became notable: that of the Com-epurations,' from all taint of Girondism, has become a great missioners or Representans. Merlin of Thionville, in hussar uni-Authority: what we can call shield-bearer, or bottle-holder, nay form, distinguishing himself by wild beard and look, had an-call it fugleman, to the purged National Convention itself. The other person in similar costume on his left; the crowd shouted Jacobins Debates are reported in the Moniteur, like Parliamen-out, with rage, at sight of this latter, the name of a Jacobin tary ones.

Townsman and Clubbist; and shook itself to seize him. Merlin drew bridle; referred to his dignity as French Representative, to the vengeance that should follow any injury done; he would advise every one to compose himself, for this was not the last time they would see him here. (Belagerung von Maintz (Goethe's Werke, xxx. 315.) Thus rode Merlin; threatening in

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Chapter 3.4.IV.

cupied with Real-Phantasmagories, will say but little.

For one thing, History can notice with satisfaction, on the ***O Nature.***

ruins of the Bastille, a Statue of Nature; gigantic, spouting water from her two mammelles. Not a Dream this; but a Fact, But looking more specially into Paris City, what is this that palpable visible. There she spouts, great Nature; dim, before History, on the 10th of August, Year One of Liberty, 'by old-daybreak. But as the coming Sun ruddies the East, come count-style, year 1793,' discerns there? Praised be the Heavens, a less Multitudes, regulated and unregulated; come Departmen-new Feast of Pikes!

tal Deputies, come Mother Society and Daughters; comes Na-For Chaumette's 'Deputation every day' has worked out its tional Convention, led on by handsome Herault; soft wind-result: a Constitution. It was one of the rapidest Constitu-music breathing note of expectation. Lo, as great Sol scatters tions ever put together; made, some say in eight days, by his first fire-handful, tipping the hills and chimney-heads with Herault Sechelles and others: probably a workmanlike, gold, Herault is at great Nature's feet (she is Plaster of Paris roadworthy Constitution enough;—on which point, however, merely); Herault lifts, in an iron saucer, water spouted from we are, for some reasons, little called to form a judgment. Work-the sacred breasts; drinks of it, with an eloquent Pagan Prayer, manlike or not, the Forty-four Thousand Communes of France, beginning, "O Nature!" and all the Departmental Deputies drink, by overwhelming majorities, did hasten to accept it; glad of each with what best suitable ejaculation or prophetic-utter-any Constitution whatsoever. Nay Departmental Deputies have ance is in him;—amid breathings, which become blasts, of wind-come, the venerablest Republicans of each Department, with music; and the roar of artillery and human throats: finishing solemn message of Acceptance; and now what remains but that well the first act of this solemnity.

our new Final Constitution be proclaimed, and sworn to, in Next are processionings along the Boulevards: Deputies or Feast of Pikes? The

Departmental Deputies, we say, are come Officials bound together by long indivisible tricolor riband; some time ago;—Chaumette very anxious about them, lest general 'members of the Sovereign' walking pellmell, with pikes, Girondin Monsieurs, Agio-jobbers, or were it even Filles de joie with hammers, with the tools and emblems of their crafts; of a Girondin temper, corrupt their morals. (Deux Amis, xi.

among which we notice a Plough, and ancient Baucis and 73.) Tenth of August, immortal Anniversary, greater almost Philemon seated on it, drawn by their children. Many-voiced than Bastille July, is the Day.

harmony and dissonance filling the air. Through Triumphal Painter David has not been idle. Thanks to David and the Arches enough: at the basis of the first of which, we descry—

French genius, there steps forth into the sunlight, this day, a whom thinkest thou?—the Heroines of the Insurrection of Scenic Phantasmagory unexampled:—whereof History, so oc-Women. Strong Dames of the Market, they sit there (Theroigne 465

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too ill to attend, one fears), with oak-branches, tricolor bedi-Flags, their flagstaff a Pike and Liberty-Cap. On all house-walls, zenment; firm-seated on their Cannons. To whom handsome for no Patriot, not suspect, will be behind another, there stand Herault, making pause of admiration, addresses soothing elo-printed these words: Republic one and indivisible, Liberty, quence; whereupon they rise and fall into the march.

Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

And now mark, in the Place de la Revolution, what other As to the New Calendar, we may say here rather than else-August Statue may this be; veiled in canvas,—which swiftly where that speculative men have long been struck with the we shear off by pulley and cord? The Statue of Liberty! She inequalities and incongruities of the Old Calendar; that a New too is of plaster, hoping to become of metal; stands where a one has long been as

good as determined on. Marechal the Tyrant Louis Quinze once stood. 'Three thousand birds' are let Atheist, almost ten years ago, proposed a New Calendar, free loose, into the whole world, with labels round their neck, We at least from superstition: this the Paris Municipality would are free; imitate us. Holocaust of Royalist and ci-devant trum-now adopt, in defect of a better; at all events, let us have pery, such as one could still gather, is burnt; pontifical elo-either this of Marechal's or a better,—the New Era being come.

quence must be uttered, by handsome Herault, and Pagan Petitions, more than once, have been sent to that effect; and orisons offered up.

indeed, for a year past, all Public Bodies, Journalists, and Pa-And then forward across the River; where is new enormous triots in general, have dated First Year of the Republic. It is a Statuary; enormous plaster Mountain; Hercules-Peuple, with subject not without difficulties. But the Convention has taken uplifted all-conquering club; 'many-headed Dragon of Girondin it up; and Romme, as we say, has been meditating it; not Federalism rising from fetid marsh;'—needing new eloquence Marechal's New Calendar, but a better New one of Romme's from Herault. To say nothing of Champ-de-Mars, and and our own. Romme, aided by a Monge, a Lagrange and oth-Fatherland's Altar there; with urn of slain Defenders, ers, furnishes mathematics; Fabre d'Eglantine furnishes poetic Carpenter's-level of the Law; and such exploding, gesticulat-nomenclature: and so, on the 5th of October 1793, after trouble ing and perorating, that Herault's lips must be growing white, enough, they bring forth this New Republican Calendar of theirs, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth. (Choix des in a complete state; and by Law, get it put in action.

Rapports, xii. 432-42.)

Four equal Seasons, Twelve equal Months of thirty days each: Towards six-o'clock let the wearied President, let Paris Pathis makes three hundred and sixty days; and five odd days triotism generally sit down to what repast, and social repasts, remain to be disposed of. The five odd days we will make Fes-can be had; and with flowing tankard or light-mantling glass, tivals,

and name the five Sansculottides, or Days without usher in this New and Newest Era. In fact, is not Romme's New Breeches. Festival of Genius; Festival of Labour; of Actions; of Calendar getting ready? On all housetops flicker little tricolor Rewards; of Opinion: these are the five Sansculottides.

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Whereby the great Circle, or Year, is made complete: solely one is forced to construct some ground-scheme, or rule of Com-every fourth year, whilom called Leap-year, we introduce a sixth mutation from New-style to Old-style, and have it lying by Sansculottide; and name it Festival of the Revolution. Now as him. Such ground-scheme, almost worn out in our service, but to the day of commencement, which offers difficulties, is it still legible and printable, we shall now, in a Note, present to not one of the luckiest coincidences that the Republic herself the reader. For the Romme Calendar, in so many Newspapers, commenced on the 21st of September; close on the Vernal Memoirs, Public Acts, has stamped itself deep into that sec- Equinox? Vernal Equinox, at midnight for the meridian of Paris, tion of Time: a New Era that lasts some Twelve years and odd is in the year whilom Christian 1792, from that moment shall not to be despised. Let the reader, therefore, with such ground-the New Era reckon itself to begin. Vendemiaire, Brumaire, scheme, help himself, where needful, out of New-style into Frimaire; or as one might say, in mixed English, Vintagearious, Old-style, called also 'slave-style, stile-esclave;'—whereof we, Fogarious, Frostarious: these are our three Autumn months.

in these pages, shall as much as possible use the latter only.

Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, or say Snowous, Rainous, Windous, (September 22nd of 1792 is Vendemiaire 1st of Year One, make our Winter season. Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, or Buddal, and the new months are all of 30 days each; therefore: Floweral, Meadowal, are our Spring season. Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor, that is to say (dor being Greek for gift) Reapidor, Heatidor, Fruitidor, are Republican Summer. These Twelve, in a

singular manner, divide the Republican Year. Then as to minuter subdivisions, let us venture at once on a bold stroke: adopt your decimal subdivision; and instead of world-old Week, or Se'ennight, make it a Tennight or Decade;—not without ***See insert on next page.***

results. There are three Decades, then, in each of the months; which is very regular; and the Decadi, or Tenth-day, shall always be 'the Day of Rest.' And the Christian Sabbath, in that case? Shall shift for itself!

This, in brief, in this New Calendar of Romme and the Convention; calculated for the meridian of Paris, and Gospel of Jean-Jacques: not one of the least afflicting occurrences for the actual British reader of French History;—confusing the soul with Messidors, Meadowals; till at last, in self-defence, 467

To the number of the day in Add day in

We have the number of the Days

Vendemiaire

21

September

30

Brumaire

21

October

31

Frimaire

20

November

30

Nivose

20

December

31

Pluviose

19

January

31

Ventose

18

February

28

Germinal

20

March

31

Floreal

19

April

30

Prairial

19

May

31

Messidor

18

June

30

Thermidor

18

July

31

Fructidor

17

August

31

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There are 5 Sansculottides, and in leap-year a sixth, to be added madder. Happily those lean Quixote-figures, whom we saw re-at the end of Fructidor.

treating out of Mentz, 'bound not to serve against the Coali-The New Calendar ceased on the 1st of January 1806. See tion for a year,' have got to Paris. National Convention packs Choix des Rapports, xiii. 83-99; xix. 199.) them into post-vehicles and conveyances; sends them swiftly, Thus with new Feast of Pikes, and New Era or New Calendar, by post, into La Vendee! There valiantly struggling, in obscure did France accept her New Constitution: the most Democratic battle and skirmish, under rogue Rossignol, let them, Constitution ever committed to paper. How it will work in unlaurelled, save the Republic, and 'be cut down gradually to practice? Patriot Deputations from time to time solicit frui-the last man.' (Deux Amis, xi. 147; xiii. 160-92, &c.) tion of it; that it be set a-going. Always, however, this seems Does not the Coalition, like a fire-tide, pour in; Prussia questionable; for the moment, unsuitable. Till, in some weeks, through the opened North-East; Austria, England through the Salut Public, through the organ of Saint-Just, makes report, North-West? General Houchard prospers no better there than that, in the present alarming circumstances, the state of France General Custine did: let him look to it! Through the Eastern is Revolutionary; that her 'Government must be Revolutionary and the Western Pyrenees Spain has deployed itself; spreads, till the Peace!' Solely as Paper, then, and as a Hope, must this rustling with Bourbon banners, over the face of the South.

poor New Constitution exist;—in which shape we may con-Ashes and embers of confused Girondin civil war covered that ceive it lying; even now, with an infinity of other things, in region already. Marseilles is damped down, not quenched; to that Limbo near the Moon. Further than paper it never got, be quenched in blood. Toulon, terrorstruck, too far gone for nor ever will get.

turning, has flung itself, ye righteous Powers,—into the hands of the English! On Toulon Arsenal there flies a Flag,—nay not ***Chapter 3.4.V.***

even the Fleur-de-lys of a Louis Pretender; there flies that accursed St. George's Cross of the English and Admiral Hood!

Sword of Sharpness.

What remnants of sea-craft, arsenals, roperies, war-navy France had, has given itself to these enemies of human nature, 'ennemis In fact it is something quite other than paper theorems, it is du genre humain.' Beleaguer it, bombard it, ye Commissioners iron and audacity that France now needs.

Barras, Freron, Robespierre Junior; thou General Cartaux, GenIs not La Vendee still blazing;—alas too literally; rogue eral Dugommier; above all, thou remarkable Artillery-Major, Rossignol burning the very corn-mills? General Santerre could Napoleon Buonaparte! Hood is fortifying himself, victualling do nothing there; General Rossignol, in blind fury, often in himself; means, apparently, to make a new Gibraltar of it.

liquor, can do less than nothing. Rebellion spreads, grows ever But lo, in the Autumn night, late night, among the last of 469

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August, what sudden red sunblaze is this that has risen over to the pity of the beseigers; for though maddened, were they Lyons City; with a noise to deafen the world? It is the Powder-not still our brethren? In their blind wrath, they took it for a tower of Lyons, nay the Arsenal with four Powder-towers, which flag of defiance, and aimed thitherward the more. Bad is grow-has caught fire in the Bombardment; and sprung into the air, ing ever worse here: and how will the worse stop, till it have carrying 'a hundred and seventeen houses' after it. With a light, grown worst of all? Commissioner Dubois will listen to no plead-one fancies, as of the noon sun; with a roar second only to the ing, to no speech, save this only, 'We surrender at discretion.'

Last Trumpet! All living sleepers far and wide it has awakened.

Lyons contains in it subdued Jacobins; dominant Girondins; What a sight was that, which the eye of History saw, in the secret Royalists. And now, mere deaf madness and cannon-sudden nocturnal sunblaze! The roofs of hapless Lyons, and all shot enveloping them, will not the desperate Municipality fly, its domes and steeples made momentarily clear; Rhone and at last, into the arms of Royalism itself? Majesty of Sardinia Saone streams flashing suddenly visible; and height and hol-was to bring help, but it failed. Emigrant Autichamp, in name low, hamlet and smooth stubblefield, and all the region of the Two Pretender Royal Highnesses, is coming through round;—heights, alas, all scarped and counterscarped, into Switzerland with help; coming, not yet come: Precy hoists the trenches, curtains, redouts; blue Artillery-men, little Powder-Fleur-de-lys!

devilkins, plying their hell-trade there, through the not At sight of which, all true Girondins sorrowfully fling down ambrosial night! Let the darkness cover it again; for it pains their arms:—Let our Tricolor brethren storm us, then, and slay the eye. Of a truth, Chalier's death is costing this City dear.

us in their wrath: with you we conquer not. The famishing Convention Commissioners, Lyons Congresses have come and women and children are sent forth: deaf Dubois sends them gone; and action there was and reaction; bad ever growing back;—rains in mere fire and madness. Our 'redouts of cotton-worse; till it has come to this: Commissioner Dubois-Crance, bags' are taken, retaken; Precy under his Fleur-de-lys is val-

'with seventy thousand men, and all the Artillery of several iant as Despair. What will become of Lyons? It is a siege of Provinces,' bombarding Lyons day and night.

seventy days. (Deux Amis, xi. 80-143.)

Worse things still are in store. Famine is in Lyons, and ruin, Or see, in these same weeks, far in the Western waters: and fire. Desperate are the sallies of the besieged; brave Precy, breasting through the Bay of Biscay, a greasy dingy little their National Colonel and Commandant, doing what is in man: Merchantship, with Scotch skipper; under hatches whereof sit, desperate

but ineffectual. Provisions cut off; nothing enter-disconsolate,—the last forlorn nucleus of Girondism, the Depu-ing our city but shot and shells! The Arsenal has roared aloft; ties from Quimper! Several have dissipated themselves, the very Hospital will be battered down, and the sick buried whithersoever they could. Poor Riouffe fell into the talons of alive. A Black Flag hung on this latter noble Edifice, appealing Revolutionary Committee, and Paris Prison. The rest sit here 470

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under hatches; reverend Petion with his grey hair, angry Buzot, Our Enemies press in on us, says Danton, but they shall not suspicious Louvet, brave young Barbaroux, and others. They conquer us, "we will burn France to ashes rather, nous brulerons have escaped from Quimper, in this sad craft; are now tacking la France."

and struggling; in danger from the waves, in danger from the Committees, of Surete or Salut, have raised themselves 'a la English, in still worse danger from the French;—banished by hauteur, to the height of circumstances.' Let all mortals raise Heaven and Earth to the greasy belly of this Scotch skipper's themselves a la hauteur. Let the Forty-four thousand Sections Merchant-vessel, unfruitful Atlantic raving round. They are for and their Revolutionary Committees stir every fibre of the Bourdeaux, if peradventure hope yet linger there. Enter not Republic; and every Frenchman feel that he is to do or die.

Bourdeaux, O Friends! Bloody Convention Representatives, They are the life-circulation of Jacobinism, these Sections and Tallien and such like, with their Edicts, with their Guillotine, Committees: Danton, through the organ of Barrere and Salut have arrived there; Respectability is driven under ground; Public, gets decreed, That there be in Paris, by law, two meet- Jacobinism lords it on high. From that Reole landingplace, or ings of Section weekly; also, that the Poorer Citizen be paid Beak of Ambes, as it were, Pale Death, waving his Revolution-for attending, and have his day's- wages of Forty Sous.

ary Sword of sharpness, waves you elsewhither!

(Moniteur, Seance du 5 Septembre, 1793.) This is the celebrated On one side or the other of that Bec d'Ambes, the Scotch

'Law of the Forty Sous;' fiercely stimulant to Sansculottism, to Skipper with difficulty moors, a dexterous greasy man; with the life-circulation of Jacobinism.

difficulty lands his Girondins;—who, after reconnoitring, must On the twenty-third of August, Committee of Public Salva-rapidly burrow in the Earth; and so, in subterranean ways, in tion, as usual through Barrere, had promulgated, in words not friends' back-closets, in cellars, barn-lofts, in Caves of Saint-unworthy of remembering, their Report, which is soon made Emilion and Libourne, stave off cruel Death. (Louvet, p. 180-into a Law, of Levy in Mass. 'All France, and whatsoever it con-199.) Unhappiest of all Senators!

tains of men or resources, is put under requisition,' says Barrere; really in Tyrtaean words, the best we know of his. 'The Repub-Chapter 3.4.VI.

lic is one vast besieged city.' Two hundred and fifty Forges shall, in these days, be set up in the Luxembourg Garden, and ***Risen against Tyrants.***

round the outer wall of the Tuileries; to make gun-barrels; in sight of Earth and Heaven! From all hamlets, towards their Against all which incalculable impediments, horrors and disas-Departmental Town; from all their Departmental Towns, to-ters, what can a Jacobin Convention oppose? The uncalculating wards the appointed Camp and seat of war, the Sons of Free-Spirit of Jacobinism, and Sansculottic sans-formulistic Frenzy!

dom shall march; their banner is to bear: 'Le Peuple Francais 471

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debout contres les Tyrans, The French People risen against pect. (Moniteur, Seance du 17 Septembre 1793.) Nay Tyrants.' 'The young men shall go to

the battle; it is their task Chaumette, illuminating the matter still further, in his Munici-to conquer: the married men shall forge arms, transport bagpal Placards and Proclamations, will bring it about that you gage and artillery; provide subsistence: the women shall work may almost recognise a Suspect on the streets, and clutch him at soldiers' clothes, make tents; serve in the hospitals. The there,—off to Committee, and Prison. Watch well your words, children shall scrape old-linen into surgeon's-lint: the aged men watch well your looks: if Suspect of nothing else, you may shall have themselves carried into public places; and there, by grow, as came to be a saying, 'Suspect of being Suspect!' For their words, excite the courage of the young; preach hatred to are we not in a State of Revolution?

Kings and unity to the Republic.' (Debats, Seance du 23 Aout No frightfuller Law ever ruled in a Nation of men. All Prisons 1793.) Tyrtaean words, which tingle through all French hearts.

and Houses of Arrest in French land are getting crowded to In this humour, then, since no other serves, will France rush the ridge-tile: Forty-four thousand Committees, like as many against its enemies. Headlong, reckoning no cost or conse-companies of reapers or gleaners, gleaning France, are gather-quence; heeding no law or rule but that supreme law, Salva-ing their harvest, and storing it in these Houses. Harvest of tion of the People! The weapons are all the iron that is in Aristocrat tares! Nay, lest the Forty-four thousand, each on its France; the strength is that of all the men, women and chil-own harvest-field, prove insufficient, we are to have an ambu-dren that are in France. There, in their two hundred and fifty lant 'Revolutionary Army:' six thousand strong, under right shed-smithies, in Garden of Luxembourg or Tuileries, let them captains, this shall perambulate the country at large, and strike forge gun-barrels, in sight of Heaven and Earth.

in wherever it finds such harvest-work slack. So have Munici-Nor with heroic daring against the Foreign foe, can black pality and Mother Society petitioned; so has Convention de-vengeance against the Domestic be wanting. Life-circulation creed. (Ibid. Seances du 5, 9, 11 Septembre.) Let Aristocrats, of the Revolutionary Committees being quickened by that Law

Federalists, Monsieurs vanish, and all men tremble: 'The Soil of of the Forty Sous, Deputy Merlin, not the Thionviller, whom Liberty shall be purged,'—with a vengeance!

we saw ride out of Mentz, but Merlin of Douai, named subse-Neither hitherto has the Revolutionary Tribunal been keep-quently Merlin Suspect, —comes, about a week after, with his ing holyday. Blanchelande, for losing Saint-Domingo; 'Conspira-world-famous Law of the Suspect: ordering all Sections, by tors of Orleans,' for 'assassinating,' for assaulting the sacred their Committees, instantly to arrest all Persons Suspect; and Deputy Leonard-Bourdon: these with many Nameless, to whom explaining withal who the Arrestable and Suspect specially life was sweet, have died. Daily the great Guillotine has its are. "Are Suspect," says he, "all who by their actions, by their due. Like a black Spectre, daily at eventide, glides the Death-connexions, speakings, writings have"—in short become Sus-tumbril through the variegated throng of things. The varie-472

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gated street shudders at it, for the moment; next moment spirators' and Assaulters had to die, in spite of much weeping forgets it: The Aristocrats! They were guilty against the Re-and entreating; so sacred is the person of a Deputy. Yet the public; their death, were it only that their goods are confis-sacred can become desecrated: your very Deputy is not greater cated, will be useful to the Republic; Vive la Republique!

than the Guillotine. Poor Deputy Journalist Gorsas: we saw In the last days of August, fell a notabler head: General him hide at Rennes, when the Calvados War burnt priming. He Custine's. Custine was accused of harshness, of unskilfulness, stole afterwards, in August, to Paris; lurked several weeks about perfidiousness; accused of many things: found guilty, we may the Palais ci-devant Royal; was seen there, one day; was say, of one thing, unsuccessfulness. Hearing his unexpected clutched, identified, and without ceremony, being already 'out Sentence, 'Custine fell down before the Crucifix,' silent for the of the Law,' was sent to the Place de la Revolution. He died, space of two hours: he fared, with moist eyes and a

book of recommending his wife and children to the pity of the Repub-prayer, towards the Place de la Revolution; glanced upwards at lic. It is the ninth day of October 1793. Gorsas is the first the clear suspended axe; then mounted swiftly aloft, (Deux Deputy that dies on the scaffold; he will not be the last.

Amis, xi. 148-188.) swiftly was struck away from the lists of Ex-Mayor Bailly is in prison; Ex-Procureur Manuel. Brissot and the Living. He had fought in America; he was a proud, brave our poor Arrested Girondins have become Incarcerated Indicted man; and his fortune led him hither.

Girondins; universal Jacobinism clamouring for their punishment.

On the 2nd of this same month, at three in the morning, a Duperret's Seals are broken! Those Seventy-three Secret Protest-vehicle rolled off, with closed blinds, from the Temple to the ers, suddenly one day, are reported upon, are decreed accused; Conciergerie. Within it were two Municipals; and Marie-the Convention-doors being 'previously shut,' that none impli-Antoinette, once Queen of France! There in that Conciergerie, cated might escape. They were marched, in a very rough manner, in ignominious dreary cell, she, cut off from children, kindred, to Prison that evening. Happy those of them who chanced to be friend and hope, sits long weeks; expecting when the end will absent! Condorcet has vanished into darkness; perhaps, like be. (See Memoires particuliers de la Captivite a la Tour du Temple Rabaut, sits between two walls, in the house of a friend.

(by the Duchesse d'Angouleme, Paris, 21 Janvier 1817).) The Guillotine, we find, gets always a quicker motion, as ***Chapter 3.4.VII.***

other things are quickening. The Guillotine, by its speed of going, will give index of the general velocity of the Republic.

Marie-Antoinette.

The clanking of its huge axe, rising and falling there, in horrid systole-diastole, is portion of the whole enormous Life-move-On Monday the Fourteenth of October, 1793, a Cause is pend-ment and pulsation of the

Sansculottic System!—'Orleans Coning in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, 473

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such as these old stone-walls never witnessed: the Trial of Marie-continued calm; 'she was sometimes observed moving her fin-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, de-gers, as when one plays on the Piano.' You discern, not with-faced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier Tinville's Judgment-out interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how bar; answering for her life! The Indictment was delivered her she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, of-last night. (Proces de la Reine (Deux Amis, xi. 251-381.) To ten of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemp-such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Situous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words.

lence alone is adequate.

"You persist then in denial?"—"My plan is not denial: it is the There are few Printed things one meets with, of such tragic truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hebert has almost ghastly significance as those bald Pages of the Bulletin borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, condu Tribunal Revolutionnaire, which bear title, Trial of the Widow cerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son,—wherewith Hu-Capet. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale king-man Speech had better not further be soiled. She has answered doms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine Hebert; a Juryman begs to observe that she has not answered times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus as to this. "I have not answered," she exclaims with noble named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hov-brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are ering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagina-here." Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into some-tion, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall ci-devant Count d'Estaing, thing almost

like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this anxious to shew himself Patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, Hebert; (Vilate, Causes secretes de la Revolution de Thermidor who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers with a (Paris, 1825), p. 179.) on whose foul head his foul lie has reverent inclination towards her, "Ah, yes, I know Madame."

recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other dark-Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold Aristo-ening of counsel, the result comes out: Sentence of Death.

cratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stu-

"Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, pidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Women. For all now has become a crime, in her who has lost.

of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Si-Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment and hour lently she withdraws from it, to die.

of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast.

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The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quit-detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double ting her Mother's City, at the

age of Fifteen; towards hopes row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,'

indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither says Weber an eye witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The abashment nor pride. To the cries of Vive la Republique and whole City crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was si-Down with Tyranny, which attended her all the way, she seemed lent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her hand-Streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the kerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her Streets du Roule and Saint-Honore; she also noticed the In- head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she scriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude Revolution, her looks turned towards the Jardin National, to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her fare-whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively well. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides.

emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expres-quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner shewed it sion of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of 'Vive la streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed Republique.' (Deux Amis, xi. 301.)

her disappeared, and the crowd melted away.' (Weber, i. 6.) The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a ***Chapter 3.4.VIII.***

worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; grey before her time: this is the last Procession: 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, ***The Twenty-two.***

the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the ex-Whom next, O Tinville? The next are of a different colour: our tremities of the Bridges, in the Squares,

Crossways, all along poor Arrested Girondin Deputies. What of them could still be from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution. By ten laid hold of; our Vergniaud, Brissot, Fauchet, Valaze, Gensonne; o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty the once flower of French Patriotism, Twenty-two by the tale: thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-hither, at Tinville's Bar, onward from 'safeguard of the French Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of pique People,' from confinement in the Luxembourg, imprisonment blanc: she was led to the place of execution, in the same man-in the Conciergerie, have they now, by the course of things, ner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a Cart; accompanied by arrived. Fouquier Tinville must give what account of them he a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress; escorted by numerous can.

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Undoubtedly this Trial of the Girondins is the greatest that violence, the Doomed uplift the Hymn of the Marseillese; re-Fouquier has yet had to do. Twenty-two, all chief Republicans, turn singing to their dungeon.

ranged in a line there; the most eloquent in France; Lawyers Riouffe, who was their Prison-mate in these last days, has too; not without friends in the auditory. How will Tinville prove lovingly recorded what death they made. To our notions, it is these men guilty of Royalism, Federalism, Conspiracy against not an edifying death. Gay satirical Pot-pourri by Ducos; the Republic? Vergniaud's eloquence awakes once more; 'draws rhymed Scenes of Tragedy, wherein Barrere and Robespierre tears,' they say. And Journalists report, and the Trial length-discourse with Satan; death's eve spent in 'singing' and 'sallies ens itself out day after day; 'threatens to become eternal,'

of gaiety,' with 'discourses on the happiness of peoples:' these murmur many. Jacobinism and Municipality rise to the aid of things, and the like of these, we have to accept for what they Fouquier. On the 28th of the month,

Hebert and others come are worth. It is the manner in which the Girondins make their in deputation to inform a Patriot Convention that the Revolu- Last Supper. Valaze, with bloody breast, sleeps cold in death; tionary Tribunal is quite 'shackled by forms of Law;' that a hears not their singing. Vergniaud has his dose of poison; but Patriot Jury ought to have 'the power of cutting short, of it is not enough for his friends, it is enough only for himself; terminer les debats , when they feel themselves convinced.'

wherefore he flings it from him; presides at this Last Supper of Which pregnant suggestion, of cutting short, passes itself, with the Girondins, with wild coruscations of eloquence, with song all despatch, into a Decree.

and mirth. Poor human Will struggles to assert itself; if not in Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of Octo-this way, then in that. (Memoires de Riouffe (in Memoires sur ber, the Twenty-two, summoned back once more, receive this les Prisons, Paris, 1823), p. 48-55.)

information, That the Jury feeling themselves convinced have But on the morrow morning all Paris is out; such a crowd as cut short, have brought in their verdict; that the Accused are no man had seen. The Death-carts, Valaze's cold corpse stretched found guilty, and the Sentence on one and all of them is Death among the yet living Twenty-one, roll along. Bareheaded, hands with confiscation of goods.

bound; in their shirt-sleeves, coat flung loosely round the neck: Loud natural clamour rises among the poor Girondins; tu-so fare the eloquent of France; bemurmured, beshouted. To mult; which can only be repressed by the gendarmes. Valaze the shouts of Vive la Republique, some of them keep answer-stabs himself; falls down dead on the spot. The rest, amid loud ing with counter-shouts of Vive la Republique. Others, as clamour and confusion, are driven back to their Conciergerie; Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold they Lasource exclaiming, "I die on the day when the People have again strike up, with appropriate variations, the Hymn of the lost their reason; ye will die when they recover it." (Greek,—

Marseillese. Such an act of music; conceive it well! The yet Liv-Plut. Opp. t. iv. p. 310. ed. Reiske, 1776.) No help! Yielding to ing chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's 476

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axe is rapid; one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is bilks Revolutionary Committees; rides in carriers' carts, cov-worn out; farewell for evermore ye Girondins. Te-Deum Fauchet ered carts and open; lies hidden in one, under knapsacks and has become silent; Valaze's dead head is lopped: the sickle of cloaks of soldiers' wives on the Street of Orleans, while men the Guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away. 'The eloquent, search for him: has hairbreadth escapes that would fill three the young, the beautiful and brave!' exclaims Riouffe. O Death, romances: finally he gets to Paris to his fair Helpmate; gets to what feast is toward in thy ghastly Halls?

Switzerland, and waits better days.

Nor alas, in the far Bourdeaux region, will Girondism fare Poor Guadet and Salles were both taken, ere long; they died better. In caves of Saint-Emilion, in loft and cellar, the weari-by the Guillotine in Bourdeaux; drums beating to drown their est months, roll on; apparel worn, purse empty; wintry No-voice. Valady also is caught, and guillotined. Barbaroux and vember come; under Tallien and his Guillotine, all hope now his two comrades weathered it longer, into the summer of 1794; gone. Danger drawing ever nigher, difficulty pressing ever but not long enough. One July morning, changing their hid-straiter, they determine to separate. Not unpathetic the fare-ing place, as they have often to do, 'about a league from Saint-well; tall Barbaroux, cheeriest of brave men, stoops to clasp Emilion, they observe a great crowd of country-people;' doubt-his Louvet: "In what place soever thou findest my mother,"

less Jacobins come to take them? Barbaroux draws a pistol, cries he, "try to be instead of a son to her: no resource of mine shoots himself dead. Alas, and it was not Jacobins; it was harm-but I will share with thy Wife, should

chance ever lead me less villagers going to a village wake. Two days afterwards, where she is." (Louvet, p. 213.)

Buzot and Petion were found in a Cornfield, their bodies half-Louvet went with Guadet, with Salles and Valady; Barbaroux eaten with dogs. (Recherches Historiques sur les Girondins (in with Buzot and Petion. Valady soon went southward, on a Memoires de Buzot), p. 107.)

way of his own. The two friends and Louvet had a miserable Such was the end of Girondism. They arose to regenerate day and night; the 14th of November month, 1793. Sunk in France, these men; and have accomplished this. Alas, whatever wet, weariness and hunger, they knock, on the morrow, for quarrel we had with them, has not their cruel fate abolished help, at a friend's country-house; the fainthearted friend re-it? Pity only survives. So many excellent souls of heroes sent fuses to admit them. They stood therefore under trees, in the down to Hades; they themselves given as a prey of dogs and pouring rain. Flying desperate, Louvet thereupon will to Paris.

all manner of birds! But, here too, the will of the Supreme He sets forth, there and then, splashing the mud on each side Power was accomplished. As Vergniaud said: 'The Revolution, of him, with a fresh strength gathered from fury or frenzy. He like Saturn, is devouring its own children.'

passes villages, finding 'the sentry asleep in his box in the thick rain;' he is gone, before the man can call after him. He 477

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BOOK 3.V.

coming on, all imperceptible, across the bluster and fanfaronade of Courtierisms, Conquering-Heroisms, Most-Christian Grand ***TERROR***
THE ORDER OF THE DAY

Monarque-isms. Well-beloved Pompadourisms: yet behold it was always coming; behold it has come, suddenly, unlooked ***Chapter 3.5.I.***

for by any man! The harvest of long centuries was ripening and whitening so rapidly of late; and now it is grown white, ***Rushing down.***

and is reaped rapidly, as it were, in one day. Reaped, in this Reign of Terror; and carried home, to Hades and the Pit!—

We are now, therefore, got to that black precipitous Abyss; Unhappy Sons of Adam: it is ever so; and never do they know whither all things have long been tending; where, having now it, nor will they know it. With cheerfully smoothed counte-arrived on the giddy verge, they hurl down, in confused ruin; nances, day after day, and generation after generation, they, headlong, pellmell, down, down;—till Sansculottism have con-calling cheerfully to one another, "Well-speed-ye," are at work, summated itself; and in this wondrous French Revolution, as sowing the wind. And yet, as God lives, they shall reap the in a Doomsday, a World have been rapidly, if not born again, whirlwind: no other thing, we say, is possible,—since God is a yet destroyed and engulphed. Terror has long been terrible: Truth and His World is a Truth.

but to the actors themselves it has now become manifest that History, however, in dealing with this Reign of Terror, has their appointed course is one of Terror; and they say, Be it so.

had her own difficulties. While the Phenomenon continued in

"Que la Terreur soit a l'ordre du jour."

its primary state, as mere 'Horrors of the French Revolution,'

So many centuries, say only from Hugh Capet downwards, there was abundance to be said and shrieked. With and also had been adding together, century transmitting it with in-without profit. Heaven knows there were terrors and horrors crease to century, the sum of Wickedness, of Falsehood, Op-enough: yet that was not all the Phenomenon; nay, more prop-pression of man by man. Kings were sinners, and Priests were, erly, that was not the Phenomenon at all, but rather was the and People. Open-Scoundrels rode triumphant, bediademed, shadow of it, the negative part of

it. And now, in a new stage becoronetted, bemitred; or the still fataller species of Secret-of the business, when History, ceasing to shriek, would try Scoundrels, in their fair-sounding formulas, speciosities, re-rather to include under her old Forms of speech or speculation spectabilities, hollow within: the race of Quacks was grown this new amazing Thing; that so some accredited scientific Law many as the sands of the sea. Till at length such a sum of of Nature might suffice for the unexpected Product of Nature, Quackery had accumulated itself as, in brief, the Earth and the and History might get to speak of it articulately, and draw Heavens were weary of. Slow seemed the Day of Settlement: inferences and profit from it; in this new stage, History, we 478

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must say, babbles and flounders perhaps in a still painfuller range itself under old recorded Laws-of-Nature at all; but to manner. Take, for example, the latest Form of speech we have disclose new ones? In that case, History renouncing the preten-seen propounded on the subject as adequate to it, almost in tion to name it at present, will look honestly at it, and name these months, by our worthy M. Roux, in his Histoire what she can of it! Any approximation to the right Name has Parlementaire. The latest and the strangest: that the French value: were the right name itself once here, the Thing is known Revolution was a deadlift effort, after eighteen hundred years thenceforth; the Thing is then ours, and can be dealt with.

of preparation, to realise—the Christian Religion! (Hist. Parl.

Now surely not realization, of Christianity, or of aught (Introd.), i. 1 et seqq.) Unity, Indivisibility, Brotherhood or earthly, do we discern in this Reign of Terror, in this French Death did indeed stand printed on all Houses of the Living; Revolution of which it is the consummating. Destruction rather also, on Cemeteries, or Houses of the Dead, stood printed, by we discern—of all that was destructible. It is as if Twenty-five order of Procureur Chaumette, Here is eternal Sleep: (Deux millions, risen at length into the Pythian mood, had stood up Amis, xii. 78.) but a Christian Religion realised by the Guillo-simultaneously to say, with a sound which

goes through far tine and Death-Eternal, 'is suspect to me,' as Robespierre was lands and times, that this Untruth of an Existence had become wont to say, 'm'est suspecte.'

insupportable. O ye Hypocrisies and Speciosities, Royal mantles, Alas, no, M. Roux! A Gospel of Brotherhood, not according Cardinal plushcloaks, ye Credos, Formulas, Respectabilities, fair-to any of the Four old Evangelists, and calling on men to repainted Sepulchres full of dead men's bones,—behold, ye appent, and amend each his own wicked existence, that they pear to us to be altogether a Lie. Yet our Life is not a Lie; yet might be saved; but a Gospel rather, as we often hint, accord-our Hunger and Misery is not a Lie! Behold we lift up, one and ing to a new Fifth Evangelist Jean-Jacques, calling on men to all, our Twenty-five million right-hands; and take the Heav-amend each the whole world's wicked existence, and be saved ens, and the Earth and also the Pit of Tophet to witness, that by making the Constitution. A thing different and distant toto either ye shall be abolished, or else we shall be abolished!

coelo, as they say: the whole breadth of the sky, and further if No inconsiderable Oath, truly; forming, as has been often possible!—It is thus, however, that History, and indeed all said, the most remarkable transaction in these last thousand human Speech and Reason does yet, what Father Adam began years. Wherefrom likewise there follow, and will follow, results.

life by doing: strive to name the new Things it sees of Nature's The fulfilment of this Oath; that is to say, the black desperate producing,—often helplessly enough.

battle of Men against their whole Condition and Environ-But what if History were to admit, for once, that all the Names ment,—a battle, alas, withal, against the Sin and Darkness and Theorems yet known to her fall short? That this grand Prod-that was in themselves as in others: this is the Reign of Terror.

uct of Nature was even grand, and new, in that it came not to
Transcendental despair was the purport of it, though not con-479

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sciously so. False hopes, of Fraternity, Political Millennium, old: men, driven forward by Necessity and fierce Pythian Mad-and what not, we have always seen: but the unseen heart of ness, have, on the spur of the instant, to devise for the want the whole, the transcendental despair, was not false; neither the way of satisfying it. The wonted tumbles down; by imita-has it been of no effect. Despair, pushed far enough, com-tion, by invention, the Unwonted hastily builds itself up. What pletes the circle, so to speak; and becomes a kind of genuine the French National head has in it comes out: if not a great productive hope again.

result, surely one of the strangest.

Doctrine of Fraternity, out of old Catholicism, does, it is true, Neither shall the reader fancy that it was all blank, this Reign very strangely in the vehicle of a Jean-Jacques Evangel, sud-of Terror: far from it. How many hammermen and squaremen, denly plump down out of its cloud-firmament; and from a theo-bakers and brewers, washers and wringers, over this France, rem determine to make itself a practice. But just so do all creeds, must ply their old daily work, let the Government be one of intentions, customs, knowledges, thoughts and things, which Terror or one of Joy! In this Paris there are Twenty-three The-the French have, suddenly plump down; Catholicism, Classi-atres nightly; some count as many as Sixty Places of Dancing.

cism, Sentimentalism, Cannibalism: all isms that make up Man (Mercier. ii. 124.) The Playwright manufactures: pieces of a in France, are rushing and roaring in that gulf; and the theo-strictly Republican character. Ever fresh Novelgarbage, as of rem has become a practice, and whatsoever cannot swim sinks.

old, fodders the Circulating Libraries. (Moniteur of these Not Evangelist Jean-Jacques alone; there is not a Village School-months, passim.) The

'Cesspool of Agio,' now in the time of master but has contributed his quota: do we not 'thou' one Paper Money, works with a vivacity unexampled, unimagined; another, according to the Free Peoples of Antiquity? The French exhales from itself 'sudden fortunes,' like Alladin-Palaces: re-Patriot, in red phrygian nightcap of Liberty, christens his poor ally a kind of miraculous Fata-Morganas, since you can live in little red infant Cato,— Censor, or else of Utica. Gracchus has them, for a time. Terror is as a sable ground, on which the most become Baboeuf and edits Newspapers; Mutius Scaevola, variegated of scenes paints itself. In startling transitions, in Cordwainer of that ilk, presides in the Section Mutius-Scaevola: colours all intensated, the sublime, the ludicrous, the horrible and in brief, there is a world wholly jumbling itself, to try succeed one another; or rather, in crowding tumult, accom-what will swim!

pany one another.

Wherefore we will, at all events, call this Reign of Terror a Here, accordingly, if anywhere, the 'hundred tongues,' which very strange one. Dominant Sansculottism makes, as it were, the old Poets often clamour for, were of supreme service! In free arena; one of the strangest temporary states Humanity defect of any such organ on our part, let the Reader stir up his was ever seen in. A nation of men, full of wants and void of own imaginative organ: let us snatch for him this or the other habits! The old habits are gone to wreck because they were significant glimpse of things, in the fittest sequence we can.

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Chapter 3.5.II.

always, Guillotine va toujours.

Enough, Philippe's indictment is soon drawn, his jury soon ***Death.***

convinced. He finds himself made guilty of Royalism, Conspiracy and much else; nay, it is a guilt in him that he voted Louis's In the early days of November, there is one transient glimpse Death, though he answers, "I voted in my soul and conscience."

of things that is to be noted: the last transit to his long home The doom he finds is death forthwith; this present sixth dim of Philippe d'Orleans Egalite. Philippe was 'decreed accused,'

day of November is the last day that Philippe is to see. Philippe, along with the Girondins, much to his and their surprise; but says Montgaillard, thereupon called for breakfast: sufficiency of not tried along with them. They are doomed and dead, some

'oysters, two cutlets, best part of an excellent bottle of claret;'

three days, when Philippe, after his long half-year of durance and consumed the same with apparent relish. A Revolutionary at Marseilles, arrives in Paris. It is, as we calculate, the third of Judge, or some official Convention Emissary, then arrived, to November 1793.

signify that he might still do the State some service by reveal-On which same day, two notable Female Prisoners are also ing the truth about a plot or two. Philippe answered that, on put in ward there: Dame Dubarry and Josephine Beauharnais!

him, in the pass things had come to, the State had, he thought, Dame whilom Countess Dubarry, Unfortunate-female, had re-small claim; that nevertheless, in the interest of Liberty, he, turned from London; they snatched her, not only as Ex-harlot having still some leisure on his hands, was willing, were a rea-of a whilom Majesty, and therefore suspect; but as having 'fur-sonable question asked him, to give reasonable answer. And so, nished the Emigrants with money.' Contemporaneously with says Montgaillard, he lent his elbow on the mantel-piece, and whom, there comes the wife of Beauharnais, soon to be the conversed in an under-tone, with great seeming composure; till widow: she that is Josephine Tascher

Beauharnais; that shall the leisure was done, or the Emissary went his ways.

be Josephine Empress Buonaparte, for a black Divineress of At the door of the Conciergerie, Philippe's attitude was erect the Tropics prophesied long since that she should be a Queen and easy, almost commanding. It is five years, all but a few and more. Likewise, in the same hours, poor Adam Lux, nigh days, since Philippe, within these same stone walls, stood up turned in the head, who, according to Foster, 'has taken no with an air of graciosity, and asked King Louis, "Whether it food these three weeks,' marches to the Guillotine for his Pam-was a Royal Session, then, or a Bed of Justice?" O Heaven!—

phlet on Charlotte Corday: he 'sprang to the scaffold;' said he Three poor blackguards were to ride and die with him: some

'died for her with great joy.' Amid such fellow-travellers does say, they objected to such company, and had to be flung in, Philippe arrive. For, be the month named Brumaire year 2 of neck and heels; (Foster, ii. 628; Montgaillard, iv. 141-57.) but Liberty, or November year 1793 of Slavery, the Guillotine goes it seems not true. Objecting or not objecting, the gallows-481

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vehicle gets under way. Philippe's dress is remarked for its el-Roland. Queenly, sublime in her uncomplaining sorrow, seemed egance; greenfrock, waistcoat of white pique, yellow buck-she to Riouffe in her Prison. 'Something more than is usually skins, boots clear as Warren: his air, as before, entirely com-found in the looks of women painted itself,' says Riouffe, posed, impassive, not to say easy and Brummellean-polite.

(Memoires (Sur les Prisons, i.), pp. 55-7.) 'in those large black Through street after street; slowly, amid execrations;—past eyes of hers, full of expression and sweetness. She spoke to the Palais Egalite whilom Palais-Royal! The cruel Populace me often, at the Grate: we were all attentive round her, in a stopped him there, some minutes: Dame de Buffon, it is said,

sort of admiration and astonishment; she expressed herself looked out on him, in Jezebel head-tire; along the ashlar Wall, with a purity, with a harmony and prosody that made her there ran these words in huge tricolor print, Republic One and language like music, of which the ear could never have enough.

Indivisible; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or Death: National PropHer conversation was serious, not cold; coming from the mouth erty. Philippe's eyes flashed hellfire, one instant; but the next of a beautiful woman, it was frank and courageous as that of a instant it was gone, and he sat impassive, Brummellean-polite.

great men.' 'And yet her maid said: "Before you, she collects On the scaffold, Samson was for drawing of his boots: "tush,"

her strength; but in her own room, she will sit three hours said Philippe, "they will come better off after; let us have done, sometimes, leaning on the window, and weeping."' She had depechons-nous!"

been in Prison, liberated once, but recaptured the same hour, So Philippe was not without virtue, then? God forbid that ever since the first of June: in agitation and uncertainty; which there should be any living man without it! He had the virtue has gradually settled down into the last stern certainty, that to keep living for five-and-forty years;—other virtues perhaps of death. In the Abbaye Prison, she occupied Charlotte Corday's more than we know of. Probably no mortal ever had such things apartment. Here in the Conciergerie, she speaks with Riouffe, recorded of him: such facts, and also such lies. For he was a with Ex-Minister Claviere; calls the beheaded Twenty-two "Nos Jacobin Prince of the Blood; consider what a combination!

amis, our Friends,"—whom we are soon to follow. During these Also, unlike any Nero, any Borgia, he lived in the Age of Pam-five months, those Memoirs of hers were written, which all the phlets. Enough for us: Chaos has reabsorbed him; may it late world still reads.

or never bear his like again!—Brave young Orleans Egalite, But now, on the 8th of November, 'clad in white,' says Riouffe, deprived of all, only not deprived of himself, is gone to Coire

'with her long black hair hanging down to her girdle,' she is in the Grisons, under the name of Corby, to teach Mathemat-gone to the Judgment Bar. She returned with a quick step; ics. The Egalite Family is at the darkest depths of the Nadir.

lifted her finger, to signify to us that she was doomed: her A far nobler Victim follows; one who will claim remembrance eyes seemed to have been wet. Fouquier-Tinville's questions from several centuries: Jeanne-Marie Phlipon, the Wife of had been 'brutal;' offended female honour flung them back on 482

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him, with scorn, not without tears. And now, short prepara-dent, First Mayor of Paris: doomed now for Royalism, Fayettism; tion soon done, she shall go her last road. There went with her for that Red-Flag Business of the Champ-de-Mars;—one may a certain Lamarche, 'Director of Assignat printing;' whose de-say in general, for leaving his Astronomy to meddle with Revo-jection she endeavoured to cheer. Arrived at the foot of the lution. It is the 10th of November 1793, a cold bitter drizzling scaffold, she asked for pen and paper, "to write the strange rain, as poor Bailly is led through the streets; howling Popu-thoughts that were rising in her;" (Memoires de Madame Roland lace covering him with curses, with mud; waving over his face a (Introd.), i. 68.) a remarkable request; which was refused. Look-burning or smoking mockery of a Red Flag. Silent, unpitied, ing at the Statue of Liberty which stands there, she says bit-sits the innocent old man. Slow faring through the sleety terly: "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" For drizzle, they have got to the Champ-de-Mars: Not there! vocif-Lamarche's seek, she will die first; shew him how easy it is to erates the cursing Populace; Such blood ought not to stain an die: "Contrary to the order" said Samson.—"Pshaw, you can-Altar of the

Fatherland; not there; but on that dungheap by not refuse the last request of a Lady;" and Samson yielded.

the River-side! So vociferates the cursing Populace; Officiality Noble white Vision, with its high queenly face, its soft proud gives ear to them. The Guillotine is taken down, though with eyes, long black hair flowing down to the girdle; and as brave hands numbed by the sleety drizzle; is carried to the River-a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom! Like a white Grecian side, is there set up again, with slow numbness; pulse after Statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of pulse still counting itself out in the old man's weary heart. For things;—long memorable. Honour to great Nature who, in Paris hours long; amid curses and bitter frost-rain! "Bailly, thou City, in the Era of Noble-Sentiment and Pompadourism, can tremblest," said one. "Mon ami, it is for cold," said Bailly, "c'est make a Jeanne Phlipon, and nourish her to clear perennial de froid." Crueller end had no mortal. (Vie de Bailly (in Memoires, Womanhood, though but on Logics, Encyclopedies, and the i.), p. 29.)

Gospel according to Jean-Jacques! Biography will long remem-Some days afterwards, Roland hearing the news of what hap-ber that trait of asking for a pen "to write the strange thoughts pened on the 8th, embraces his kind Friends at Rouen, leaves that were rising in her." It is as a little light-beam, shedding their kind house which had given him refuge; goes forth, with softness, and a kind of sacredness, over all that preceded: so farewell too sad for tears. On the morrow morning, 16th of the in her too there was an Unnameable; she too was a Daughter month, 'some four leagues from Rouen, Parisward, near Bourg-of the Infinite; there were mysteries which Philosophism had Baudoin, in M. Normand's Avenue,' there is seen sitting leant not dreamt of!—She left long written counsels to her little against a tree, the figure of rigorous wrinkled man; stiff now Girl; she said her Husband would not survive her.

in the rigour of death; a cane-sword run through his heart; Still crueller was the fate of poor Bailly, First National Presi-and at his feet this writing: 'Whoever thou art that findest me 483

lying, respect my remains: they are those of a man who conse-by his Son; his Son is already guillotined. Custine the Ex-Noble crated all his life to being useful; and who has died as he lived, was replaced by Houchard the Plebeian: he too could not pros-virtuous and honest.' 'Not fear, but indignation, made me quit per in the North; for him too there was no mercy; he has per-my retreat, on learning that my Wife had been murdered. I ished in the Place de la Revolution, after attempting suicide in wished not to remain longer on an Earth polluted with crimes.'

Prison. And Generals Biron, Beauharnais, Brunet, whatsoever (Memoires de Madame Roland (Introd.), i. 88.) General prospers not; tough old Luckner, with his eyes grown Barnave's appearance at the Revolutionary Tribunal was of rheumy; Alsatian Westermann, valiant and diligent in La Vendee: the bravest; but it could not stead him. They have sent for him none of them can, as the Psalmist sings, his soul from death from Grenoble; to pay the common smart, Vain is eloquence, deliver.

forensic or other, against the dumb Clotho-shears of Tinville.

How busy are the Revolutionary Committees; Sections with He is still but two-and-thirty, this Barnave, and has known their Forty Halfpence a-day! Arrestment on arrestment falls such changes. Short while ago, we saw him at the top of quick, continual; followed by death. Ex-Minister Claviere has Fortune's Wheel, his word a law to all Patriots: and now surely killed himself in Prison. Ex-Minister Lebrun, seized in a hay-he is at the bottom of the Wheel; in stormful altercation with loft, under the disguise of a working man, is instantly cona Tinville Tribunal, which is dooming him to die! (Foster, ii.

ducted to death. (Moniteur, 11 Decembre, 30 Decembre, 1793; 629.) And Petion, once also of the Extreme Left, and named Louvet, p. 287.) Nay, withal, is it not what Barrere calls 'coin-Petion Virtue, where is he? Civilly dead; in the Caves of Saint-ing money on the Place de la Revolution?' For always the 'prop-Emilion; to be devoured of dogs. And Robespierre, who

rode erty of the guilty, if property he have,' is confiscated. To avoid along with him on the shoulders of the people, is in Commit-accidents, we even make a Law that suicide shall not defraud tee of Salut; civilly alive: not to live always. So giddy-swift us; that a criminal who kills himself does not the less incur whirls and spins this immeasurable tormentum of a Revolu-forfeiture of goods. Let the guilty tremble, therefore, and the tion; wild-booming; not to be followed by the eye. Barnave, suspect, and the rich, and in a word all manner of culottic on the Scaffold, stamped his foot; and looking upwards was men! Luxembourg Palace, once Monsieur's, has become a huge heard to ejaculate, "This then is my reward?"

loathsome Prison; Chantilly Palace too, once Conde's:—and Deputy Ex-Procureur Manuel is already gone; and Deputy their Landlords are at Blankenberg, on the wrong side of the Osselin, famed also in August and September, is about to go: Rhine. In Paris are now some Twelve Prisons; in France some and Rabaut, discovered treacherously between his two walls, Forty-four Thousand: thitherward, thick as brown leaves in and the Brother of Rabaut. National Deputies not a few! And Autumn, rustle and travel the suspect; shaken down by Revo-Generals: the memory of General Custine cannot be defended lutionary Committees, they are swept thitherward, as into their 484

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storehouse,—to be consumed by Samson and Tinville. 'The young in years, is now become most gloomy, potent; a Pluto on Guillotine goes not ill, ne va pas mal.'

Earth, and has the keys of Tartarus. One remarks, however, that a certain Senhorina Cabarus, or call her rather Senhora and wed-Chapter 3.5.III.

ded not yet widowed Dame de Fontenai, brown beautiful woman, daughter of Cabarus the Spanish merchant,—has softened the ***Destruction.***

red bristly countenance; pleading for herself and friends; and prevailing. The keys of Tartarus, or any kind of power, are some-The suspect may well tremble; but how much more the open thing to a woman; gloomy Pluto

himself is not insensible to rebels;—the Girondin Cities of the South! Revolutionary Army love. Like a new Proserpine, she, by this red gloomy Dis, is gath-is gone forth, under Ronsin the Playwright; six thousand strong; ered; and, they say, softens his stone heart a little.

in 'red nightcap, in tricolor waistcoat, in black-shag trousers, Maignet, at Orange in the South; Lebon, at Arras in the North, black-shag spencer, with enormous moustachioes, enormous become world's wonders. Jacobin Popular Tribunal, with its Na-sabre,—in carmagnole complete;' (See Louvet, p. 301.) and tional Representative, perhaps where Girondin Popular Tribunal has portable guillotines. Representative Carrier has got to had lately been, rises here and rises there; wheresoever needed.

Nantes, by the edge of blazing La Vendee, which Rossignol has Fouches, Maignets, Barrases, Frerons scour the Southern Depart-literally set on fire: Carrier will try what captives you make, ments; like reapers, with their guillotine-sickle. Many are the what accomplices they have, Royalist or Girondin: his guillo-labourers, great is the harvest. By the hundred and the thou-tine goes always, va toujours; and his wool-capped 'Company sand, men's lives are cropt; cast like brands into the burning.

of Marat.' Little children are guillotined, and aged men. Swift Marseilles is taken, and put under martial law: lo, at Marseilles, as the machine is, it will not serve; the Headsman and all his what one besmutted red-bearded corn-ear is this which they valets sink, worn down with work; declare that the human cut;—one gross Man, we mean, with copper-studded face; plen-muscles can no more. (Deux Amis, xii. 249-51.) Whereupon teous beard, or beard-stubble, of a tile-colour? By Nemesis and you must try fusillading; to which perhaps still frightfuller the Fatal Sisters, it is Jourdan Coupe-tete! Him they have methods may succeed.

clutched, in these martial-law districts; him too, with their 'na-In Brest, to like purpose, rules Jean-Bon Saint-Andre; with an tional razor,' their rasoir national, they sternly shave away. Low Army of Red Nightcaps. In Bourdeaux rules Tallien, with his now is Jourdan the Headsman's own head;—low as Deshuttes's Isabeau and henchmen: Guadets, Cussys,

Salleses, may fall; the and Varigny's, which he sent on pikes, in the Insurrection of bloody Pike and Nightcap bearing supreme sway; the Guillotine Women! No more shall he, as a copper Portent, be seen gyrating coining money. Bristly fox-haired Tallien, once Able Editor, still through the Cities of the South; no more sit judging, with pipes 485

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and brandy, in the Ice-tower of Avignon. The all-hiding Earth Sibylline pitch, has bared her right arm. Behold! Representa-has received him, the bloated Tilebeard: may we never look upon tive Fouche, it is Fouche of Nantes, a name to become well his like again!—Jourdan one names; the other Hundreds are known; he with a Patriot company goes duly, in wondrous not named. Alas, they, like confused faggots, lie massed to-Procession, to raise the corpse of Chalier. An Ass, housed in gether for us; counted by the cartload: and yet not an indi-Priest's cloak, with a mitre on its head, and trailing the Mass-vidual faggot-twig of them but had a Life and History; and was Books, some say the very Bible, at its tail, paces through Lyons cut, not without pangs as when a Kaiser dies!

streets; escorted by multitudinous Patriotism, by clangour as Least of all cities can Lyons escape. Lyons, which we saw in of the Pit; towards the grave of Martyr Chalier. The body is dread sunblaze, that Autumn night when the Powder-tower dug up and burnt: the ashes are collected in an Urn; to be sprang aloft, was clearly verging towards a sad end. Inevitable: worshipped of Paris Patriotism. The Holy Books were part of what could desperate valour and Precy do; Dubois-Crance, deaf the funeral pile; their ashes are scattered to the wind. Amid as Destiny, stern as Doom, capturing their 'redouts of cotton-cries of "Vengeance! Vengeance!"—which, writes Fouche, shall bags;' hemming them in, ever closer, with his Artillery-lava?

be satisfied. (Moniteur (du 17 Novembre 1793), &c.) Never would that Ci-devant d'Autichamp arrive; never any help Lyons in fact is a Town to be abolished; not Lyons hence-from Blankenberg. The Lyons Jacobins were hidden in cellars; forth but 'Commune Affranchie, Township Freed;' the very name the Girondin Municipality waxed pale, in famine, treason and of

it shall perish. It is to be razed, this once great City, if red fire. Precy drew his sword, and some Fifteen Hundred with Jacobinism prophesy right; and a Pillar to be erected on the him; sprang to saddle, to cut their way to Switzerland. They ruins, with this Inscription, Lyons rebelled against the Repub-cut fiercely; and were fiercely cut, and cut down; not hun-lic; Lyons is no more. Fouche, Couthon, Collot, Convention Rep-dreds, hardly units of them ever saw Switzerland. (Deux Amis, resentatives succeed one another: there is work for the hang-xi. 145.) Lyons, on the 9th of October, surrenders at discre-man; work for the hammerman, not in building. The very Houses tion; it is become a devoted Town. Abbe Lamourette, now of Aristocrats, we say, are doomed. Paralytic Couthon, borne Bishop Lamourette, whilom Legislator, he of the old Baiser-in a chair, taps on the wall, with emblematic mallet, saying, l'Amourette or Delilah-Kiss, is seized here, is sent to Paris to

"La Loi te frappe, The Law strikes thee;" masons, with wedge be guillotined: 'he made the sign of the cross,' they say when and crowbar, begin demolition. Crash of downfall, dim ruin Tinville intimated his death-sentence to him; and died as an and dust-clouds fly in the winter wind. Had Lyons been of soft eloquent Constitutional Bishop. But wo now to all Bishops, stuff, it had all vanished in those weeks, and the Jacobin proph-Priests, Aristocrats and Federalists that are in Lyons! The manes ecy had been fulfilled. But Towns are not built of soap-froth; of Chalier are to be appeased; the Republic, maddened to the Lyons Town is built of stone. Lyons, though it rebelled against 486

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the Republic, is to this day.

called to mind that two individuals, here in the Brotteaux Neither have the Lyons Girondins all one neck, that you could ground, did attempt to leave the rank, protesting with agony despatch it at one swoop. Revolutionary Tribunal here, and that they were not condemned men, that they were Police Military Commission, guillotining, fusillading, do what they Commissaries: which two we repulsed, and disbelieved, and can: the kennels of the Place

des Terreaux run red; mangled shot with the rest! (Deux Amis, xii. 251-62.) Such is the ven-corpses roll down the Rhone. Collot d'Herbois, they say, was geance of an enraged Republic. Surely this, according to once hissed on the Lyons stage: but with what sibilation, of Barrere's phrase, is Justice 'under rough forms, sous des formes world-catcall or hoarse Tartarean Trumpet, will ye hiss him now, acerbes.' But the Republic, as Fouche says, must "march to Lib-in this his new character of Convention Representative, —not erty over corpses." Or again as Barrere has it: "None but the to be repeated! Two hundred and nine men are marched forth dead do not come back, Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent over the River, to be shot in mass, by musket and cannon, in pas." Terror hovers far and wide: 'The Guillotine goes not ill.'

the Promenade of the Brotteaux. It is the second of such scenes; But before quitting those Southern regions, over which His-the first was of some Seventy. The corpses of the first were tory can cast only glances from aloft, she will alight for a mo-flung into the Rhone, but the Rhone stranded some; so these ment, and look fixedly at one point: the Siege of Toulon. Much now, of the second lot, are to be buried on land. Their one long battering and bombarding, heating of balls in furnaces or farm-grave is dug; they stand ranked, by the loose mould-ridge; the houses, serving of artillery well and ill, attacking of Ollioules younger of them singing the Marseillaise. Jacobin National Passes, Forts Malbosquet, there has been: as yet to small pur-Guards give fire; but have again to give fire, and again; and to pose. We have had General Cartaux here, a whilom Painter el-take the bayonet and the spade, for though the doomed all evated in the troubles of Marseilles; General Doppet, a whilom fall, they do not all die;—and it becomes a butchery too hor-Medical man elevated in the troubles of Piemont, who, under rible for speech. So that the very Nationals, as they fire, turn Crance, took Lyons, but cannot take Toulon. Finally we have away their faces. Collot, snatching the musket from one such General Dugommier, a pupil of Washington. Convention National, and levelling it with unmoved countenance, says "It Representans also we have had; Barrases, Salicettis, Robespierres is thus a Republican ought to fire."

the Younger:—also an Artillery Chef de brigade, of extreme This is the second Fusillade, and happily the last: it is found diligence, who often takes his nap of sleep among the guns; a too hideous; even inconvenient. They were Two hundred and short taciturn, olive-complexioned young man, not unknown nine marched out; one escaped at the end of the Bridge: yet to us, by name Buonaparte: one of the best Artillery-officers behold, when you count the corpses, they are Two hundred yet met with. And still Toulon is not taken. It is the fourth and ten. Rede us this riddle, O Collot? After long guessing, it is month now; December, in slave-style; Frostarious or Frimaire, 487

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in new-style: and still their cursed Red-Blue Flag flies there.

gem and valour, stealing through ravines, plunging fiery They are provisioned from the Sea; they have seized all heights, through the fire-tempest, Fort l'Eguillette is clutched at, is felling wood, and fortifying themselves; like the coney, they carried; the smoke having cleared, wiser the Tricolor fly on it: have built their nest in the rocks.

the bronze-complexioned young man was right. Next morn-Meanwhile, Frostarious is not yet become Snowous or Nivose, ing, Hood, finding the interior of his lines exposed, his de-when a Council of War is called; Instructions have just arrived fences turned inside out, makes for his shipping. Taking such from Government and Salut Public. Carnot, in Salut Public, has Royalists as wished it on board with him, he weighs anchor: on sent us a plan of siege: on which plan General Dugommier has this 19th of December 1793, Toulon is once more the Republic's!

this criticism to make, Commissioner Salicetti has that; and Cannonading has ceased at Toulon; and now the guillotin-criticisms and plans are very various; when that young Artil-ing and fusillading may begin. Civil horrors, truly: but at least lery Officer ventures to speak; the same whom we saw snatch-that infamy of an English domination is purged away. Let there ing sleep among the guns, who has emerged several times in be Civic Feast

universally over France: so reports Barrere, or this History,—the name of him Napoleon Buonaparte. It is his Painter David; and the Convention assist in a body. (Moniteur, humble opinion, for he has been gliding about with spyglasses, 1793, Nos. 101 (31 Decembre), 95, 96, 98, &c.) Nay, it is said, with thoughts, That a certain Fort l'Eguillette can be clutched, these infamous English (with an attention rather to their own as with lion-spring, on the sudden; wherefrom, were it once interests than to ours) set fire to our storehouses, arsenals, ours, the very heart of Toulon might be battered, the English warships in Toulon Harbour, before weighing; some score of Lines were, so to speak, turned inside out, and Hood and our brave warships, the only ones we now had! However, it did not Natural Enemies must next day either put to sea, or be burnt prosper, though the flame spread far and high; some two ships to ashes. Commissioners arch their eyebrows, with negatory were burnt, not more; the very galley-slaves ran with buckets sniff: who is this young gentleman with more wit than we all?

to quench. These same proud Ships, Ships l'Orient and the rest, Brave veteran Dugommier, however, thinks the idea worth a have to carry this same young Man to Egypt first: not yet can word; questions the young gentleman; becomes convinced; they be changed to ashes, or to Sea-Nymphs; not yet to sky-and there is for issue, Try it.

rockets, O Ship l'Orient, nor became the prey of England,—

On the taciturn bronze-countenance, therefore, things be-before their time!

ing now all ready, there sits a grimmer gravity than ever, com-And so, over France universally, there is Civic Feast and high-pressing a hotter central-fire than ever. Yonder, thou seest, is tide: and Toulon sees fusillading, grape-shotting in mass, as Fort l'Eguillette; a desperate lion-spring, yet a possible one; Lyons saw; and 'death is poured out in great floods, vomie a this day to be tried!—Tried it is; and found good. By strata-grands flots' and Twelve thousand Masons are requisitioned 488

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from the neighbouring country, to raze Toulon from the face now we have got Noyading; and on the 24th night of of the Earth. For it is to be razed, so reports Barrere; all but Frostarious year 2, which is 14th of December 1793, we have a the National Shipping Establishments; and to be called hence-second Noyade: consisting of 'a Hundred and Thirty-eight per-forth not Toulon, but Port of the Mountain. There in black sons.' (Deux Amis, xii. 266-72; Moniteur, du 2 Janvier 1794.) death-cloud we must leave it;— hoping only that Toulon too Or why waste a gabarre, sinking it with them? Fling them is built of stone; that perhaps even Twelve thousand Masons out; fling them out, with their hands tied: pour a continual cannot pull it down, till the fit pass.

hail of lead over all the space, till the last struggler of them be One begins to be sick of 'death vomited in great floods.' Nev-sunk! Unsound sleepers of Nantes, and the Sea-Villages there-ertheless hearest thou not, O reader (for the sound reaches abouts, hear the musketry amid the night-winds; wonder what through centuries), in the dead December and January nights, the meaning of it is. And women were in that gabarre; whom over Nantes Town, —confused noises, as of musketry and tu-the Red Nightcaps were stripping naked; who begged, in their mult, as of rage and lamentation; mingling with the everlast-agony, that their smocks might not be stript from them. And ing moan of the Loire waters there? Nantes Town is sunk in young children were thrown in, their mothers vainly pleading: sleep; but Representant Carrier is not sleeping, the wool-capped

"Wolflings," answered the Company of Marat, "who would grow Company of Marat is not sleeping. Why unmoors that to be wolves."

flatbottomed craft, that gabarre; about eleven at night; with By degrees, daylight itself witnesses Noyades: women and Ninety Priests under hatches? They are going to Belle Isle? In men are tied together, feet and feet, hands and hands: and the middle of the Loire stream, on signal given, the gabarre is flung in: this they call Mariage Republicain, Republican Mar-scuttled; she sinks with all her cargo. 'Sentence of Deporta-riage. Cruel is the panther of the woods, the she-bear bereaved tion,' writes

Carrier, 'was executed vertically.' The Ninety Priests, of her whelps: but there is in man a hatred crueller than that.

with their gabarre-coffin, lie deep! It is the first of the Noyades, Dumb, out of suffering now, as pale swoln corpses, the victims what we may call Drownages, of Carrier; which have become tumble confusedly seaward along the Loire stream; the tide famous forever.

rolling them back: clouds of ravens darken the River; wolves Guillotining there was at Nantes, till the Headsman sank prowl on the shoal-places: Carrier writes, 'Quel torrent worn out: then fusillading 'in the Plain of Saint-Mauve;' little revolutionnaire, What a torrent of Revolution!' For the man is children fusilladed, and women with children at the breast; rabid; and the Time is rabid. These are the Noyades of Carrier; children and women, by the hundred and twenty; and by the twenty-five by the tale, for what is done in darkness comes to five hundred, so hot is La Vendee: till the very Jacobins grew be investigated in sunlight: (Proces de Carrier (4 tomes, Paris, sick, and all but the Company of Marat cried, Hold! Wherefore 1795.) not to be forgotten for centuries,—We will turn to 489

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another aspect of the Consummation of Sansculottism; leav-of metaphor, regulated modelled shapes; some of which have ing this as the blackest.

bodies and life still in them; most of which, according to a But indeed men are all rabid; as the Time is. Representative German Writer, have only emptiness, 'glass-eyes glaring on you Lebon, at Arras, dashes his sword into the blood flowing from with a ghastly affectation of life, and in their interior unclean the Guillotine; exclaims, "How I like it!" Mothers, they say, by accumulation of beetles and spiders!' But the Fact, let all men his order, have to stand by while the Guillotine devours their observe, is a genuine and sincere one; the sincerest of Facts: children: a band of music is stationed near; and, at the fall of terrible in its sincerity, as very Death. Whatsoever is equally every head, strikes up its ca-ira. (Les Horreures des Prisons sincere may front it, and beard it; but whatsoever is not?—

d'Arras (Paris, 1823).) In the Burgh of Bedouin, in the Orange region, the Liberty-tree has been cut down over night. Repre-Chapter 3.5.IV.

sentative Maignet, at Orange, hears of it; burns Bedouin Burgh to the last doghutch; guillotines the inhabitants, or drives ***Carmagnole complete.***

them into the caves and hills. (Montgaillard, iv. 200.) Republic One and Indivisible! She is the newest Birth of Nature's waste Simultaneously with this Tophet-black aspect, there unfolds inorganic Deep, which men name Orcus, Chaos, primeval Night; itself another aspect, which one may call a Tophet-red aspect: and knows one law, that of self-preservation. Tigresse the Destruction of the Catholic Religion; and indeed, for the Nationale: meddle not with a whisker of her! Swift-crushing is time being of Religion itself. We saw Romme's New Calendar her stroke; look what a paw she spreads;—pity has not en-establish its Tenth Day of Rest; and asked, what would betered her heart.

come of the Christian Sabbath? The Calendar is hardly a month Prudhomme, the dull-blustering Printer and Able Editor, as old, till all this is set at rest. Very singular, as Mercier observes: yet a Jacobin Editor, will become a renegade one, and publish last Corpus-Christi Day 1792, the whole world, and Sovereign large volumes on these matters, Crimes of the Revolution; add-Authority itself, walked in religious gala, with a quite devout ing innumerable lies withal, as if the truth were not sufficient.

air;—Butcher Legendre, supposed to be irreverent, was like to We, for our part, find it more edifying to know, one good time, be massacred in his Gig, as the thing went by. A Gallican Hier-that this Republic and National Tigress is a New Birth; a Fact of archy, and Church, and Church Formulas seemed to flourish, a Nature among Formulas, in an Age of Formulas; and to look, little brown-leaved or so, but not browner than of late years oftenest in silence, how the so genuine Nature-Fact will de-or decades; to flourish, far and wide, in the sympathies of an mean itself among these. For the Formulas are partly genuine, unsophisticated People; defying Philosophism, Legislature and partly delusive, supposititious: we call them,

in the language the Encyclopedie. Far and wide, alas, like a brown-leaved 490

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Vallombrosa; which waits but one whirlblast of the November The French Nation is of gregarious imitative nature; it needed wind, and in an hour stands bare! Since that Corpus-Christi but a fugle-motion in this matter; and goose Gobel, driven by Day, Brunswick has come, and the Emigrants, and La Vendee, Municipality and force of circumstances, has given one. What and eighteen months of Time: to all flourishing, especially to Cure will be behind him of Boissise; what Bishop behind him of brown-leaved flourishing, there comes, were it never so slowly, Paris? Bishop Gregoire, indeed, courageously declines; to the an end.

sound of "We force no one; let Gregoire consult his conscience;"

On the 7th of November, a certain Citoyen Parens, Curate of but Protestant and Romish by the hundred volunteer and as-Boissise-le-Bertrand, writes to the Convention that he has all sent. From far and near, all through November into December, his life been preaching a lie, and is grown weary of doing it; till the work is accomplished, come Letters of renegation, come wherefore he will now lay down his Curacy and stipend, and Curates who are 'learning to be Carpenters,' Curates with their begs that an august Convention would give him something new-wedded Nuns: has not the Day of Reason dawned, very else to live upon. 'Mention honorable,' shall we give him? Or swiftly, and become noon? From sequestered Townships comes

'reference to Committee of Finances?' Hardly is this got de-Addresses, stating plainly, though in Patois dialect, That 'they cided, when goose Gobel, Constitutional Bishop of Paris, with will have no more to do with the black animal called Curay, his Chapter, with Municipal and Departmental escort in red animal noir, appelle Curay.' (Analyse du Moniteur (Paris, 1801), nightcaps, makes his appearance, to do as Parens has done.

ii. 280.)

Goose Gobel will now acknowledge 'no Religion but Liberty;'

Above all things there come Patriotic Gifts, of Church-furni-therefore he doffs his Priest-gear, and receives the Fraternal ture. The remnant of bells, except for tocsin, descend from embrace. To the joy of Departmental Momoro, of Municipal their belfries, into the National meltingpot, to make cannon.

Chaumettes and Heberts, of Vincent and the Revolutionary Censers and all sacred vessels are beaten broad; of silver, they Army! Chaumette asks, Ought there not, in these circumstances, are fit for the poverty-stricken Mint; of pewter, let them be-to be among our intercalary Days Sans-breeches, a Feast of come bullets to shoot the 'enemies of du genre humain.'

Reason? (Moniteur, Seance du 17 Brumaire (7th November), Dalmatics of plush make breeches for him who has none; linen 1793.) Proper surely! Let Atheist Marechal, Lalande, and little stoles will clip into shirts for the Defenders of the Country: Atheist Naigeon rejoice; let Clootz, Speaker of Mankind, present old-clothesmen, Jew or Heathen, drive the briskest trade.

to the Convention his Evidences of the Mahometan Religion, Chalier's Ass Procession, at Lyons, was but a type of what went

'a work evincing the nullity of all Religions,'—with thanks.

on, in those same days, in all Towns. In all Towns and Town-There shall be Universal Republic now, thinks Clootz; and 'one ships as quick as the guillotine may go, so quick goes the axe God only, Le Peuple.'

and the wrench: sacristies, lutrins, altar-rails are pulled down; 491

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the Mass Books torn into cartridge papers: men dance the ably, in his place; and demanding that there be prose and de-Carmagnole all night about the bonfire. All highways jingle cency in future. (See also Moniteur,

Seance du 26 Novembre.) with metallic Priest-tackle, beaten broad; sent to the Conven-Nevertheless the captors of such spolia opima crave, not un-tion, to the poverty-stricken Mint. Good Sainte Genevieve's touched with liquor, permission to dance the Carmagnole also Chasse is let down: alas, to be burst open, this time, and burnt on the spot: whereto an exhilarated Convention cannot but on the Place de Greve. Saint Louis's shirt is burnt;—might not accede. Nay, 'several Members,' continues the exaggerative Mercier, a Defender of the Country have had it? At Saint-Denis Town, who was not there to witness, being in Limbo now, as one of no longer Saint-Denis but Franciade, Patriotism has been down Duperret's Seventy-three, 'several Members, quitting their curule among the Tombs, rummaging; the Revolutionary Army has chairs, took the hand of girls flaunting in Priest's vestures, and taken spoil. This, accordingly, is what the streets of Paris saw: danced the Carmagnole along with them.' Such Old-Hallow-tide

'Most of these persons were still drunk, with the brandy have they, in this year, once named of Grace, 1793.

they had swallowed out of chalices;—eating mackerel on the Out of which strange fall of Formulas, tumbling there in con-patenas! Mounted on Asses, which were housed with Priests'

fused welter, betrampled by the Patriotic dance, is it not pass-cloaks, they reined them with Priests' stoles: they held clutched ing strange to see a new Formula arise? For the human tongue with the same hand communion-cup and sacred wafer. They is not adequate to speak what 'triviality run distracted' there stopped at the doors of Dramshops; held out ciboriums: and is in human nature. Black Mumbo-Jumbo of the woods, and the landlord, stoop in hand, had to fill them thrice. Next came most Indian Wau-waus, one can understand: but this of Mules high-laden with crosses, chandeliers, censers, holy-wa-Procureur Anaxagoras whilom John-Peter Chaumette? We will ter vessels, hyssops;—recalling to mind the Priests of Cybele, say only: Man is a born idol-worshipper, sight-worshipper, so whose panniers, filled with the instruments of their worship, sensuous-imaginative is he; and also partakes much of the served at once as storehouse, sacristy and temple. In such eq-nature of the ape.

uipage did these profaners advance towards the Convention.

For the same day, while this brave Carmagnole dance has They enter there, in an immense train, ranged in two rows; all hardly jigged itself out, there arrive Procureur Chaumette and masked like mummers in fantastic sacerdotal vestments; bear-Municipals and Departmentals, and with them the strangest ing on handbarrows their heaped plunder,—ciboriums, suns, freightage: a New Religion! Demoiselle Candeille, of the Opera; candelabras, plates of gold and silver.' (Mercier, iv. 134. See a woman fair to look upon, when well rouged: she, borne on Moniteur, Seance du 10 Novembre.)

palanquin shoulder-high; with red woolen nightcap; in azure The Address we do not give; for indeed it was in strophes, mantle; garlanded with oak; holding in her hand the Pike of sung viva voce, with all the parts;—Danton glooming consider-the Jupiter-Peuple, sails in; heralded by white young women 492

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girt in tricolor. Let the world consider it! This, O National Con-plate, in sign of Liberty; they drank also of the bottles, and vention wonder of the universe, is our New Divinity; Goddess their prompt intoxication created laughter. Reason sat in azure of Reason, worthy, and alone worthy of revering. Nay, were it mantle aloft, in a serene manner; Cannoneers, pipe in mouth, too much to ask of an august National Representation that it serving her as acolytes. And out of doors,' continues the exag-also went with us to the ci-devant Cathedral called of Notre-gerative man, 'were mad multitudes dancing round the bonfire Dame, and executed a few strophes in worship of her?

of Chapel-balustrades, of Priests' and Canons' stalls; and the President and Secretaries give Goddess Candeille, borne at dancers, I exaggerate nothing, the dancers nigh bare of due height round their platform, successively the fraternal kiss; breeches, neck and breast naked, stockings down, went whirl-whereupon she, by decree, sails to the right-hand of the

Presi-ing and spinning, like those Dust-vortexes, forerunners of Tem-dent and there alights. And now, after due pause and flour-pest and Destruction.' (Mercier, iv. 127-146.) At Saint-Gervais ishes of oratory, the Convention, gathering its limbs, does get Church again there was a terrible 'smell of herrings;' Section or under way in the required procession towards Notre-Dame;—

Municipality having provided no food, no condiment, but left Reason, again in her litter, sitting in the van of them, borne, as it to chance. Other mysteries, seemingly of a Cabiric or even one judges, by men in the Roman costume; escorted by wind-Paphian character, we heave under the Veil, which appropri-music, red nightcaps, and the madness of the world. And so ately stretches itself 'along the pillars of the aisles,'—not to straightway, Reason taking seat on the high-altar of Notre-be lifted aside by the hand of History.

Dame, the requisite worship or quasi-worship is, say the News-But there is one thing we should like almost better to un-papers, executed; National Convention chanting 'the Hymn to derstand than any other: what Reason herself thought of it, Liberty, words by Chenier, music by Gossec.' It is the first of the all the while. What articulate words poor Mrs. Momoro, for Feasts of Reason; first communion-service of the New Religion example, uttered; when she had become ungoddessed again, of Chaumette.

and the Bibliopolist and she sat quiet at home, at supper? For

'The corresponding Festival in the Church of Saint-Eustache,'

he was an earnest man, Bookseller Momoro; and had notions says Mercier, 'offered the spectacle of a great tavern. The inte-of Agrarian Law. Mrs. Momoro, it is admitted, made one of the rior of the choir represented a landscape decorated with cot-best Goddesses of Reason; though her teeth were a little de-tages and boskets of trees. Round the choir stood tables over-fective. And now if the reader will represent to himself that loaded with bottles, with sausages, pork-puddings, pastries such visible Adoration of Reason went on 'all over the Repub-and other meats. The guests flowed in

and out through all lic,' through these November and December weeks, till the doors: whosoever presented himself took part of the good Church woodwork was burnt out, and the business otherwise things: children of eight, girls as well as boys, put hand to completed, he will feel sufficiently what an adoring Republic 493

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it was, and without reluctance quit this part of the subject.

of a dubious choleric aspect, the Revolutionary Army will do its Such gifts of Church-spoil are chiefly the work of the Armee work gently, by ladder and wrench; nay perhaps will take its Revolutionnaire; raised, as we said, some time ago. It is an billet without work at all; and, refreshing itself with a little Army with portable guillotine: commanded by Playwright liquor and sleep, pass on to the next stage. (Deux Amis, xii. 62-Ronsin in terrible moustachioes; and even by some uncertain 5.) Pipe in cheek, sabre on thigh; in carmagnole complete!

shadow of Usher Maillard, the old Bastille Hero, Leader of the Such things have been; and may again be. Charles Second Menads, September Man in Grey! Clerk Vincent of the Warsent out his Highland Host over the Western Scotch Whigs; Office, one of Pache's old Clerks, 'with a head heated by the Jamaica Planters got Dogs from the Spanish Main to hunt their ancient orators,' had a main hand in the appointments, at least Maroons with: France too is bescoured with a Devil's Pack, the in the staff-appointments.

baying of which, at this distance of half a century, still sounds But of the marchings and retreatings of these Six Thousand in the mind's ear.

no Xenophon exists. Nothing, but an inarticulate hum, of cursing and sooty frenzy, surviving dubious in the memory of ages!

Chapter 3.5.V.

They scour the country round Paris; seeking Prisoners; raising Requisitions; seeing that Edicts are executed, that the Farm-Like a

Thunder-Cloud.

ers have thrashed sufficiently; lowering Church-bells or metallic Virgins. Detachments shoot forth dim, towards remote parts But the grand, and indeed substantially primary and generic of France; nay new Provincial Revolutionary Armies rise dim, aspect of the Consummation of Terror remains still to be looked here and there, as Carrier's Company of Marat, as Tallien's at; nay blinkard History has for most part all but overlooked Bourdeaux Troop; like sympathetic clouds in an atmosphere this aspect, the soul of the whole: that which makes it terrible all electric. Ronsin, they say, admitted, in candid moments, to the Enemies of France. Let Despotism and Cimmerian Coali-that his troops were the elixir of the Rascality of the Earth.

tions consider. All French men and French things are in a State One sees them drawn up in marketplaces; travel-plashed, of Requisition; Fourteen Armies are got on foot; Patriotism, rough-bearded, in carmagnole complete: the first exploit is to with all that it has of faculty in heart or in head, in soul or prostrate what Royal or Ecclesiastical monument, crucifix or body or breeches-pocket, is rushing to the frontiers, to prevail the like, there may be; to plant a cannon at the steeple, fetch or die! Busy sits Carnot, in Salut Public; busy for his share, in down the bell without climbing for it, bell and belfry together.

'organising victory.' Not swifter pulses that Guillotine, in dread This, however, it is said, depends somewhat on the size of the systole-diastole in the Place de la Revolution, than smites the town: if the town contains much population, and these perhaps Sword of Patriotism, smiting Cimmeria back to its own bor-494

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ders, from the sacred soil.

cept in the head of Carnot, busied organising victory, would In fact the Government is what we can call Revolutionary; and you find any? The talent is one of instinct rather. It is that of some men are 'a la hauteur,' on a

level with the circumstances; divining aright what this great dumb Whirlwind wishes and and others are not a la hauteur,—so much the worse for them.

wills; that of willing, with more frenzy than any one, what all But the Anarchy, we may say, has organised itself: Society is the world wills. To stand at no obstacles; to heed no consider-literally overset; its old forces working with mad activity, but in ations human or divine; to know well that, of divine or hu-the inverse order; destructive and self-destructive.

man, there is one thing needful, Triumph of the Republic, De-Curious to see how all still refers itself to some head and struction of the Enemies of the Republic! With this one spiri-fountain; not even an Anarchy but must have a centre to retual endowment, and so few others, it is strange to see how a volve round. It is now some six months since the Committee of dumb inarticulately storming Whirlwind of things puts, as it Salut Public came into existence: some three months since were, its reins into your hand, and invites and compels you to Danton proposed that all power should be given it and 'a sum be leader of it.

of fifty millions,' and the 'Government be declared Revolution-Hard by, sits a Municipality of Paris; all in red nightcaps ary.' He himself, since that day, would take no hand in it, though since the fourth of November last: a set of men fully 'on a level again and again solicited; but sits private in his place on the with circumstances,' or even beyond it. Sleek Mayor Pache, stu-Mountain. Since that day, the Nine, or if they should even rise dious to be safe in the middle; Chaumettes, Heberts, Varlets, to Twelve have become permanent, always reelected when and Henriot their great Commandant; not to speak of Vincent their term runs out; Salut Public, Surete Generale have assumed the War-clerk, of Momoros, Dobsents, and such like: all intent their ulterior form and mode of operating.

to have Churches plundered, to have Reason adored, Suspects Committee of Public Salvation, as supreme; of General Surety, cut down, and the Revolution triumph. Perhaps carrying the as subaltern: these like a Lesser and Greater Council, most har-matter too far? Danton was heard to

grumble at the civic stro-monious hitherto, have become the centre of all things. They phes; and to recommend prose and decency. Robespierre also ride this Whirlwind; they, raised by force of circumstances, in-grumbles that in overturning Superstition we did not mean to sensibly, very strangely, thither to that dread height;—and make a religion of Atheism. In fact, your Chaumette and Com-guide it, and seem to guide it. Stranger set of Cloud-Compel-pany constitute a kind of Hyper-Jacobinism, or rabid 'Faction lers the Earth never saw. A Robespierre, a Billaud, a Collot, des Enrages;' which has given orthodox Patriotism some um-Couthon, Saint-Just; not to mention still meaner Amars, Vadiers, brage, of late months. To 'know a Suspect on the streets:' what in Surete Generale: these are your Cloud-Compellers. Small in-is this but bringing the Law of the Suspect itself into ill odour?

tellectual talent is necessary: indeed where among them, ex-Men half-frantic, men zealous overmuch,—they toil there, in 495

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their red nightcaps, restlessly, rapidly, accomplishing what of these the Convention receives. But beyond this, the Conven-Life is allotted them.

tion has one thing mainly to do: to listen what Salut Public And the Forty-four Thousand other Townships, each with proposes, and say, Yea.

revolutionary Committee, based on Jacobin Daughter Society; Bazire followed by Chabot, with some impetuosity, declared, enlightened by the spirit of Jacobinism; quickened by the Forty one morning, that this was not the way of a Free Assembly.

Sous a-day!—The French Constitution spurned always at any

"There ought to be an Opposition side, a Cote Droit," cried thing like Two Chambers; and yet behold, has it not verily got Chabot; "if none else will form it, I will: people say to me, You Two Chambers? National Convention, elected for one; Mother will all get guillotined in your turn, first you and Bazire, then of Patriotism, self-elected, for another! Mother of Patriotism

Danton, then Robespierre himself." (Debats, du 10 Novembre, has her Debates reported in the Moniteur, as important state-1723.) So spake the Disfrocked, with a loud voice: next week, procedures; which indisputably they are. A Second Chamber of Bazire and he lie in the Abbaye; wending, one may fear, to-Legislature we call this Mother Society;—if perhaps it were wards Tinville and the Axe; and 'people say to me'—what seems not rather comparable to that old Scotch Body named Lords to be proving true! Bazire's blood was all inflamed with Revo-of the Articles, without whose origination, and signal given, lution fever; with coffee and spasmodic dreams. (Dictionnaire the so-called Parliament could introduce no bill, could do no des Hommes Marquans, i. 115.) Chabot, again, how happy with work? Robespierre himself, whose words are a law, opens his his rich Jew-Austrian wife, late Fraulein Frey! But he lies in incorruptible lips copiously in the Jacobins Hall. Smaller Council Prison; and his two Jew-Austrian Brothers-in-Law, the Bank-of Salut Public, Greater Council of Surete Generale, all active ers Frey, lie with him; waiting the urn of doom. Let a National Parties, come here to plead; to shape beforehand what deci-Convention, therefore, take warning, and know its function.

sion they must arrive at, what destiny they have to expect.

Let the Convention, all as one man, set its shoulder to the Now if a question arose, Which of those Two Chambers, Con-work; not with bursts of Parliamentary eloquence, but in quite vention, or Lords of the Articles, was the stronger? Happily other and serviceable ways!

they as yet go hand in hand.

Convention Commissioners, what we ought to call Represen-As for the National Convention, truly it has become a most tatives, 'Representans on mission,' fly, like the Herald Mercury, composed Body. Quenched now the old effervescence; the Sev-to all points of the Territory; carrying your behests far and enty-three locked in ward; once noisy Friends of the Girondins wide. In their 'round hat plumed with tricolor feathers, girt sunk all into silent men of the Plain, called even 'Frogs of the with flowing tricolor taffeta; in close frock, tricolor sash, sword Marsh,' Crapauds du

Marais! Addresses come, Revolutionary and jack-boots,' these men are powerfuller than King or Kaiser.

Church-plunder comes; Deputations, with prose, or strophes: They say to whomso they meet, Do; and he must do it: all 496

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men's goods are at their disposal; for France is as one huge of Charleville ring with gun-making. What say we, Charleville?

City in Siege. They smite with Requisitions, and Forced-loan; Two hundred and fifty-eight Forges stand in the open spaces they have the power of life and death. Saint-Just and Lebas of Paris itself; a hundred and forty of them in the Esplanade of order the rich classes of Strasburg to 'strip off their shoes,' and the Invalides, fifty-four in the Luxembourg Garden: so many send them to the Armies where as many as 'ten thousand pairs'

Forges stand; grim Smiths beating and forging at lock and are needed. Also, that within four and twenty hours, 'a thou-barrel there. The Clockmakers have come, requisitioned, to do sand beds' are to be got ready; (Moniteur, du 27 Novembre the touchholes, the hard-solder and filework. Five great Barges 1793.) wrapt in matting, and sent under way. For the time swing at anchor on the Seine Stream, loud with boring; the presses!—Like swift bolts, issuing from the fuliginous Olympus great press-drills grating harsh thunder to the general ear and of Salut Public rush these men, oftenest in pairs; scatter your heart. And deft Stock-makers do gouge and rasp; and all men thunder-orders over France; make France one enormous Revo-bestir themselves, according to their cunning:—in the language lutionary thunder-cloud.

of hope, it is reckoned that a 'thousand finished muskets can be delivered daily.' (Choix des Rapports, xiii. 189.) Chemists of ***Chapter 3.5.VI.***

the Republic have taught us miracles of swift tanning; (Ibid.

xv. 360.) the cordwainer bores and stitches;—not of 'wood ***Do thy Duty.***

and pasteboard,' or he shall answer it to Tinville! The women sew tents and coats, the children scrape surgeon's-lint, the old Accordingly alongside of these bonfires of Church balustrades, men sit in the marketplaces; able men are on march; all men and sounds of fusillading and noyading, there rise quite an-in requisition: from Town to Town flutters, on the Heaven's other sort of fires and sounds: Smithy-fires and Proof-volleys winds, this Banner, The French People Risen Against Tyrants.

for the manufacture of arms.

All which is well. But now arises the question: What is to be Cut off from Sweden and the world, the Republic must learn done for saltpetre? Interrupted Commerce and the English Navy to make steel for itself; and, by aid of Chemists, she has learnt shut us out from saltpetre; and without saltpetre there is no it. Towns that knew only iron, now know steel: from their new gunpowder. Republican Science again sits meditative; discov-dungeons at Chantilly, Aristocrats may hear the rustle of our ers that saltpetre exists here and there, though in attenuated new steel furnace there. Do not bells transmute themselves quantity: that old plaster of walls holds a sprinkling of it;—

into cannon; iron stancheons into the white-weapon (arme that the earth of the Paris Cellars holds a sprinkling of it, dif-blanche), by sword-cutlery? The wheels of Langres scream, amid fused through the common rubbish; that were these dug up their sputtering fire halo; grinding mere swords. The stithies and washed, saltpetre might be had. Whereupon swiftly, see!

the Citoyens, with upshoved bonnet rouge, or with doffed the Republic, captain and man! Dash with your Gaelic impetu-bonnet, and hair toil-wetted; digging fiercely, each in his own osity, on Austria, England, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia; Pitt, cellar, for saltpetre. The Earth-heap rises at every door; the Cobourg, York, and the Devil and the World! Behind us is but Citoyennes with hod and bucket carrying it up; the Citoyens, the

Guillotine; before us is Victory, Apotheosis and Millennium pith in every muscle, shovelling and digging: for life and salt-without end!

petre. Dig my braves; and right well speed ye. What of saltpe-See accordingly, on all Frontiers, how the Sons of Night, as-tre is essential the Republic shall not want.

tonished after short triumph, do recoil;—the Sons of the Re-Consummation of Sansculottism has many aspects and tints: public flying at them, with wild ca-ira or Marseillese Aux armes, but the brightest tint, really of a solar or stellar brightness, is with the temper of cat-o'-mountain, or demon incarnate; which this which the Armies give it. That same fervour of Jacobinism no Son of Night can stand! Spain, which came bursting through which internally fills France with hatred, suspicions, scaffolds the Pyrenees, rustling with Bourbon banners, and went con-and Reason-worship, does, on the Frontiers, shew itself as a quering here and there for a season, falters at such cat-o'-

glorious Pro patria mori. Ever since Dumouriez's defection, three mountain welcome; draws itself in again; too happy now were Convention Representatives attend every General. Committee the Pyrenees impassable. Not only does Dugommier, conqueror of Salut has sent them, often with this Laconic order only: "Do of Toulon, drive Spain back; he invades Spain. General thy duty, Fais ton devoir." It is strange, under what impedi- Dugommier invades it by the Eastern Pyrenees; General ments the fire of Jacobinism, like other such fires, will burn.

Dugommier invades it by the Eastern Pyrenees; General Muller These Soldiers have shoes of wood and pasteboard, or go shall invade it by the Western. Shall, that is the word: Commit-booted in hayropes, in dead of winter; they skewer a bass mat tee of Salut Public has said it; Representative Cavaignac, on round their shoulders, and are destitute of most things. What mission there, must see it done. Impossible! cries Muller, —

then? It is for Rights of Frenchhood, of Manhood, that they Infallible! answers Cavaignac. Difficulty, impossibility, is to no fight: the unquenchable spirit, here as elsewhere, works purpose. "The Committee is deaf on that side of its head,"

miracles. "With steel and bread," says the Convention Repre-answers Cavaignac, "n'entend pas de cette oreille la. How many sentative, "one may get to China." The Generals go fast to the wantest thou, of men, of horses, cannons? Thou shalt have guillotine; justly and unjustly. From which what inference?

them. Conquerors, conquered or hanged, forward we must."

This among others: That ill-success is death; that in victory (There is, in Prudhomme, an atrocity a la Captain-Kirk reported alone is life! To conquer or die is no theatrical palabra, in these of this Cavaignac; which has been copied into Dictionaries of circumstances: but a practical truth and necessity. All Girondism, Hommes Marquans, of Biographie Universelle, &c.; which not Halfness, Compromise is swept away. Forward, ye Soldiers of only has no truth in it, but, much more singular, is still ca-498

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pable of being proved to have none.) Which things also, even General Houchard, it would appear, stood behind a hedge, as the Representative spake them, were done. The Spring of on this Hondschooten occasion; wherefore they have since guil-the new Year sees Spain invaded: and redoubts are carried, and lotined him. A new General Jourdan, late Serjeant Jourdan, Passes and Heights of the most scarped description; Spanish commands in his stead: he, in longwinded Battles of Watigny, Field-officerism struck mute at such cat-o'-mountain spirit, the

'murderous artillery-fire mingling itself with sound of Revolu-cannon forgetting to fire. (Deux Amis, xiii. 205-30; Toulongeon, tionary battle-hymns,' forces Austria behind the Sambre again;

&c.) Swept are the Pyrenees; Town after Town flies up, burst by has hopes of purging the soil of Liberty. With hard wrestling, terror or the petard. In the course of another year, Spain will with artillerying and ca-ira-ing, it shall be done. In the course crave Peace; acknowledge its sins and the Republic; nay, in Madrid, of a new Summer, Valenciennes will see itself beleaguered; Conde there will be joy as for a victory, that even Peace is got.

beleaguered; whatsoever is yet in the hands of Austria belea-Few things, we repeat, can be notabler than these Conven-guered and bombarded: nay, by Convention Decree, we even tion Representatives, with their power more than kingly. Nay summon them all 'either to surrender in twenty-four hours, or at bottom are they not Kings, Ablemen, of a sort; chosen from else be put to the sword;'—a high saying, which, though it the Seven Hundred and Forty-nine French Kings; with this or-remains unfulfilled, may shew what spirit one is of.

der, Do thy duty? Representative Levasseur, of small stature, Representative Drouet, as an Old-Dragoon, could fight by a by trade a mere pacific Surgeon-Accoucheur, has mutinies to kind of second nature; but he was unlucky. Him, in a night-quell; mad hosts (mad at the Doom of Custine) bellowing far foray at Maubeuge, the Austrians took alive, in October last.

and wide; he alone amid them, the one small Representative,—

They stript him almost naked, he says; making a shew of him, small, but as hard as flint, which also carries fire in it! So too, as King-taker of Varennes. They flung him into carts; sent him at Hondschooten, far in the afternoon, he declares that the far into the interior of Cimmeria, to 'a Fortress called Spitzberg'

battle is not lost; that it must be gained; and fights, himself, on the Danube River; and left him there, at an elevation of with his own obstetric hand;— horse shot under him, or say on perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, to his own bitter reflections.

foot, 'up to the haunches in tide-water;' cutting stoccado and Reflections; and also devices! For the indomitable Old-dragoon passado there, in defiance of Water, Earth, Air and Fire, the cho-constructs wing-machinery, of Paperkite; saws window-bars: leric little Representative that he was! Whereby, as natural, Royal determines to fly down. He will seize a boat, will follow the Highness of York had to withdraw,—occasionally at full gallop; River's course: land somewhere in Crim Tartary, in the Black Sea like to be swallowed by the tide: and his Siege of Dunkirk be-or Constantinople region: a la Sindbad! Authentic History, ac-came a dream, realising only much loss of beautiful siege-artil-cordingly, looking far into Cimmeria, discerns dimly a phenom-lery and of brave lives. (Levasseur, Memoires, ii. c. 2-7.) enon. In the dead night-watches, the Spitzberg sentry is near 499

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fainting with terror: Is it a huge vague Portent descending and Captains founding on Four parchments of Nobility, are through the night air? It is a huge National Representative blown with their parchments across the Rhine, into Lunar Limbo!

Old-dragoon, descending by Paperkite; too rapidly, alas! For What high feats of arms, therefore, were done in these Four-Drouet had taken with him 'a small provision-store, twenty teen Armies; and how, for love of Liberty and hope of Promo-pounds weight or thereby;' which proved accelerative: so he tion, low-born valour cut its desperate way to Generalship; fell, fracturing his leg; and lay there, moaning, till day dawned, and, from the central Carnot in Salut Public to the outmost till you could discern clearly that he was not a Portent but a drummer on the Frontiers, men strove for their Republic, let Representative! (His narrative (in Deux Amis, xiv. 177-86).) readers fancy. The snows of Winter, the flowers of Summer con-Or see Saint-Just, in the Lines of Weissembourg, though physi-tinue to be stained with warlike blood. Gaelic impetuosity cally of a timid apprehensive nature, how he charges with his mounts ever higher with victory; spirit of Jacobinism weds

‘Alsatian Peasants armed hastily’ for the nonce; the solemn itself to national vanity: the Soldiers of the Republic are be-face of him blazing into flame; his black hair and tricolor hat-coming, as we prophesied, very Sons of Fire. Barefooted, bare-taffeta flowing in the breeze; These our Lines of Weissembourg backed: but with bread and iron you can get to China! It is one were indeed forced, and Prussia and the Emigrants rolled Nation against the whole world; but the Nation has that within through: but we re-force the Lines of Weissembourg; and Prussia her which the whole world will not conquer. Cimmeria, aston-and the Emigrants roll back again still faster,—hurled with ished, recoils faster or slower; all round the Republic there rises bayonet charges and fiery ca-ira-ing.

fiery, as it were, a magic ring of musket-volleying and ca-iraCi-devant Serjeant Pichegru, ci-devant Serjeant Hoche, risen ing. Majesty of Prussia, as Majesty of Spain, will by and by now to be Generals, have done wonders here. Tall Pichegru was acknowledge his sins and the Republic: and make a Peace of meant for the Church; was Teacher of Mathematics once, in Bale.

Brienne School,—his remarkablest Pupil there was the Boy Foreign Commerce, Colonies, Factories in the East and in the Napoleon Buonaparte. He then, not in the sweetest humour, West, are fallen or falling into the hands of sea-ruling Pitt, enlisted exchanging ferula for musket; and had got the length enemy of human nature. Nevertheless what sound is this that of the halberd, beyond which nothing could be hoped; when we hear, on the first of June, 1794; sound of as war-thunder the Bastille barriers falling made passage for him, and he is borne from the Ocean too; of tone most piercing? War-thunder here. Hoche bore a hand at the literal overturn of the Bastille; from off the Brest waters: Villaret-Joyeuse and English Howe, he was, as we saw, a Serjeant of the Gardes Francaises, spend-after long manoeuvring have ranked themselves there; and are ing his pay in rushlights and cheap editions of books. How the belching fire. The enemies of human nature are on their own Mountains are burst, and many an Enceladus is disemprisoned: element; cannot be conquered; cannot be kept from conquer-500

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ing. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking west-decreed to be done, would tire the tongue of History. Statue ward through the battle-smoke: six French Ships taken, the of the Peuple Souverain, high as Strasburg Steeple; which shall Battle lost; what Ship soever can still sail, making off! But fling its shadow from the Pont Neuf over Jardin National and how is it, then, with that Vengeur Ship, she neither strikes nor Convention Hall;—enormous, in Painter David's head! With makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will other the like enormous Statues not a few: realised in paper not. Fire rakes her fore and aft, from victorious enemies; the Decree. For, indeed, the Statue of Liberty herself is still but Vengeur is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the Sea; yet we Plaster in the Place de la Revolution! Then Equalisation of also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of Weights and Measures, with decimal division; Institutions, of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole Music and of much else; Institute in general; School of Arts, crew crowds to the upper deck; and, with universal soul-mad-School of Mars, Eleves de la Patrie, Normal Schools: amid such dening yell, shouts Vive la Republique,—sinking, sinking. She Gun-boring, Altar-burning, Saltpetre-digging, and miraculous staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abys-improvements in Tannery!

mal: down rushes the Vengeur, carrying Vive la Republique along What, for example, is this that Engineer Chappe is doing, in with her, unconquerable, into Eternity! (Compare Barrere (Chois the Park of Vincennes? In the Park of Vincennes; and onwards, des Rapports, xiv. 416-21); Lord Howe (Annual Register of 1794, they say, in the Park of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau the assassi-p. 86), &c.) Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unnated Deputy; and still onwards to the Heights of Ecouen and conquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man: let further, he has scaffolding set up, has posts driven in; wooden Despots and Slaves and all people know this, and only them arms with elbow joints are jerking and fugling in the air, in the that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it.

most rapid mysterious manner! Citoyens ran up suspicious.

Yes, O Citoyens, we are signaling: it is a device this, worthy of ***Chapter 3.5.VII.***

the Republic; a thing for what we will call Far-writing without the aid of postbags; in Greek, it shall be named Telegraph.—

Flame-Picture.

Telegraphe sacre! answers Citoyenism: For writing to Traitors, to Austria? —and tears it down. Chappe had to escape, and get In this manner, mad-blazing with flame of all imaginable tints, a new Legislative Decree. Nevertheless he has accomplished it, from the red of Tophet to the stellar-bright, blazes off this the indefatigable Chappe: this Far-writer, with its wooden arms Consummation of Sansculottism.

and elbow-joints, can intelligibly signal; and lines of them are But the hundredth part of the things that were done, and set up, to the North Frontiers and elsewhither. On an Autumn the thousandth part of the things that were projected and evening of the Year Two, Far-writer having just written that 501

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Conde Town has surrendered to us, we send from Tuileries Con-On the whole, is it not, O Reader, one of the strangest Flame-vention Hall this response in the shape of Decree: 'The name Pictures that ever painted itself; flaming off there, on its ground of Conde is changed to Nord-Libre, North-Free. The Army of of Guillotine-black? And the nightly Theatres are Twenty-three; the North ceases not to merit well of the country.'—To the and the Salons de danse are sixty: full of mere Egalite, Fraternite admiration of men! For lo, in some half hour, while the Con-and Carmagnole. And Section Committee-rooms are Forty-eight; vention yet debates, there arrives this new answer: 'I inform redolent of tobacco and brandy: vigorous with twenty-pence thee, je t'annonce, Citizen President, that the decree of Cona-day, coercing the suspect. And the Houses of Arrest are Twelve vention, ordering change of the name Conde into North-Free; for Paris alone; crowded and even crammed. And at all turns, and the other

declaring that the Army of the North ceases not you need your 'Certificate of Civism;' be it for going out, or for to merit well of the country, are transmitted and acknowl-coming in; nay without it you cannot, for money, get your edged by Telegraph. I have instructed my Officer at Lille to daily ounces of bread. Dusky redcapped Baker's-queues; wag-forward them to North-Free by express. Signed, Chappe.' (Choix ging themselves; not in silence! For we still live by Maximum, des Rapports, xv. 378, 384.)

in all things; waited on by these two, Scarcity and Confusion.

Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General The faces of men are darkened with suspicion; with suspect-Jourdan, having now swept the soil of Liberty, and advanced ing, or being suspect. The streets lie unswept; the ways thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, things unmended. Law has shut her Books; speaks little, save im-there not in the Heaven's Vault, some Prodigy, seen by Aus-promptu, through the throat of Tinville. Crimes go unpunished: trian eyes and spyglasses: in the similitude of an enormous not crimes against the Revolution. (Mercier, v. 25; Deux Amis, Windbag, with netting and enormous Saucer depending from xii. 142-199.) 'The number of foundling children,' as some com-it? A Jove's Balance, O ye Austrian spyglasses? One saucer-hole pute, 'is doubled.'

of a Jove's Balance; your poor Austrian scale having kicked How silent now sits Royalism; sits all Aristocratism; Respect-itself quite aloft, out of sight? By Heaven, answer the spy-ability that kept its Gig! The honour now, and the safety, is to glasses, it is a Montgolfier, a Balloon, and they are making Poverty, not to Wealth. Your Citizen, who would be fashion-signals! Austrian cannon-battery barks at this Montgolfier; able, walks abroad, with his Wife on his arm, in red wool night-harmless as dog at the Moon: the Montgolfier makes its sig-cap, black shag spencer, and carmagnole complete. Aristocratism nals; detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and de-crouches low, in what shelter is still left; submitting to all scends at its ease. (26th June, 1794 (see Rapport de Guyton-requisitions, vexations; too happy to escape with life. Ghastly Morveau sur les aerostats, in Moniteur du 6 Vendemiaire, An chateaus stare on you by the wayside; disroofed, diswindowed; 2).) What will not these devils incarnate contrive?

which the National House-broker is peeling for the lead and 502

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ashlar. The old tenants hover disconsolate, over the Rhine with looks on; if with a sigh, that is much; Fellow-creatures whom Conde; a spectacle to men. Ci-devant Seigneur, exquisite in sighing cannot help; whom black Necessity and Tinville have palate, will become an exquisite Restaurateur Cook in Ham-clutched.

burg; Ci-devant Madame, exquisite in dress, a successful One other thing, or rather two other things, we will still Marchande des Modes in London. In Newgate-Street, you meet mention; and no more: The Blond Perukes; the Tannery at M. le Marquis, with a rough deal on his shoulder, adze and Meudon. Great talk is of these Perruques blondes: O Reader, jack-plane under arm; he has taken to the joiner trade; it be-they are made from the Heads of Guillotined women! The locks ing necessary to live (faut vivre). (See Deux Amis, xv. 189-of a Duchess, in this way, may come to cover the scalp of a 192; Memoires de Genlis; Founders of the French Republic, &c.

Cordwainer: her blond German Frankism his black Gaelic poll, if

&c.)—Higher than all Frenchmen the domestic Stock-it be bald. Or they may be worn affectionately, as relics; ren-jobber flourishes,—in a day of Paper-money. The Farmer also dering one suspect? (Mercier, ii. 134.) Citizens use them, not flourishes: 'Farmers' houses,' says Mercier, 'have become like without mockery; of a rather cannibal sort.

Pawnbrokers' shops;' all manner of furniture, apparel, vessels Still deeper into one's heart goes that Tannery at Meudon; of gold and silver accumulate themselves there: bread is pre-not mentioned among the other miracles of tanning! 'At cious. The Farmer's rent is Paper-money, and he alone of men Meudon,' says Montgaillard with considerable calmness, 'there has bread: Farmer is better than Landlord, and will himself was a Tannery of Human Skins; such of the Guillotined as become Landlord.

seemed worth flaying: of which perfectly good wash-leather And daily, we say, like a black Spectre, silently through that was made:' for breeches, and other uses. The skin of the men, Life-tumult, passes the Revolution Cart; writing on the walls he remarks, was superior in toughness (consistance) and qualits mene, mene, Thou art weighed, and found wanting! A Spec-ity to shamoy; that of women was good for almost nothing, tre with which one has grown familiar. Men have adjusted them-being so soft in texture! (Montgaillard, iv. 290.)—History look-selves: complaint issues not from that Death-tumbril. Weak ing back over Cannibalism, through Purchas's Pilgrims and all women and ci-devants, their plumage and finery all tarnished, early and late Records, will perhaps find no terrestrial Canni-sit there; with a silent gaze, as if looking into the Infinite balism of a sort on the whole so detestable. It is a manufac-Black. The once light lip wears a curl of irony, uttering no word; tured, soft-feeling, quietly elegant sort; a sort perfide! Alas and the Tumbril fares along. They may be guilty before Heaven, then, is man's civilisation only a wrappage, through which the or not; they are guilty, we suppose, before the Revolution.

savage nature of him can still burst, infernal as ever? Nature Then, does not the Republic 'coin money' of them, with its still makes him; and has an Infernal in her as well as a Celes-great axe? Red Nightcaps howl dire approval: the rest of Paris tial.

thought, all they could have articulately spoken to us, how insignificant a fraction were that of the Thing which realised ***THERMIDOR***

itself, which decreed itself, on signal given by them! As has been said more than once, this Revolutionary Government is ***Chapter 3.6.I.***

not a self-conscious but a blind fatal one. Each man, enveloped in his ambient-atmosphere of revolutionary fanatic Mad-The Gods are athirst.

ness, rushes on, impelled and impelling; and has become a blind brute Force; no rest for him but in the grave! Darkness and the What then is this Thing, called La Revolution, which, like an mystery of horrid cruelty cover it for us, in History; as they Angel of Death, hangs over France, noyading, fusillading, fight-did in Nature. The chaotic Thunder-cloud, with its pitchy black, ing, gun-boring, tanning human skins? La Revolution is but so and its tumult of dazzling jagged fire, in a world all electric: many Alphabetic Letters; a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, thou wilt not undertake to shew how that comported itself,—

to be clapt under lock and key: where is it? what is it? It is the what the secrets of its dark womb were; from what sources, Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and with what specialities, the lightning it held did, in confused in that man; as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, brightness of terror, strike forth, destructive and self-destruc- impalpable; and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over tive, till it ended? Like a Blackness naturally of Erebus, which half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could by will of Providence had for once mounted itself into domin-be a truer Reality.

ion and the Azure: is not this properly the nature of To explain, what is called explaining, the march of this Revo-Sansculottism consummating itself? Of which Erebus Blackness lutionary Government, be no task of ours. Men cannot explain be it enough to discern that this and the other dazzling fire-it. A paralytic Couthon, asking in the Jacobins, 'what hast bolt, dazzling fire-torrent, does by small Volition and great thou done to be hanged if the Counter-Revolution should ar-Necessity, verily issue,—in such and such succession; destruc-rive;' a sombre Saint-Just, not yet six-and- twenty, declaring tive so and so, self-destructive so and so: till it end.

that 'for Revolutionists there is no rest but in the tomb;' a Royalism is extinct, 'sunk,' as they say, 'in the mud of the seagreen Robespierre converted into vinegar and gall; much Loire;' Republicanism dominates without and within: what, more an Amar and Vadier, a Collot and Billaud: to inquire what therefore, on the 15th day of March, 1794, is this? Arrest- thoughts, predetermination or prevision, might be in the head ment, sudden

really as a bolt out of the Blue, has hit strange of these men! Record of their thought remains not; Death and victims: Hebert Pere Duchene, Bibliopolist Momoro, Clerk Darkness have swept it out utterly. Nay if we even had their Vincent, General Ronsin; high Cordelier Patriots, redcapped 504

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Magistrates of Paris, Worshippers of Reason, Commanders of Duchene; worship skyblue Reason in red nightcap; rob all Al-Revolutionary Army! Eight short days ago, their Cordelier Club tars,—and bring the spoil to us! —

was loud, and louder than ever, with Patriot denunciations.

Still more indubitable, visible to the mere bodily sight, is Hebert Pere Duchene had "held his tongue and his heart these this: that the Cordeliers Club sits pale, with anger and terror; two months, at sight of Moderates, Crypto-Aristocrats, Camilles, and has 'veiled the Rights of Man,'—without effect. Likewise Scelerats in the Convention itself: but could not do it any that the Jacobins are in considerable confusion; busy 'purging longer; would, if other remedy were not, invoke the Sacred themselves, 's'epurant,' as, in times of Plot and public Calam-right of Insurrection." So spake Hebert in Cordelier Session; ity, they have repeatedly had to do. Not even Camille with vivats, till the roofs rang again. (Moniteur, du 17 Ventose Desmoulins but has given offence: nay there have risen mur-

(7th March) 1794.) Eight short days ago; and now already!

murs against Danton himself; though he bellowed them down, They rub their eyes: it is no dream; they find themselves in the and Robespierre finished the matter by 'embracing him in the Luxembourg. Goose Gobel too; and they that burnt Churches!

Tribune.'

Chaumette himself, potent Procureur, Agent National as they Whom shall the Republic and a jealous Mother Society trust?

now call it, who could 'recognise the Suspect by the very face In these times of temptation, of Preternatural Insight! For of them,' he lingers but three days; on the third day he too is there are Factions of the Stranger, 'de l'etranger,' Factions of hurled in. Most chopfallen, blue, enters the National Agent Moderates, of Enraged; all manner of Factions: we walk in a this Limbo whither he has sent so many. Prisoners crowd round, world of Plots; strings, universally spread, of deadly gins and jibing and jeering: "Sublime National Agent," says one, "in vir-falltraps, baited by the gold of Pitt! Clootz, Speaker of Man-tue of thy immortal Proclamation, lo there! I am suspect, thou kind so-called, with his Evidences of Mahometan Religion, and art suspect, he is suspect, we are suspect, ye are suspect, they babble of Universal Republic, him an incorruptible Robespierre are suspect!"

has purged away. Baron Clootz, and Paine rebellious Needleman The meaning of these things? Meaning! It is a Plot; Plot of lie, these two months, in the Luxembourg; limbs of the Fac-the most extensive ramifications; which, however, Barrere holds tion de l'etranger. Representative Phelippeaux is purged out: the threads of. Such Church-burning and scandalous masquer-he came back from La Vendee with an ill report in his mouth ades of Atheism, fit to make the Revolution odious: where against rogue Rossignol, and our method of warfare there.

indeed could they originate but in the gold of Pitt? Pitt indu-Recant it, O Phelippeaux, we entreat thee! Phelippeaux will bitably, as Preternatural Insight will teach one, did hire this not recant; and is purged out. Representative Fabre d'Eglantine, Faction of Enrages, to play their fantastic tricks; to roar in famed Nomenclator of Romme's Calendar, is purged out; nay, is their Cordeliers Club about Moderatism; to print their Pere cast into the Luxembourg: accused of Legislative Swindling 'in 505

regard to monies of the India Company.' There with his Chabots, Sacrement; adorable Hostie, or divine Real-Presence! Sharply Bazires, guilty of the like, let Fabre wait his destiny. And enough, this old Cordelier, Danton and he were of the earliest Westermann friend of Danton, he who

led the Marseillese on primary Cordeliers,—shoots his glittering war-shafts into your the Tenth of August, and fought well in La Vendee, but spoke new Cordeliers, your Heberts, Momoros, with their brawling not well of rogue Rossignol, is purged out. Lucky, if he too go brutalities and despicabilities: say, as the Sun-god (for poor not to the Luxembourg. And your Prolys, Guzmans, of the Camille is a Poet) shot into that Python Serpent sprung of Faction of the Stranger, they have gone; Peyreyra, though he mud.

fled is gone, 'taken in the disguise of a Tavern Cook.' I am Whereat, as was natural, the Hebertist Python did hiss and suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect!—

writhe amazingly; and threaten 'sacred right of Insurrection;'—

The great heart of Danton is weary of it. Danton is gone to and, as we saw, get cast into Prison. Nay, with all the old wit, native Arcis, for a little breathing time of peace: Away, black dexterity, and light graceful poignancy, Camille, translating Arachne-webs, thou world of Fury, Terror, and Suspicion; wel-

'out of Tacitus, from the Reign of Tiberius,' pricks into the Law come, thou everlasting Mother, with thy spring greenness, thy of the Suspect itself; making it odious! Twice, in the Decade, kind household loves and memories; true art thou, were all his wild Leaves issue; full of wit, nay of humour, of harmoni-else untrue! The great Titan walks silent, by the banks of the ous ingenuity and insight,—one of the strangest phenomenon murmuring Aube, in young native haunts that knew him when of that dark time; and smite, in their wild-sparkling way, at a boy; wonders what the end of these things may be.

various monstrosities, Saint-Sacrament heads, and Juggernaut But strangest of all, Camille Desmoulins is purged out.

idols, in a rather reckless manner. To the great joy of Josephine Couthon gave as a test in regard to Jacobin purgation the Beauharnais, and the other Five Thousand and odd Suspect, question, 'What hast thou done to be hanged if Counter-Revo-who fill the Twelve Houses of Arrest; on whom a

ray of hope lution should arrive?' Yet Camille, who could so well answer dawns! Robespierre, at first approbatory, knew not at last what this question, is purged out! The truth is, Camille, early in to think; then thought, with his Jacobins, that Camille must December last, began publishing a new Journal, or Series of be expelled. A man of true Revolutionary spirit, this Camille; Pamphlets, entitled the Vieux Cordelier, Old Cordelier. Camille, but with the unwisest sallies; whom Aristocrats and Moder-not afraid at one time to 'embrace Liberty on a heap of dead ates have the art to corrupt! Jacobinism is in uttermost crisis bodies,' begins to ask now, Whether among so many arresting and struggle: enmeshed wholly in plots, corruptibilities, neck-and punishing Committees there ought not to be a 'Commit-gins and baited falltraps of Pitt Ennemi du Genre Humain.

tee of Mercy?' Saint-Just, he observes, is an extremely solemn Camille's First Number begins with 'O Pitt!'—his last is dated young Republican, who 'carries his head as if it were a Saint-15 Pluviose Year 2, 3d February 1794; and ends with these 506

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words of Montezuma's, 'Les dieux ont soif, The gods are athirst.'

of Rabids, therefore, is also purged from the Republican soil; Be this as it may, the Hebertists lie in Prison only some nine here also the baited falltraps of that Pitt have been wrenched days. On the 24th of March, therefore, the Revolution Tumbrils up harmless; and anew there is joy over a Plot Discovered. The carry through that Life-tumult a new cargo: Hebert, Vincent, Revolution then is verily devouring its own children. All Anar- Momoro, Ronsin, Nineteen of them in all; with whom, curious chy, by the nature of it, is not only destructive but self-de-enough, sits Clootz Speaker of Mankind. They have been massed structive.

swiftly into a lump, this miscellany of Nondescripts; and travel now their last road. No help. They too must 'look through the ***Chapter 3.6.II.***

little window;' they too 'must sneeze into the sack,' eternuer dans le sac; as they have done to others so is it done to them.

Danton, No weakness.

Sainte-Guillotine, meseems, is worse than the old Saints of Superstition; a man-devouring Saint? Clootz, still with an air Danton, meanwhile, has been pressingly sent for from Arcis: of polished sarcasm, endeavours to jest, to offer cheering 'ar-he must return instantly, cried Camille, cried Phelippeaux and guments of Materialism;' he requested to be executed last, 'in Friends, who scented danger in the wind. Danger enough! A order to establish certain principles,'—which Philosophy has Danton, a Robespierre, chief-products of a victorious Revolu-not retained. General Ronsin too, he still looks forth with some tion, are now arrived in immediate front of one another; must air of defiance, eye of command: the rest are sunk in a stony ascertain how they will live together, rule together. One con-paleness of despair. Momoro, poor Bibliopolist, no Agrarian ceives easily the deep mutual incompatibility that divided these Law yet realised,—they might as well have hanged thee at two: with what terror of feminine hatred the poor seagreen Evreux, twenty months ago, when Girondin Buzot hindered Formula looked at the monstrous colossal Reality, and grew them. Hebert Pere Duchene shall never in this world rise in greener to behold him;—the Reality, again, struggling to think sacred right of insurrection; he sits there low enough, head no ill of a chief-product of the Revolution; yet feeling at bot-sunk on breast; Red Nightcaps shouting round him, in fright-tom that such chief-product was little other than a chief wind-ful parody of his Newspaper Articles, "Grand choler of the Pere bag, blown large by Popular air; not a man with the heart of a Duchene!" Thus perish they; the sack receives all their heads.

man, but a poor spasmodic incorruptible pedant, with a logic-Through some section of History, Nineteen spectre-chimeras formula instead of heart; of Jesuit or Methodist-Parson na-shall flit, speaking and gibbering; till Oblivion swallow them.

ture; full of sincere-cant, incorruptibility, of virulence, poltroon-In the course of a week, the Revolutionary Army itself is ery; barren as the east-wind! Two such chief-products are too disbanded; the General having become spectral. This Faction much for one Revolution.

Friends, trembling at the results of a quarrel on their part, And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads brought them to meet. "It is right," said Danton, swallowing over Paris City: Danton, Camille, Phelippeaux, Lacroix have been much indignation, "to repress the Royalists: but we should arrested overnight! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxem-not strike except where it is useful to the Republic; we should bourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this not confound the innocent and the guilty."—"And who told giant of the Revolution among them. "Messieurs," said Danton you," replied Robespierre with a poisonous look, "that one politely, "I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but innocent person had perished?"—"Quoi," said Danton, turn-here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end."—Rumour ing round to Friend Paris self-named Fabricius, Juryman in the may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into Revolutionary Tribunal: "Quoi, not one innocent? What sayest groups; wide-eyed, whispering, "Danton arrested!" Who then thou of it, Fabricius!" (Biographie de Ministres, para Danton.)—

is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own Friends, Westermann, this Paris and others urged him to shew peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that himself, to ascend the Tribune and act. The man Danton was Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: "Did not prone to shew himself; to act, or uproar for his own safety.

you hear Chabot, or Bazire? Would you have two weights and A man of careless, large, hoping nature; a large nature that measures?" Legendre cowers low; Danton, like the others, must could rest: he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille take his doom.

talk, and liked nothing so well. Friends urged him to fly; his Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have; but are not Wife urged him: "Whither fly?" answered he: "If freed France given in any quantity: indeed

few such remarkable men have cast me out, there are only dungeons for me elsewhere. One been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He carries not his country with him at the sole of his shoe!" The was heard to ejaculate: "This time twelvemonth, I was moving man Danton sat still. Not even the arrestment of Friend Herault, the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave para member of Salut, yet arrested by Salut, can rouse Danton.—

don for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain: Brissot On the night of the 30th of March, Juryman Paris came rush-would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave ing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the Salut the whole business in a frightful welter (gachis epouvantable): Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is not one of them understands anything of government.

to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepi-Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were dation, of poor Wife, of Paris and Friends: Danton sat silent for better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing a while; then answered, "Ils n'oseraient, They dare not;" and of men."—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him would take no measures. Murmuring "They dare not," he goes rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a to sleep as usual.

disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to 508

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her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. (Apercus sur here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; 'the highest Fact,'

Camille Desmoulins (in Vieux Cordelier, Paris, 1825), pp. 1-so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real 29.) "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" so Saint-Just age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

was heard to mutter: "Perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins Dennis."

was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of light Procureur de la Lanterne, ye also have arrived, then, at Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged Waste beyond Creation, a man does see the Shade of his Mother, with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and stroke. He demands that the Committeemen themselves come wrapped him are all-too sternly contrasted with this day!

as Witnesses, as Accusers; he "will cover them with ignominy."

Danton, Camille, Herault, Westermann, and the others, very He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts: d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, 'Fournee' as so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville.

murmur sympathy; and are like to burst down, and raise the It is the 2d of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed in Prison; for the time presses.

with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers; that his Indict-What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier ment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers Tenth of August?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will the toils: "Where are the men that had to press Danton to soon be Annihilation (dans le Neant); but I shall live in the shew himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers forcible, be it by nature or not! Herault mentions epigram-of

mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I matically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," les Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the trois plats coquins, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on bon Sansculotte Jesus; an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, did lie, among other things, the fatallest Reproof ever uttered out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated 509

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President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement an obedient Convention passes this Decree. Salut rushes off manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the with it to the aid of Tinville, reduced now almost to extremi-other: "the right of dooming me is thine always. The voice of a ties. And so, Hors des Debats, Out of the Debates, ye insolents!

man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the Policemen do your duty! In such manner, with a deadlift ef-jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the fort, Salut, Tinville Herman, Leroi Dix-Aout, and all stanch ju-lion voice of him 'dies away in his throat:' speech will not rymen setting heart and shoulder to it, the Jury becomes 'suf-utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; ficiently instructed;' Sentence is passed, is sent by an Official, the first day's Session is over.

and torn and trampled on: Death this day. It is the 5th of O Tinville, President Herman, what will ye do? They have two April, 1794. Camille's poor Wife may cease hovering about this days more of it, by strictest Revolutionary Law. The Galleries Prison. Nay let her kiss her poor children; and prepare to enter already murmur. If this Danton were to burst your mesh-it, and to follow!—

work!—Very curious indeed to consider. It turns on a hair: and Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille: what a Hoitytoity

were there, Justice and Culprit changing it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied; angel Wife left places; and the whole History of France running changed! For weeping; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-in France there is this Danton only that could still try to gov- gate; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and ern France. He only, the wild amorphous Titan;—and perhaps yet incredible; like a madman's dream! Camille struggles and that other olive-complexioned individual, the Artillery Officer writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which at Toulon, whom we left pushing his fortune in the South?

hangs knotted, the hands tied: "Calm my friend," said Danton; On the evening of the second day, matters looking not bet-

"heed not that vile canaille (laissez la cette vile canaille)." At ter but worse and worse, Fouquier and Herman, distraction in the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate: "O my their aspect, rush over to Salut Public. What is to be done?

Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more then!"—

Salut Public rapidly concocts a new Decree; whereby if men but, interrupting himself: "Danton, no weakness!" He said to

'insult Justice,' they may be 'thrown out of the Debates.' For Herault- Sechelles stepping forward to embrace him: "Our heads indeed, withal, is there not 'a Plot in the Luxembourg Prison?'

will meet there," in the Headsman's sack. His last words were Ci-devant General Dillon, and others of the Suspect, plotting to Samson the Headsman himself: "Thou wilt shew my head to with Camille's Wife to distribute assignats; to force the Pris-the people; it is worth shewing."

ons, overset the Republic? Citizen Laflotte, himself Suspect So passes, like a gigantic mass, of valour, ostentation, fury, but desiring enfranchisement, has reported said Plot for us:—

affection and wild revolutionary manhood, this Danton, to his a report that may bear fruit! Enough, on the morrow morning, unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of 'good farmer-510

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people' there. He had many sins; but one worst sin he had not, denouncing these Pitts Plots, may congratulate about them that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-decep-now. Never so heartily; it skills not! His course likewise is to tive, ghastly to the natural sense, was this; but a very Man: the Luxembourg. We appoint one Fleuriot-Lescot Interim-with all his dross he was a Man; fiery-real, from the great fire-Mayor in his stead: an 'architect from Belgium,' they say, this bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he Fleuriot; he is a man one can depend on. Our new Agent-Na-walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may tional is Payan, lately Juryman; whose cynosure also is live for some generations in the memory of men.

Robespierre.

Thus then, we perceive, this confusedly electric Erebus-cloud ***Chapter 3.6.III.***

of Revolutionary Government has altered its shape somewhat.

Two masses, or wings, belonging to it; an over-electric mass of ***The Tumbrils.***

Cordelier Rabids, and an under-electric of Dantonist Moderates and Clemency-men,—these two masses, shooting bolts Next week, it is still but the 10th of April, there comes a new at one another, so to speak, have annihilated one another.

Nineteen; Chaumette, Gobel, Hebert's Widow, the Widow of For the Erebus-cloud, as we often remark, is of suicidal nature; Camille: these also roll their fated journey; black Death de-and, in jagged irregularity, darts its lightning withal into it-vours them. Mean Hebert's Widow was weeping,

Camille's Widow self. But now these two discrepant masses being mutually tried to speak comfort to her. O ye kind Heavens, azure, beau-annihilated, it is as if the Erebus-cloud had got to internal tiful, eternal behind your tempests and Time-clouds, is there composure; and did only pour its hellfire lightning on the World not pity for all! Gobel, it seems, was repentant; he begged that lay under it. In plain words, Terror of the Guillotine was absolution of a Priest; did as a Gobel best could. For Anaxagoras never terrible till now. Systole, diastole, swift and ever swifter Chaumette, the sleek head now stript of its bonnet rouge, what goes the Axe of Samson. Indictments cease by degrees to have hope is there? Unless Death were 'an eternal sleep?' Wretched so much as plausibility: Fouquier chooses from the Twelve Anaxagoras, God shall judge thee, not I.

houses of Arrest what he calls Batches, 'Fournees,' a score or Hebert, therefore, is gone, and the Hebertists; they that more at a time; his Jurymen are charged to make feu de file, robbed Churches, and adored blue Reason in red nightcap. Great fire-filing till the ground be clear. Citizen Laflotte's report of Danton, and the Dantonists; they also are gone. Down to the Plot in the Luxembourg is verily bearing fruit! If no speakable catacombs; they are become silent men! Let no Paris Munici-charge exist against a man, or Batch of men, Fouquier has pality, no Sect or Party of this hue or that, resist the will of always this: a Plot in the Prison. Swift and ever swifter goes Robespierre and Salut. Mayor Pache, not prompt enough in Samson; up, finally, to three score and more at a Batch! It is 511

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the highday of Death: none but the Dead return not.

Plots, for Plots. She was among the kindliest, most innocent O dusky d'Espremenil, what a day is this, the 22d of April, of women. There sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a thy last day! The Palais Hall here is the same stone Hall, where once timorous Marchioness de Crussol; courageous now; ex-thou, five years ago, stoodest perorating, amid endless pa-pressing towards her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the thos of rebellious Parlement, in the grey of the morning; bound Scaffold, Elizabeth with tears

in her eyes, thanked this Mar-to march with d'Agoust to the Isles of Hieres. The stones are chioness; said she was grieved she could not reward her. "Ah, the same stones: but the rest, Men, Rebellion, Pathos, Perora-Madame, would your Royal Highness deign to embrace me, my tion, see! it has all fled, like a gibbering troop of ghosts, like wishes were complete!"—"Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, the phantasms of a dying brain! With d'Espremenil, in the same and with my whole heart." (Montgaillard, iv. 200.) Thus they: line of Tumbrils, goes the mournfullest medley. Chapelier goes, at the foot of the Scaffold. The Royal Family is now reduced to ci-devant popular President of the Constituent; whom the two: a girl and a little boy. The boy, once named Dauphin, was Menads and Maillard met in his carriage, on the Versailles Road.

taken from his Mother while she yet lived; and given to one Thouret likewise, ci-devant President, father of Constitutional Simon, by trade a Cordwainer, on service then about the Temple-Law-acts; he whom we heard saying, long since, with a loud Prison, to bring him up in principles of Sansculottism. Simon voice, "The Constituent Assembly has fulfilled its mission!"

taught him to drink, to swear, to sing the carmagnole. Simon And the noble old Malesherbes, who defended Louis and could is now gone to the Municipality: and the poor boy, hidden in not speak, like a grey old rock dissolving into sudden water: a tower of the Temple, from which in his fright and bewilder-he journeys here now, with his kindred, daughters, sons and ment and early decrepitude he wishes not to stir out, lies per-grandsons, his Lamoignons, Chateaubriands; silent, towards ishing, 'his shirt not changed for six months;' amid squalor Death.—One young Chateaubriand alone is wandering amid and darkness, lamentably, (Duchesse d'Angouleme, Captivite a the Natchez, by the roar of Niagara Falls, the moan of endless la Tour du Temple, pp. 37-71.)—so as none but poor Factory forests: Welcome thou great Nature, savage, but not false, not Children and the like are wont to perish, unlamented!

unkind, unmotherly; no Formula thou, or rapid jangle of Hy-The Spring sends its green leaves and bright weather, bright pothesis, Parliamentary

Eloquence, Constitution-building and May brighter than ever: Death pauses not. Lavoisier famed the Guillotine; speak thou to me, O Mother, and sing my sick Chemist, shall die and not live: Chemist Lavoisier was Farmer-heart thy mystic everlasting lullaby-song, and let all the rest General Lavoisier too, and now 'all the Farmers-General are ar-be far!—

rested;' all, and shall give an account of their monies and in-Another row of Tumbrils we must notice: that which holds comings; and die for 'putting water in the tobacco' they sold.

Elizabeth, the Sister of Louis. Her Trial was like the rest; for (Tribunal Revolutionnaire, du 8 Mai 1794 (Moniteur, No. 231).) 512

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Lavoisier begged a fortnight more of life, to finish some ex-Citoyen brings forth what of supper the stingy Maximum has periments: but "the Republic does not need such;" the axe yielded him, to the open air; joins it to his neighbour's supper; must do its work. Cynic Chamfort, reading these Inscriptions and with common table, cheerful light burning frequent, and of Brotherhood or Death, says "it is a Brotherhood of Cain:"

what due modicum of cut-glasses and other garnish and relish arrested, then liberated; then about to be arrested again, this is convenient, they eat frugally together, under the kind stars.

Chamfort cuts and slashes himself with frantic uncertain hand; (Tableaux de la Revolution, para Soupers Fraternels; Mercier, gains, not without difficulty, the refuge of death. Condorcet ii. 150.) See it O Night! With cheerfully pledged wine-cup, hob-has lurked deep, these many months; Argus-eyes watching and nobbing to the Reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, with searching for him. His concealment is become dangerous to their wives in best ribands, with their little ones romping round, others and himself; he has to fly again, to skulk, round Paris, the Citoyens, in frugal Love-feast, sit there. Night in her wide in thickets and stone-quarries. And so at the Village of Clamars, empire sees nothing similar. O my brothers, why is the reign of one bleared May morning, there enters a

Figure, ragged, rough-Brotherhood not come! It is come, it shall come, say the bearded, hunger-stricken; asks breakfast in the tavern there.

Citoyens frugally hobnobbing.—Ah me! these everlasting stars, Suspect, by the look of him! "Servant out of place, sayest thou?"

do they not look down 'like glistening eyes, bright with im-Committee-President of Forty-Sous finds a Latin Horace on mortal pity, over the lot of man!'—

him: "Art thou not one of those Ci-devants that were wont to One lamentable thing, however, is, that individuals will at-keep servants? Suspect!" He is haled forthwith, breakfast un-tempt assassination—of Representatives of the People. Rep-finished, towards Bourg-la-Reine, on foot: he faints with ex-resentative Collot, Member even of Salut, returning home, haustion; is set on a peasant's horse; is flung into his damp

'about one in the morning,' probably touched with liquor, as prison-cell: on the morrow, recollecting him, you enter; he is apt to be, meets on the stairs, the cry "Scelerat!" and also Condorcet lies dead on the floor. They die fast, and disappear: the snap of a pistol: which latter flashes in the pan; disclosing the Notabilities of France disappear, one after one, like lights to him, momentarily, a pair of truculent saucer-eyes, swart in a Theatre, which you are snuffing out.

grim-clenched countenance; recognisable as that of our little Under which circumstances, is it not singular, and almost fellow-lodger, Citoyen Amiral, formerly 'a clerk in the Lotter-touching, to see Paris City drawn out, in the meek May nights, ies!; Collot shouts Murder, with lungs fit to awaken all the Rue in civic ceremony, which they call 'Souper Fraternel, Brotherly Favart; Amiral snaps a second time; a second time flashes in Supper? Spontaneous, or partially spontaneous, in the twelfth, the pan; then darts up into his apartment; and, after there thirteenth, fourteenth nights of this May month, it is seen.

firing, still with inadequate effect, one musket at himself and Along the Rue Saint-Honore, and main Streets and Spaces, each another at his captor, is

clutched and locked in Prison. (Riouffe, 513

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p. 73; Deux Amis, xii. 298-302.) An indignant little man this ***Chapter 3.6.IV.***

Amiral, of Southern temper and complexion, of 'considerable muscular force.' He denies not that he meant to "purge France ***Mumbo-Jumbo.***

of a tyrant;" nay avows that he had an eye to the Incorruptible himself, but took Collot as more convenient!

But on the day they call Decadi, New-Sabbath, 20 Prairial, 8th Rumour enough hereupon; heaven-high congratulation of June by old style, what thing is this going forward, in the Collot, fraternal embracing, at the Jacobins, and elsewhere.

Jardin National, whilom Tuileries Garden?

And yet, it would seem the assassin-mood proves catching.

All the world is there, in holydays clothes: (Vilate, Causes Two days more, it is still but the 23d of May, and towards nine Secretes de la Revolution de 9 Thermidor.) foul linen went out in the evening, Cecile Renault, Paper-dealer's daughter, a young with the Hebertists; nay Robespierre, for one, would never once woman of soft blooming look, presents herself at the Cabinet-countenance that; but went always elegant and frizzled, not maker's in the Rue Saint-Honore; desires to see Robespierre.

without vanity even,—and had his room hung round with Robespierre cannot be seen: she grumbles irreverently. They seagreen Portraits and Busts. In holyday clothes, we say, are lay hold of her. She has left a basket in a shop hard by: in the the innumerable Citoyens and Citoyennes: the weather is of basket are female change of raiment and two knives! Poor Cecile, the brightest; cheerful expectation lights all countenances.

examined by Committee, declares she "wanted to see what a Juryman Vilate gives breakfast to many a Deputy, in his offi-tyrant was like:" the change of raiment was "for my own use in cial Apartment, in the Pavillon ci-devant of Flora; rejoices in the place I am surely going to."—"What place?"—"Prison; and the bright-looking multitudes, in the brightness of leafy June, then the Guillotine," answered she.—Such things come of Char- in the auspicious Decadi, or New-Sabbath. This day, if it please lotte Corday; in a people prone to imitation, and monomania!

Heaven, we are to have, on improved Anti-Chaumette prin-Swart choleric men try Charlotte's feat, and their pistols miss ciples: a New Religion.

fire; soft blooming young women try it, and, only half-reso-Catholicism being burned out, and Reason-worship guillo-lute, leave their knives in a shop.

tined, was there not need of one? Incorruptible Robespierre, O Pitt, and ye Faction of the Stranger, shall the Republic not unlike the Ancients, as Legislator of a free people will now never have rest; but be torn continually by baited springs, by also be Priest and Prophet. He has donned his skyblue coat, wires of explosive spring-guns? Swart Amiral, fair young Cecile, made for the occasion; white silk waistcoat broidered with and all that knew them, and many that did not know them, lie silver, black silk breeches, white stockings, shoebuckles of locked, waiting the scrutiny of Tinville.

gold. He is President of the Convention; he has made the Convention decree, so they name it, decreter the 'Existence of the 514

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Supreme Being,' and likewise 'ce principe consolateur of the ment, O Reader, not two. The Shabbiest page of Human An-Immortality of the Soul.' These consolatory principles, the ba-nals: or is there, that thou wottest of, one shabbier? Mumbo-sis of rational Republican Religion, are getting decreed; and Jumbo of the African woods to me seems venerable beside here, on this blessed Decadi, by help of Heaven and Painter this new Deity

of Robespierre; for this is a conscious Mumbo-David, is to be our first act of worship.

Jumbo, and knows that he is machinery. O seagreen Prophet, See, accordingly, how after Decree passed, and what has been unhappiest of windbags blown nigh to bursting, what dis-called 'the scraggiest Prophetic Discourse ever uttered by man,'—

tracted Chimera among realities are thou growing to! This then, Mahomet Robespierre, in skyblue coat and black breeches, frizzled this common pitch-link for artificial fireworks of turpentine and powdered to perfection, bearing in his hand a bouquet of and pasteboard; this is the miraculous Aaron's Rod thou wilt flowers and wheat-ears, issues proudly from the Convention Hall; stretch over a hag-ridden hell-ridden France, and bid her plagues Convention following him, yet, as is remarked, with an interval.

cease? Vanish, thou and it!—"Avec ton Etre Supreme," said Amphitheatre has been raised, or at least Monticule or Elevation; Billaud, tu commences m'embeter: With thy Etre Supreme thou hideous Statues of Atheism, Anarchy and such like, thanks to beginnest to be a bore to me." (See Vilate, Causes Secretes.

Heaven and Painter David, strike abhorrence into the heart. Un-

(Vilate's Narrative is very curious; but is not to be taken as luckily however, our Monticule is too small. On the top of it not true, without sifting; being, at bottom, in spite of its title, half of us can stand; wherefore there arises indecent shoving, nay not a Narrative but a Pleading).)

treasonous irreverent growling. Peace, thou Bourdon de l'Oise; Catherine Theot, on the other hand, 'an ancient serving-maid peace, or it may be worse for thee!

seventy-nine years of age,' inured to Prophecy and the Bastille The seagreen Pontiff takes a torch, Painter David handing it; from of old, sits, in an upper room in the Rue-de-Contrescarpe, mouths some other froth-rant of vocables, which happily one poring over the Book of Revelations, with an

eye to Robespierre; cannot hear; strides resolutely forward, in sight of expectant finds that this astonishing thrice-potent Maximilien really is France; sets his torch to Atheism and Company, which are but the Man spoken of by Prophets, who is to make the Earth made of pasteboard steeped in turpentine. They burn up rap-young again. With her sit devout old Marchionesses, ci-devant idly; and, from within, there rises 'by machinery' an incombus-honourable women; among whom Old-Constituent Dom Gerle, tible Statue of Wisdom, which, by ill hap, gets besmoked a little; with his addle head, cannot be wanting. They sit there, in the but does stand there visible in as serene attitude as it can.

Rue-de-Contrescarpe; in mysterious adoration: Mumbo is And then? Why, then, there is other Processioning, scraggy Mumbo, and Robespierre is his Prophet. A conspicuous man Discoursing, and—this is our Feast of the Etre Supreme; our this Robespierre. He has his volunteer Bodyguard of Tappe- new Religion, better or worse, is come!—Look at it one mo-durs, let us say Strike-sharps, fierce Patriots with feruled sticks; 515

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and Jacobins kissing the hem of his garment. He enjoys the Collot, reproachfully, "demoraliser le supplice!"

admiration of many, the worship of some; and is well worth There is indeed danger of that; were not the Republican faith the wonder of one and all.

great, it were already done. See, for example, on the 17th of The grand question and hope, however, is: Will not this Feast June, what a Batch, Fifty-four at once! Swart Amiral is here, he of the Tuileries Mumbo-Jumbo be a sign perhaps that the Guil-of the pistol that missed fire; young Cecile Renault, with her lotine is to abate? Far enough from that! Precisely on the sec-father, family, entire kith and kin; the widow of d'Espremenil; ond day after it, Couthon, one of the 'three shallow scoun-old M. de Sombreuil of the Invalides, with his Son,—poor old drels,' gets himself lifted into the Tribune; produces a bundle Sombreuil, seventy-three years old, his Daughter saved him in of papers. Couthon proposes that, as Plots still

abound, the September, and it was but for this. Faction of the Stranger, Law of the Suspect shall have extension, and Arrestment new fifty-four of them! In red shirts and smocks, as Assassins and vigour and facility. Further that, as in such case business is Faction of the Stranger, they flit along there; red baleful Phan-like to be heavy, our Revolutionary Tribunal too shall have tasmagory, towards the land of Phantoms.

extension; be divided, say, into Four Tribunals, each with its Meanwhile will not the people of the Place de la Revolution, President, each with its Fouquier or Substitute of Fouquier, all the inhabitants along the Rue Saint-Honore, as these continual labouring at once, and any remnant of shackle or dilatory for-Tumbrils pass, begin to look gloomy? Republicans too have mality be struck off: in this way it may perhaps still overtake bowels. The Guillotine is shifted, then again shifted; finally the work. Such is Couthon's Decree of the Twenty-second set up at the remote extremity of the South-East: Prairial, famed in those times. At hearing of which Decree the (Montgaillard, iv. 237.) Suburbs Saint-Antoine and Saint-very Mountain gasped, awestruck; and one Ruamps ventured Marceau it is to be hoped, if they have bowels, have very tough to say that if it passed without adjournment and discussion, ones.

he, as one Representative, "would blow his brains out." Vain saying! The Incorruptible knit his brows; spoke a prophetic ***Chapter 3.6.V.***

fateful word or two: the Law of Prairial is Law; Ruamps glad to leave his rash brains where they are. Death, then, and always ***The Prisons.***

Death! Even so. Fouquier is enlarging his borders; making room for Batches of a Hundred and fifty at once;—getting a Guillo-It is time now, however, to cast a glance into the Prisons. When tine set up, of improved velocity, and to work under cover, in Desmoulins moved for his Committee of Mercy, these Twelve the apartment close by. So that Salut itself has to intervene, Houses of Arrest held five thousand persons. Continually ar-and forbid him: "Wilt thou demoralise the Guillotine," asks riving since then, there have now accumulated twelve thou-516

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sand. They are Ci-devants, Royalists; in far greater part, they male Citizens, who, eager to preserve an implement or two, are Republicans, of various Girondin, Fayettish, Un-Jacobin were it but a pipe-picker, or needle to darn hose with, deter-colour. Perhaps no human Habitation or Prison ever equalled mined to defend themselves: by tobacco. Swift then, as your in squalor, in noisome horror, these Twelve Houses of Arrest.

fell Red Caps are heard in the Corridor rummaging and slam-There exist records of personal experience in them Memoires ming, the two Citoyens light their pipes and begin smoking.

sur les Prisons; one of the strangest Chapters in the Biography Thick darkness envelops them. The Red Nightcaps, opening of Man.

the cell, breathe but one mouthful; burst forth into chorus of Very singular to look into it: how a kind of order rises up in barking and coughing. "Quoi, Messieurs," cry the two Citoyens, all conditions of human existence; and wherever two or three

"You don't smoke? Is the pipe disagreeable! Est-ce que vous are gathered together, there are formed modes of existing to-ne fumez pas?" But the Red Nightcaps have fled, with slight gether, habitudes, observances, nay gracefulnesses, joys!

search: "Vous n'aimez pas la pipe?" cry the Citoyens, as their Citoyen Coitant will explain fully how our lean dinner, of herbs door slams-to again. (Maison d'Arret de Port-Libre, par Coittant, and carrion, was consumed not without politeness and place-

&c. (Memoires sur les Prisons, ii.) My poor brother Citoyens, O

aux-dames: how Seigneur and Shoeblack, Duchess and Doll-surely, in a reign of Brotherhood, you are not the two I would Tearsheet, flung pellmell into a heap, ranked themselves ac-guillotine!

cording to method: at what hour 'the Citoyennes took to their Rigour grows, stiffens into horrid tyranny; Plot in the Prison needlework;' and we, yielding the chairs to them, endeavoured getting ever riper. This Plot in the Prison, as we said, is now to talk gallantly in a standing posture, or even to sing and the stereotype formula of Tinville: against whomsoever he harp more or less. Jealousies, enmities are not wanting; nor knows no crime, this is a ready-made crime. His Judgment-bar flirtations, of an effective character.

has become unspeakable; a recognised mockery; known only Alas, by degrees, even needlework must cease: Plot in the as the wicket one passes through, towards Death. His Indict-Prison rises, by Citoyen Laflotte and Preternatural Suspicion.

ments are drawn out in blank; you insert the Names after. He Suspicious Municipality snatches from us all implements; all has his moutons, detestable traitor jackalls, who report and money and possession, of means or metal, is ruthlessly searched bear witness; that they themselves may be allowed to live,—

for, in pocket, in pillow and paillasse, and snatched away; red-for a time. His Fournees, says the reproachful Collot, 'shall in capped Commissaries entering every cell! Indignation, tempo-no case exceed threescore;' that is his maximum. Nightly come rary desperation, at robbery of its very thimble, fills the gentle his Tumbrils to the Luxembourg, with the fatal Rollcall; list of heart. Old Nuns shriek shrill discord; demand to be killed forth-the Fournee of tomorrow. Men rush towards the Grate; listen, with. No help from shrieking! Better was that of the two shifty if their name be in it? One deep-drawn breath, when the name 517

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is not in: we live still one day! And yet some score or scores of not approved Noyading. (Voyage de Cent Trente-deux Nantais names were in. Quick these; they clasp their loved ones to (Prisons, ii. 288-335.) Vive la Republique rises from them in their heart, one last time; with brief adieu,

wet-eyed or dry-all streets of towns: they rest by night, in unutterable noi-eyed, they mount, and are away. This night to the Conciergerie; some dens, crowded to choking; one or two dead on the mor-through the Palais misnamed of Justice, to the Guillotine to-row. They are wayworn, weary of heart; can only shout: Live morrow.

the Republic; we, as under horrid enchantment, dying in this Recklessness, defiant levity, the Stoicism if not of strength way for it!

yet of weakness, has possessed all hearts. Weak women and Some Four Hundred Priests, of whom also there is record, Ci-devants, their locks not yet made into blond perukes, their ride at anchor, 'in the roads of the Isle of Aix,' long months; skins not yet tanned into breeches, are accustomed to 'act the looking out on misery, vacuity, waste Sands of Oleron and the Guillotine' by way of pastime. In fantastic mummery, with ever-moaning brine. Ragged, sordid, hungry; wasted to shad-towel-turbans, blanket-ermine, a mock Sanhedrim of Judges ows: eating their unclean ration on deck, circularly, in parties sits, a mock Tinville pleads; a culprit is doomed, is guillotined of a dozen, with finger and thumb; beating their scandalous by the oversetting of two chairs. Sometimes we carry it far-clothes between two stones; choked in horrible miasmata, ther: Tinville himself, in his turn, is doomed, and not to the closed under hatches, seventy of them in a berth, through Guillotine alone. With blackened face, hirsute, horned, a shaggy night; so that the 'aged Priest is found lying dead in the morn-Satan snatches him not unshrieking; shews him, with outing, in the attitude of prayer!' (Relation de ce qu'ont souffert stretched arm and voice, the fire that is not quenched, the pour la Religion les Pretres deportes en 1794, dans la rade de worm that dies not; the monotony of Hell-pain, and the What l'ile d'Aix (Prisons, ii. 387-485.)—How long, O Lord!

hour? answered by, It is Eternity! (Montgaillard, iv. 218; Riouffe, Not forever; no. All Anarchy, all Evil, Injustice, is, by the p. 273.)

nature of it, dragon's-teeth; suicidal, and cannot endure.

And still the Prisons fill fuller, and still the Guillotine goes faster. On all high roads march flights of Prisoners, wending ***Chapter 3.6.VI.***

towards Paris. Not Ci-devants now; they, the noisy of them, are mown down; it is Republicans now. Chained two and two ***To finish the Terror.***

they march; in exasperated moments, singing their Marseillaise.

A hundred and thirty-two men of Nantes for instance, march It is very remarkable, indeed, that since the Etre-Supreme Feast, towards Paris, in these same days: Republicans, or say even and the sublime continued harangues on it, which Billaud feared Jacobins to the marrow of the bone; but Jacobins who had would become a bore to him, Robespierre has gone little to 518

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Committee; but held himself apart, as if in a kind of pet. Nay Tallien has had words of omen, Bourdon has had words, Freron they have made a Report on that old Catherine Theot, and her is hated and Barras: each man 'feels his head if it yet stick on Regenerative Man spoken of by the Prophets; not in the best his shoulders.'

spirit. This Theot mystery they affect to regard as a Plot; but Meanwhile Robespierre, we still observe, goes little to Con-have evidently introduced a vein of satire, of irreverent banter, vention, not at all to Committee; speaks nothing except to not against the Spinster alone, but obliquely against her Re-his Jacobin House of Lords, amid his bodyguard of Tappe-durs.

generative Man! Barrere's light pen was perhaps at the bot-These 'forty-days,' for we are now far in July, he has not shewed tom of it: read through the solemn snuffling organs of old face in Committee; could only work there by his three shallow Vadier of the Surete Generale, the Theot Report had its effect; scoundrels, and the terror there was of him. The Incorruptible wrinkling the general Republican visage into an iron grin. Ought himself sits apart; or is seen stalking in solitary places in the these things to be?

fields, with an intensely meditative air; some say, 'with eyes We note further that among the Prisoners in the Twelve red-spotted,' (Deux Amis, xii. 347-73.) fruit of extreme bile: Houses of Arrest, there is one whom we have seen before.

the lamentablest seagreen Chimera that walks the Earth that Senhora Fontenai, born Cabarus, the fair Proserpine whom Rep-July! O hapless Chimera; for thou too hadst a life, and a heart resentative Tallien Pluto-like did gather at Bourdeaux, not of flesh,—what is this the stern gods, seeming to smile all the without effect on himself! Tallien is home, by recall, long since, way, have led and let thee to! Art not thou he who, few years from Bourdeaux; and in the most alarming position. Vain that ago, was a young Advocate of promise; and gave up the Arras he sounded, louder even than ever, the note of Jacobinism, to Judgeship rather than sentence one man to die?—

hide past shortcomings: the Jacobins purged him out; two What his thoughts might be? His plans for finishing the Ter-times has Robespierre growled at him words of omen from the ror? One knows not. Dim vestiges there flit of Agrarian Law; a Convention Tribune. And now his fair Cabarus, hit by denun-victorious Sansculottism become Landed Proprietor; old Sol-ciation, lies Arrested, Suspect, in spite of all he could do!—

diers sitting in National Mansions, in Hospital Palaces of Shut in horrid pinfold of death, the Senhora smuggles out to Chambord and Chantilly; peace bought by victory; breaches her red-gloomy Tallien the most pressing entreaties and healed by Feast of Etre Supreme;—and so, through seas of conjurings: Save me; save thyself. Seest thou not that thy own blood, to Equality, Frugality, worksome Blessedness, Frater-head is doomed; thou with a too fiery audacity; a Dantonist nity, and Republic of the virtues! Blessed shore, of such a sea withal; against whom lie grudges? Are ye not all doomed, as in of Aristocrat blood: but how to land on it? Through one last the Polyphemus Cavern; the fawningest slave of you will be wave: blood of corrupt Sansculottists; traitorous or semi-trai-but eaten last!— Tallien feels with a shudder that it is true.

torous Conventionals, rebellious Talliens, Billauds, to whom 519

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with my Etre Supreme I have become a bore; with my Apoca-Lo, before the fixed day, on the day which they call Eighth lyptic Old Woman a laughing-stock!—So stalks he, this poor of Thermidor, 26th July 1794, Robespierre himself reappears Robespierre, like a seagreen ghost through the blooming July.

in Convention; mounts to the Tribune! The biliary face seems Vestiges of schemes flit dim. But what his schemes or his clouded with new gloom; judge whether your Talliens, Bourdons thoughts were will never be known to man.

listened with interest. It is a voice bodeful of death or of life.

New Catacombs, some say, are digging for a huge simulta-Long-winded, unmelodious as the screech-owl's, sounds that neous butchery. Convention to be butchered, down to the right prophetic voice: Degenerate condition of Republican spirit; pitch, by General Henriot and Company: Jacobin House of Lords corrupt moderatism; Surete, Salut Committees themselves in-made dominant; and Robespierre Dictator. (Deux Amis, xii. 350-fected; backsliding on this hand and on that; I, Maximilien, 8.) There is actually, or else there is not actually, a List made alone left incorruptible, ready to die at a moment's warning.

out; which the Hairdresser has got eye on, as he frizzled the For all which what remedy is there? The Guillotine; new vigour Incorruptible locks. Each man asks himself, Is it I?

to the all-healing Guillotine: death to traitors of every hue! So Nay, as Tradition and rumour of Anecdote still convey it, sings the prophetic voice; into its Convention sounding-board.

there was a remarkable bachelor's dinner one hot day at The old song this: but to-day, O Heavens! has the sounding-Barrere's. For doubt not, O

Reader, this Barrere and others of board ceased to act? There is not resonance in this Conven-them gave dinners; had 'country-house at Clichy,' with elegant tion; there is, so to speak, a gasp of silence; nay a certain enough sumptuosities, and pleasures high-rouged! (See Vilate.) grating of one knows not what!—Lecointre, our old Draper of But at this dinner we speak of, the day being so hot, it is said, Versailles, in these questionable circumstances, sees nothing the guests all stript their coats, and left them in the drawing-he can do so safe as rise, 'insidiously' or not insidiously, and room: whereupon Carnot glided out; groped in Robespierre's move, according to established wont, that the Robespierre pocket; found a list of Forty, his own name among them; and Speech be 'printed and sent to the Departments.' Hark: grat-tarried not at the wine-cup that day!—Ye must bestir your-ings, even of dissonance! Honourable Members hint dissonance; selves, O Friends; ye dull Frogs of the Marsh, mute ever since Committee-Members, inculpated in the Speech, utter disso-Girondism sank under, even ye now must croak or die! Councils nance; demand 'delay in printing.' Ever higher rises the note of are held, with word and beck; nocturnal, mysterious as death.

dissonance; inquiry is even made by Editor Freron: "What has Does not a feline Maximilien stalk there; voiceless as yet; his become of the Liberty of Opinions in this Convention?" The green eyes red-spotted; back bent, and hair up? Rash Tallien, Order to print and transmit, which had got passed, is rescinded.

with his rash temper and audacity of tongue; he shall bell the Robespierre, greener than ever before, has to retire, foiled; dis-cat. Fix a day; and be it soon, lest never!

cerning that it is mutiny, that evil is nigh.

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Mutiny is a thing of the fatallest nature in all enterprises all Jacobin features: Insurrection a sacred duty; the Conven-whatsoever; a thing so

incalculable, swift-frightful; not to be tion to be purged; Sovereign People under Henriot and Mu-dealt with in fright. But mutiny in a Robespierre Convention, nicipality; we will make a new June-Second of it: to your tents, above all,—it is like fire seen sputtering in the ship's powder-O Israel! In this key pipes Jacobinism; in sheer tumult of re-room! One death-defiant plunge at it, this moment, and you volt. Let Tallien and all Opposition men make off. Collot may still tread it out: hesitate till next moment,—ship and d'Herbois, though of the supreme Salut, and so lately near ship's captain, crew and cargo are shivered far; the ship's voy-shot, is elbowed, bullied; is glad to escape alive. Entering Com-age has suddenly ended between sea and sky. If Robespierre mittee-room of Salut, all dishevelled, he finds sleek sombre can, tonight, produce his Henriot and Company, and get his Saint-Just there, among the rest; who in his sleek way asks, work done by them, he and Sansculottism may still subsist

"What is passing at the Jacobins?"—"What is passing?" resome time; if not, probably not. Oliver Cromwell, when that peats Collot, in the unhistrionic Cambyses' vein: "What is pass-Agitator Serjeant stept forth from the ranks, with plea of griev-ing? Nothing but revolt and horrors are passing. Ye want our ances, and began gesticulating and demonstrating, as the lives; ye shall not have them." Saint-Just stutters at such mouthpiece of Thousands expectant there,—discerned, with Cambyses'-oratory; takes his hat to withdraw. That report he those truculent eyes of his, how the matter lay; plucked a had been speaking of, Report on Republican Things in General pistol from his holsters; blew Agitator and Agitation instantly we may say, which is to be read in Convention on the morrow, out. Noll was a man fit for such things.

he cannot shew it them this moment: a friend has it; he, Saint-Robespierre, for his part, glides over at evening to his Jacobin Just, will get it, and send it, were he once home. Once home, House of Lords; unfolds there, instead of some adequate reso-he sends not it, but an answer that he will not send it; that lution, his woes, his uncommon virtues, incorruptibilities; then, they will hear it from the Tribune tomorrow.

secondly, his rejected screech-owl Oration;—reads this latter Let every man, therefore, according to a well-known good-over again; and declares that he is ready to die at a moment's advice, 'pray to Heaven, and keep his powder dry!' Paris, on warning. Thou shalt not die! shouts Jacobinism from its thou-the morrow, will see a thing. Swift scouts fly dim or invisible, sand throats. "Robespierre, I will drink the hemlock with thee,"

all night, from Surete and Salut; from conclave to conclave; cries Painter David, "Je boirai la cigue avec toi;"—a thing not from Mother Society to Townhall. Sleep, can it fall on the eyes essential to do, but which, in the fire of the moment, can be of Talliens, Frerons, Collots? Puissant Henriot, Mayor Fleuriot, said.

Judge Coffinhal, Procureur Payan, Robespierre and all the Our Jacobin sounding-board, therefore, does act! Applauses Jacobins are getting ready.

heaven-high cover the rejected Oration; fire-eyed fury lights 521

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Chapter 3.6.VII.

sounding against him like an Aeolus-Hall: and Robespierre is mounting the Tribune-steps and descending again; going and ***Go down to.***

coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation:—and mutiny is the order of the day! (Moniteur, Nos. 311, 312; Tallien's eyes beamed bright, on the morrow, Ninth of Thermidor Debats, iv. 421-42; Deux Amis, xii. 390-411.)

'about nine o'clock,' to see that the Convention had actually O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from met. Paris is in rumour: but at least we are met, in Legal Con-the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like the vention here; we have not been snatched seriatim; treated with Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the a Pride's Purge at the door. "Allons, brave men of the Plain,"

like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against late Frogs of the Marsh! cried Tallien with a squeeze of the Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam-storm; and men hand, as he passed in; Saint-Just's sonorous organ being now rage for life. "President of Assassins," shrieks Robespierre, "I audible from the Tribune, and the game of games begun.

demand speech of thee for the last time!" It cannot be had.

Saint-Just is verily reading that Report of his; green Ven-

"To you, O virtuous men of the Plain," cries he, finding audi-geance, in the shape of Robespierre, watching nigh. Behold, ence one moment, "I appeal to you!" The virtuous men of the however, Saint-Just has read but few sentences, when inter-Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the ruption rises, rapid crescendo; when Tallien starts to his feet, Hall sounds like Aeolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing lips are and Billaud, and this man starts and that,—and Tallien, a sec-grown 'blue;' his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of his mouth.

ond time, with his: "Citoyens, at the Jacobins last night, I

"The blood of Danton chokes him," cry they. "Accusation! De-trembled for the Republic. I said to myself, if the Convention cree of Accusation!" Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accu-dare not strike the Tyrant, then I myself dare; and with this I sation passes; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed Accused.

will do it, if need be," said he, whisking out a clear-gleaming

"I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to Dagger, and brandishing it there: the Steel of Brutus, as we share his virtues," cries Augustin, the Younger Robespierre: call it. Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim.

Augustin also is decreed. And Couthon, and Saint-Just, and

"Tyranny; Dictatorship! Triumvirat!" And the Salut Commit-Lebas, they are all decreed; and packed forth,—not without tee-men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and impetu-difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirat and ously acclaim. And Saint-Just is standing motionless, pale of Company are packed forth, into Salut Committee-room; their face; Couthon ejaculating, "Triumvir?" with a look at his para-tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have but to lytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak, but Presi-summon the Municipality; to cashier Commandant Henriot, dent Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the Hall is and launch Arrest at him; to regular formalities; hand Tinville 522

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his victims. It is noon: the Aeolus-Hall has delivered itself; journ now, for a little repose and sustenance, 'at five o'clock?'

blows now victorious, harmonious, as one irresistible wind.

An exhausted Convention did it; and repented it. The end And so the work is finished? One thinks so; and yet it is not was not come; only the end of the second-act. Hark, while so. Alas, there is yet but the first-act finished; three or four exhausted Representatives sit at victuals,—tocsin bursting other acts still to come; and an uncertain catastrophe! A huge from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening: Judge City holds in it so many confusions: seven hundred thousand Coffinhal is galloping with new Gendarmes to deliver Henriot human heads; not one of which knows what its neighbour is from Tuileries Committee-room; and does deliver him! Puis-doing, nay not what itself is doing.—See, accordingly, about sant Henriot vaults on horseback; sets to haranguing the three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of Tuileries Gendarmes; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes too; trots sitting cashiered, arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in by Municipal Gendarmes, 'trampling down several persons!' For Prison: the Gaoler shewed his Municipal order, durst not on the Townhall sits deliberating, openly insurgent: Barriers to pain of his life, admit any

Prisoner; the Robespierre Hackney-be shut; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day;—and Henriot coaches, in confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, is galloping towards the Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. On have floated safe—into the Townhall! There sit Robespierre the Quai de la Ferraillerie, a young Citoyen, walking with his and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins, in sacred wife, says aloud: "Gendarmes, that man is not your Comman-right of Insurrection; redacting Proclamations; sounding toc-dant; he is under arrest." The Gendarmes strike down the young sins; corresponding with Sections and Mother Society. Is not Citoyen with the flat of their swords. (Precis des evenemens here a pretty enough third-act of a natural Greek Drama; ca-du Neuf Thermidor, par C.A. Meda, ancien Gendarme (Paris, tastrophe more uncertain than ever?

1825).)

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the omi-Representatives themselves (as Merlin the Thionviller) who nous nightfall: President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with accost him, this puissant Henriot flings into guardhouses. He long strides, paleness on his face; claps on his hat; says with bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, "to speak with solemn tone: "Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Com-Robespierre:" with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gen-mittee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, darmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this to die at our post!" "Oui," answer one and all: "We swear it!" It Henriot; get the Henriot Gendarmes persuaded not to fight; is no rhodomontade, this time, but a sad fact and necessity; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, unless we do at our posts, we must verily die! Swift therefore, sent off under escort, to the Luxembourg and other Prisons.

Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels; put This then is the end? May not an exhausted Convention ad-Hors la Loi, Out of Law. Better still, we appoint Barras Com-523

mandant of what Armed-Force is to be had; send Missionary is marking with chalk the outer doors of tomorrow's Fournee.

Representatives to all Sections and quarters, to preach, and Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the raise force; will die at least with harness on our back.

wall; the Turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried What a distracted City; men riding and running, reporting on: another Turnkey came, and shut it; no chalk-mark now and hearsaying; the Hour clearly in travail,—child not to be visible, the Fournee went without Paine. Paine's life lay not named till born! The poor Prisoners in the Luxembourg hear there.—

the rumour; tremble for a new September. They see men mak-Our fifth-act, of this natural Greek Drama, with its natural ing signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals unities, can only be painted in gross; somewhat as that an-of hope; cannot in the least make out what it is. (Memoires tique Painter, driven desperate, did the foam! For through this sur les Prisons, ii. 277.) We observe however, in the eventide, blessed July night, there is clangour, confusion very great, of as usual, the Death-tumbrils faring South-eastward, through marching troops; of Sections going this way, Sections going Saint-Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trone. Saint-Antoine's that; of Missionary Representatives reading Proclamations by tough bowels melt; Saint-Antoine surrounds the Tumbrils; says, torchlight; Missionary Legendre, who has raised force some-It shall not be. O Heavens, why should it! Henriot and Gen-where, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on darmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sa-the Convention table: "I have locked their door; it shall be bres, that it must. Quit hope, ye poor Doomed! The Tumbrils Virtue that re-opens it." Paris, we say, is set against itself, move on.

rushing confused, as Ocean-currents do; a huge Mahlstrom, But in this set of Tumbrils there are two other things no-sounding there, under cloud of night. Convention sits perma-table: one notable person; and one want of a notable person.

nent on this hand; Municipality most permanent on that. The The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a noble-poor Prisoners hear tocsin and rumour; strive to bethink them man by birth, and by nature; laying down his life here for his of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual Twilight son. In the Prison of Saint-Lazare, the night before last, hur-streaming up, which will be Dawn and a Tomorrow, silvers the rying to the Grate to hear the Death-list read, he caught the Northern hem of Night; it wends and wends there, that meek name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. "I am brightness, like a silent prophecy, along the great Ring-Dial of Loiserolles," cried the old man: at Tinville's bar, an error in the the Heaven. So still, eternal! And on Earth all is confused Christian name is little; small objection was made. The want of shadow and conflict; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare; the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Paine! Paine has and Destiny as yet shakes her doubtful urn.

sat in the Luxembourg since January; and seemed forgotten; About three in the morning, the dissident Armed-Forces have but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The Turnkey, List in hand, met. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Greve; 524

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and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there; and they enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

the voice of Discretion, loudly enough, Before coming to blood-Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while shed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound

'Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!'—Out of Law? There is up rudely with bloody linen: a spectacle to men. He lies terror in the sound: unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home; stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the Municipal Cannoneers range themselves on the

Convention side, pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his up-insult him: his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no per room, far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Greve word. 'He had on the skyblue coat he had got made for the empty; the cannons' mouth turned towards him; and, on the Feast of the Etre Supreme'—O reader, can thy hard heart hold whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot an-had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in nounces: "All is lost!" "Miserable! it is thou that hast lost it,"

this world.

cry they: and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of win-And so, at six in the morning, a victorious Convention ad-dow: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cess-journs. Report flies over Paris as on golden wings; penetrates pool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows the Prisons; irradiates the faces of those that were ready to him; with the like fate. Saint-Just called on Lebas to kill him: perish: turnkeys and moutons, fallen from their high estate, who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to look mute and blue. It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of In-Thermidor, year 1794.

surrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for Fouquier had but to identify; his Prisoners being already seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol shot Out of Law. At four in the afternoon, never before were the blown through, not his head, but his under jaw; the suicidal streets of Paris seen so crowded. From the Palais de Justice to hand had failed. (Meda. p. 384. (Meda asserts that it was he the Place de la Revolution, for thither again go the Tumbrils who, with infinite courage, though in a lefthanded manner, this time, it is one dense stirring mass; all windows crammed; shot Robespierre. Meda got promoted for his services of this the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human Curiosity, night; and

died General and Baron. Few credited Meda in what in strange gladness. The Death-tumbrils, with their motley was otherwise incredible.).) With prompt zeal, not without Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien trouble, we gather these wretched Conspirators; fish up even to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty 525

linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie

'Tail of Robespierre' once executed; which service Fouquier in shattered; their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The large Batches is swiftly managing.

Gendarmes point their swords at him, to shew the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: "The ***BOOK 3.VII.***

death of thee gladdens my very heart, m'enivre de joie;"

Robespierre opened his eyes; "Scelerat, go down to Hell, with
VENDEMIAIRE

the curses of all wives and mothers!"—At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted ***Chapter 3.7.I.***

aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his ***Decadent.***

jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

How little did any one suppose that here was the end not of Samson's work done, there burst forth shout on shout of Robespierre only, but of the Revolution System itself! Least of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not

only over Paris, but all did the mutinying Committeemen suppose it; who had over France, but over Europe, and down to this Generation.

mutinied with no view whatever except to continue the Na-Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of tional Regeneration with their own heads on their shoulders.

Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, And yet so it verily was. The insignificant stone they had struck according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, out, so insignificant anywhere else, proved to be the Keystone: benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in the whole arch-work and edifice of Sansculottism began to that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have loosen, to crack, to yawn; and tumbled, piecemeal, with con-become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and siderable rapidity, plunge after plunge; till the Abyss had swal-have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons! His poor land-lowed it all, and in this upper world Sansculottism was no lord, the Cabinetmaker in the Rue Saint-Honore, loved him; his more.

Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us.

For despicable as Robespierre himself might be, the death of This is end of the Reign of Terror; new glorious Revolution Robespierre was a signal at which great multitudes of men, named of Thermidor; of Thermidor 9th, year 2; which being struck dumb with terror heretofore, rose out of their hiding interpreted into old slave-style means 27th of July, 1794. Ter-places: and, as it were, saw one another, how multitudinous ror is ended; and death in the Place de la Revolution, were the they were; and began speaking and complaining. They are 526

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countable by the thousand and the million; who have suffered after this Thermidor, are to be specified here: the first is re-cruel wrong. Ever louder rises the plaint of such a multitude; newal of the Governing Committees. Both Surete Generale and into a universal sound, into a universal

continuous peal, of Salut Public, thinned by the Guillotine, need filling up: we what they call Public Opinion. Camille had demanded a 'Com-naturally fill them up with Talliens, Frerons, victorious mittee of Mercy,' and could not get it; but now the whole na-Thermidorian men. Still more to the purpose, we appoint that tion resolves itself into a Committee of Mercy: the Nation has they shall, as Law directs, not in name only but in deed, be tried Sansculottism, and is weary of it. Force of Public Opin-renewed and changed from period to period; a fourth part of ion! What King or Convention can withstand it? You in vain them going out monthly. The Convention will no more lie un-struggle: the thing that is rejected as 'calumnious' to-day must der bondage of Committees, under terror of death; but be a pass as veracious with triumph another day: gods and men free Convention; free to follow its own judgment, and the Force have declared that Sansculottism cannot be. Sansculottism, of Public Opinion. Not less natural is it to enact that Prisoners on that Ninth night of Thermidor suicidally 'fractured its un-and Persons under Accusation shall have right to demand some der jaw;' and lies writhing, never to rise more.

'Writ of Accusation,' and see clearly what they are accused of.

Through the next fifteenth months, it is what we may call Very natural acts: the harbingers of hundreds not less so.

the death-agony of Sansculottism. Sansculottism, Anarchy of For now Fouquier's trade, shackled by Writ of Accusation, the Jean-Jacques Evangel, having now got deep enough, is to and legal proof, is as good as gone; effectual only against perish in a new singular system of Culottism and Arrangement.

Robespierre's Tail. The Prisons give up their Suspects; emit them For Arrangement is indispensable to man; Arrangement, were faster and faster. The Committees see themselves besieged with it grounded only on that old primary Evangel of Force, with Prisoners' friends; complain that they are hindered in their Sceptre in the shape of Hammer. Be there method, be there work: it is as with men rushing out of a crowded place; and order, cry all men; were it that of the Drill-serjeant! More toler-obstructing one another.

Turned are the tables: Prisoners pour-able is the drilled Bayonet-rank, than that undrilled Guillo-ing out in floods; Jailors, Moutons and the Tail of Robespierre tine, incalculable as the wind.—How Sansculottism, writhing going now whither they were wont to send!—The Hundred in death-throes, strove some twice, or even three times, to get and thirty-two Nantese Republicans, whom we saw marching on its feet again; but fell always, and was flung resupine, the in irons, have arrived; shrunk to Ninety-four, the fifth man of next instant; and finally breathed out the life of it, and stirred them choked by the road. They arrive: and suddenly find them-no more: this we are now, from a due distance, with due brev-selves not pleaders for life, but denouncers to death. Their ity, to glance at; and then—O Reader!—Courage, I see land!

Trial is for acquittal, and more. As the voice of a trumpet, their Two of the first acts of the Convention, very natural for it testimony sounds far and wide, mere atrocities of a Reign of 527

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Terror. For a space of nineteen days; with all solemnity and more. Maximum will be abolished; let Sansculottism find food publicity. Representative Carrier, Company of Marat; Noyadings, where it can. (24th December 1794 (Moniteur, No. 97).) Nei-Loire Marriages, things done in darkness, come forth into light: ther is there now any Municipality; any centre at the Townhall.

clear is the voice of these poor resuscitated Nantese; and Jour-Mayor Fleuriot and Company perished; whom we shall not be nals and Speech and universal Committee of Mercy reverberate in haste to replace. The Townhall remains in a broken submis-it loud enough, into all ears and hearts. Deputation arrives sive state; knows not well what it is growing to; knows only from Arras; denouncing the atrocities of Representative Lebon.

that it is grown weak, and must obey. What if we should split A tamed Convention loves its own life: yet what help? RepreParis into, say, a Dozen separate Municipalities; incapable of sentative Lebon, Representative

Carrier must wend towards concert! The Sections were thus rendered safe to act with:—or the Revolutionary Tribunal; struggle and delay as we will, the indeed might not the Sections themselves be abolished? You cry of a Nation pursues them louder and louder. Them also had then merely your Twelve manageable pacific Townships, Tinville must abolish;—if indeed Tinville himself be not abol-without centre or subdivision; (October 1795 (Dulaure, viii.

ished.

454-6).) and sacred right of Insurrection fell into abeyance!

We must note moreover the decrepit condition into which a So much is getting abolished; fleeting swiftly into the Inane.

once omnipotent Mother Society has fallen. Legendre flung For the Press speaks, and the human tongue; Journals, heavy her keys on the Convention table, that Thermidor night; her and light, in Philippic and Burlesque: a renegade Freron, a ren-President was guillotined with Robespierre. The once mighty egade Prudhomme, loud they as ever, only the contrary way.

Mother came, some time after, with a subdued countenance, And Ci-devants shew themselves, almost parade themselves; begging back her keys: the keys were restored her; but the resuscitated as from death-sleep; publish what death-pains strength could not be restored her; the strength had departed they have had. The very Frogs of the Marsh croak with empha- forever. Alas, one's day is done. Vain that the Tribune in mid sis. Your protesting Seventy-three shall, with a struggle, be air sounds as of old: to the general ear it has become a horror, emitted out of Prison, back to their seats; your Louvets, Isnards, and even a weariness. By and by, Affiliation is prohibited: the Lanjuinais, and wrecks of Girondism, recalled from their hay-mighty Mother sees herself suddenly childless; mourns, as so lofts, and caves in Switzerland, will resume their place in the hoarse a Rachel may.

Convention: (Deux Amis, xiii. 3-39.) natural foes of Terror!

The Revolutionary Committees, without Suspects to prey Thermidorian Talliens, and mere foes of Terror, rule in this upon, perish fast; as it were of famine. In Paris the whole Forty-Convention, and out of it. The compressed Mountain shrinks eight of them are reduced to Twelve, their Forty sous are abol-silent more and more. Moderatism rises louder and louder: not ished: yet a little while, and Revolutionary Committees are no as a tempest, with threatenings; say rather, as the rushing of 528

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a mighty organ-blast, and melodious deafening Force of Pub-ponders in what elegantest style he shall dress himself: whether lic Opinion, from the Twenty-five million windpipes of a Na-he shall not even dress himself as the Free Peoples of Antiq-tion all in Committee of Mercy: which how shall any detached uity. The more adventurous Citoyenne has already done it.

body of individuals withstand?

Behold her, that beautiful adventurous Citoyenne: in costume of the Ancient Greeks, such Greek as Painter David could teach; ***Chapter 3.7.II.***

her sweeping tresses snooded by glittering antique fillet; bright-eyed tunic of the Greek women; her little feet naked, ***La Cabarus.***

as in Antique Statues, with mere sandals, and winding-strings of riband,—defying the frost!

How, above all, shall a poor National Convention, withstand There is such an effervescence of Luxury. For your Emigrant it? In this poor National Convention, broken, bewildered by Ci-devants carried not their mansions and furnitures out of long terror, perturbations, and guillotinement, there is no Pithe country with them; but left them standing here: and in lot, there is not now even a Danton, who could undertake to the swift changes of property, what with money coined on the steer you anywhither, in such press of weather. The utmost a Place de la Revolution, what with Army-furnishings, sales of bewildered Convention can do, is to veer, and trim, and try to Emigrant Domain and Church Lands and King's Lands, and then

keep itself steady: and rush, undrowned, before the wind. Need-with the Aladdin's-lamp of Agio in a time of Paper-money, such less to struggle; to fling helm a-lee, and make 'bout ship! A mansions have found new occupants. Old wine, drawn from Ci-bewildered Convention sails not in the teeth of the wind; but devant bottles, descends new throats. Paris has swept herself, is rapidly blown round again. So strong is the wind, we say; relighted herself; Salons, Soupers not Fraternal, beam once more and so changed; blowing fresher and fresher, as from the sweet with suitable effulgence, very singular in colour. The fair Cabarus South-West; your devastating North-Easters, and wild tornado-is come out of Prison; wedded to her red-gloomy Dis, whom gusts of Terror, blown utterly out! All Sansculottic things are they say she treats too loftily: fair Cabarus gives the most passing away; all things are becoming Culottic.

brilliant soirees. Round her is gathered a new Republican Army, Do but look at the cut of clothes; that light visible Result, of Citoyennes in sandals; Ci-devants or other: what remnants significant of a thousand things which are not so visible. In soever of the old grace survive, are rallied there. At her right-winter 1793, men went in red nightcaps; Municipals themselves hand, in this cause, labours fair Josephine the Widow in sabots: the very Citoyennes had to petition against such Beauharnais, though in straitened circumstances: intent, both headgear. But now in this winter 1794, where is the red night-of them, to blandish down the grimness of Republican auster-cap? With the thing beyond the Flood. Your monied Citoyen ity, and recivilise mankind.

Recivilise, as of old they were civilised: by witchery of the motions; fit for the light sandal, and antique Grecian tunic!

Orphic fiddle-bow, and Euterpean rhythm; by the Graces, by Efflorescence of Luxury has come out: for men have wealth; the Smiles! Thermidorian Deputies are there in those soirees; nay new-got wealth; and under the

Terror you durst not dance Editor Freron, Orateur du Peuple; Barras, who has known other except in rags. Among the innumerable kinds of Balls, let the dances than the Carmagnole. Grim Generals of the Republic are hasty reader mark only this single one: the kind they call Vic-there; in enormous horse-collar neckcloth, good against sa-tim Balls, Bals a Victime. The dancers, in choice costume, have bre-cuts; the hair gathered all into one knot, 'flowing down all crape round the left arm: to be admitted, it needs that you behind, fixed with a comb.' Among which latter do we not be a Victime; that you have lost a relative under the Terror.

recognise, once more, the little bronzed-complexioned Artil-Peace to the Dead; let us dance to their memory! For in all lery-Officer of Toulon, home from the Italian Wars! Grim enough; ways one must dance.

of lean, almost cruel aspect: for he has been in trouble, in ill It is very remarkable, according to Mercier, under what variet-health; also in ill favour, as a man promoted, deservingly or ies of figure this great business of dancing goes on. 'The women,'

not, by the Terrorists and Robespierre Junior. But does not says he, 'are Nymphs, Sultanas; sometimes Minervas, Junos, even Barras know him? Will not Barras speak a word for him? Yes,—

Dianas. In light-unerring gyrations they swim there; with such if at any time it will serve Barras so to do. Somewhat forlorn of earnestness of purpose; with perfect silence, so absorbed are fortune, for the present, stands that Artillery-Officer; looks, they. What is singular,' continues he, 'the onlookers are as it with those deep earnest eyes of his, into a future as waste as were mingled with the dancers; form as it were a circumambient the most. Taciturn; yet with the strangest utterances in him, if element round the different contre-dances, yet without derang-you awaken him, which smite home, like light or lightning:—

ing them. It is rare, in fact, that a Sultana in such circumstances on the whole, rather dangerous? A 'dissociable' man?

experience the smallest collision. Her pretty foot darts down, Dissociable enough; a natural terror and horror to all Phan-an inch from mine; she is off again; she is as a flash of light: but tasms, being himself of the genus Reality! He stands here, with-soon the measure recalls her to the point she set out from. Like out work or outlook, in this forsaken manner;—glances neva glittering comet she travels her eclipse, revolving on herself, ertheless, it would seem, at the kind glance of Josephine as by a double effect of gravitation and attraction.' (Mercier, Beauharnais; and, for the rest, with severe countenance, with Nouveau Paris, iii. 138, 153.) Looking forward a little way, into open eyes and closed lips, waits what will betide.

Time, the same Mercier discerns Merveilleuses in 'fleshcoloured That the Balls, therefore, have a new figure this winter, we drawers' with gold circlets; mere dancing Houris of an artificial can see. Not Carmagnoles, rude 'whirlblasts of rags,' as Mercier Mahomet's-Paradise: much too Mahometan. Montgaillard, with called them 'precursors of storm and destruction:' no, soft Ionic his splenetic eye, notes a no less strange thing; that every fash-530

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ionable Citoyenne you meet is in an interesting situation. Good an element, in sacred right of insurrection, this Gilt Youth was!

Heavens, every! Mere pillows and stuffing! adds the acrid man;—

Broils and battery; war without truce or measure! Hateful is such, in a time of depopulation by war and guillotine, being the Sansculottism, as Death and Night. For indeed is not the Dandy fashion. (Montgaillard, iv. 436-42.) No further seek its merits culottic, habilatory, by law of existence; 'a cloth-animal: one to disclose.

that lives, moves, and has his being in cloth?'—

Behold also instead of the old grim Tappe-durs of Robespierre, So goes it, waltzing, bickering; fair Cabarus, by Orphic witch-what new street-groups are these? Young men habited not in ery, struggling to recivilise mankind.

Not unsuccessfully, we black-shag Carmagnole spencer, but in superfine habit carre or hear. What utmost Republican grimness can resist Greek san- spencer with rectangular tail appended to it; 'square-tailed dals, in Ionic motion, the very toes covered with gold rings?

coat,' with elegant antiguillotinish specialty of collar; 'the hair (Ibid. Mercier (ubi supra).) By degrees the indisputablest new-plaited at the temples,' and knotted back, long-flowing, in politeness rises; grows, with vigour. And yet, whether, even to military wise: young men of what they call the Muscadin or this day, that inexpressible tone of society known under the Dandy species! Freron, in his fondness names them Jeunesse old Kings, when Sin had 'lost all its deformity' (with or with-doree, Golden, or Gilt Youth. They have come out, these Gilt out advantage to us), and airy Nothing had obtained such a Youths, in a kind of resuscitated state; they wear crape round local habitation and establishment as she never had,—be re-the left arm, such of them as were Victims. More they carry covered? Or even, whether it be not lost beyond recovery? (De clubs loaded with lead; in an angry manner: any Tappe-dur or Stael, Considerations iii. c. 10, &c.)— Either way, the world must remnant of Jacobinism they may fall in with, shall fare the contrive to struggle on.

worse. They have suffered much: their friends guillotined; their pleasures, frolics, superfine collars ruthlessly repressed: 'ware ***Chapter 3.7.III.***

now the base Red Nightcaps who did it! Fair Cabarus and the Army of Greek sandals smile approval. In the Theatre Feydeau, ***Quiberon.***

young Valour in square-tailed coat eyes Beauty in Greek sandals, and kindles by her glances: Down with Jacobinism! No But indeed do not these long-flowing hair-queues of a Jeunesse Jacobin hymn or demonstration, only Thermidorian ones, shall Doree in semi-military costume betoken, unconsciously, an-be permitted here: we beat down Jacobinism with clubs loaded other still more important tendency? The Republic, abhorrent with lead.

of her Guillotine, loves her Army.

But let any one who has examined the Dandy nature, how And with cause. For, surely, if good fighting be a kind of petulant it is, especially in the gregarious state, think what honour, as it is, in its season; and be with the vulgar of men, 531

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even the chief kind of honour, then here is good fighting, in 311).) Such a Gaelic fire, we say, blazes in this People, like the good season, if there ever was. These Sons of the Republic, conflagration of grass and dry-jungle; which no mortal can they rose, in mad wrath, to deliver her from Slavery and withstand—for the moment.

Cimmeria. And have they not done it? Through Maritime Alps, And even so it will blaze and run, scorching all things; and, through gorges of Pyrenees, through Low Countries, North-from Cadiz to Archangel, mad Sansculottism, drilled now into ward along the Rhine-valley, far is Cimmeria hurled back from Soldiership, led on by some 'armed Soldier of Democracy' (say, the sacred Motherland. Fierce as fire, they have carried her that Monosyllabic Artillery-Officer), will set its foot cruelly on Tricolor over the faces of all her enemies;—over scarped heights, the necks of its enemies; and its shouting and their shrieking over cannon-batteries; down, as with the Vengeur, into the shall fill the world!—Rash Coalised Kings, such a fire have ye dead deep sea. She has 'Eleven hundred thousand fighters on kindled; yourselves fireless, your fighters animated only by foot,' this Republic: 'At one particular moment she had,' or sup-drill-serjeants, messroom moralities, and the drummer's cat!

posed she had, 'seventeen hundred thousand.' (Toulongeon, However, it is begun, and will not end: not for a matter of iii. c. 7; v. c. 10 (p. 194).) Like a ring of lightning, they, volley-twenty years. So long, this Gaelic fire, through its successive ing and ca-ira-ing, begirdle her from shore to shore. Cimmerian changes of colour and character, will blaze over the face of Coalition of Despots recoils; smitten with astonishment, and Europe, and afflict the scorch all men:—till it provoke all men; strange pangs.

till it kindle another kind of fire, the Teutonic kind, namely; Such a fire is in these Gaelic Republican men; high-blazing; and be swallowed up, so to speak, in a day! For there is a fire which no Coalition can withstand! Not scutcheons, with four comparable to the burning of dry-jungle and grass; most sud-degrees of nobility; but ci-devant Serjeants, who have had to den, high-blazing: and another fire which we liken to the burn-clutch Generalship out of the cannon's throat, a Pichegru, a ing of coal, or even of anthracite coal; difficult to kindle, but Jourdan, a Hoche, lead them on. They have bread, they have then which nothing will put out. The ready Gaelic fire, we can iron; 'with bread and iron you can get to China.'—See Pichegru's remark further, and remark not in Pichegrus only, but in innu-soldiers, this hard winter, in their looped and windowed desti-merable Voltaires, Racines, Laplaces, no less; for a man, whether tution, in their 'straw-rope shoes and cloaks of bass-mat,' how he fight, or sing, or think, will remain the same unity of a they overrun Holland, like a demon-host, the ice having bridged man,—is admirable for roasting eggs, in every conceivable all waters; and rush shouting from victory to victory! Ships in sense. The Teutonic anthracite again, as we see in Luthers, the Texel are taken by huzzars on horseback: fled is York; fled Leibnitzes, Shakespeares, is preferable for smelting metals. How is the Stadtholder, glad to escape to England, and leave Hol-happy is our Europe that has both kinds!—

land to fraternise. (19th January, 1795 (Montgaillard, iv. 287-But be this as it may, the Republic is clearly triumphing. In 532

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the spring of the year Mentz Town again sees itself besieged; noyadings, conflagratings by infernal column, which defy arith-will again change master: did not Merlin the Thionviller, 'with metic. This is the La Vendee War. (Histoire de la Guerre de la wild beard and look,' say it was not for the last time they saw Vendee, par M. le Comte de Vauban, Memoires de Madame de la him there? The Elector of Mentz circulates among his brother Rochejacquelin, &c.)

Potentates this pertinent query, Were it not advisable to treat Nay in few months, it does burst up once more, but once of Peace? Yes! answers many an Elector from the bottom of his only:—blown upon by Pitt, by our Ci-devant Puisaye of heart. But, on the other hand, Austria hesitates; finally re-Calvados, and others. In the month of July 1795, English Ships fuses, being subsidied by Pitt. As to Pitt, whoever hesitate, will ride in Quiberon roads. There will be debarkation of chival-he, suspending his Habeas-corpus, suspending his Cash-pay-rous Ci-devants, of volunteer Prisoners-of-war—eager to desert; ments, stands inflexible,—spite of foreign reverses; spite of of firearms, Proclamations, clothes-chests, Royalists and specie.

domestic obstacles, of Scotch National Conventions and En-Whereupon also, on the Republican side, there will be rapid glish Friends of the People, whom he is obliged to arraign, to stand-to-arms; with ambuscade marchings by Quiberon beach, hang, or even to see acquitted with jubilee: a lean inflexible at midnight; storming of Fort Penthievre; war-thunder min-man. The Majesty of Spain, as we predicted, makes Peace; also gling with the roar of the nightly main; and such a morning the Majesty of Prussia: and there is a Treaty of Bale. (5th April, light as has seldom dawned; debarkation hurled back into its 1795 (Montgaillard, iv. 319).) Treaty with black Anarchists boats, or into the devouring billows, with wreck and wail;—in and Regicides! Alas, what help? You cannot hang this Anar-one word, a Ci-devant Puisaye as totally ineffectual here as he chy; it is like to hang you: you must needs treat with it.

was in Calvados, when he rode from Vernon Castle without Likewise, General Hoche has even succeeded in pacificating boots. (Deux Amis, xiv. 94-106; Puisaye, Memoires, iii-vii.) La Vendee. Rogue Rossignol and his 'Infernal Columns' have Again, therefore, it has cost the lives of many a brave man.

vanished: by firmness and justice, by sagacity and industry, Among whom the whole world laments the brave Son of General Hoche has done it. Taking 'Movable Columns,' not in-Sombreuil. Ill-fated family! The father and younger son went fernal; girdling-in the Country; pardoning the submissive, cut-to the guillotine; the heroic daughter languishes, reduced to

ting down the resistive, limb after limb of the Revolt is brought want, hides her woes from History: the elder son perishes here; under. La Rochejacquelin, last of our Nobles, fell in battle; shot by military tribunal as an Emigrant; Hoche himself can-Stofflet himself makes terms; Georges-Cadoudal is back to Brit-not save him. If all wars, civil and other, are misunderstand-tany, among his Chouans: the frightful gangrene of La Vendee ings, what a thing must right-understanding be!

seems veritably extirpated. It has cost, as they reckon in round numbers, the lives of a Hundred Thousand fellow-mortals; with 533

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Chapter 3.7.IV.

will never come into action. Let them busy themselves to get ready a better.

Lion not dead.

Or, again, where now are the Jacobins? Childless, most decrepit, as we saw, sat the mighty Mother; gnashing not teeth, The Convention, borne on the tide of Fortune towards foreign but empty gums, against a traitorous Thermidorian Conven-Victory, and driven by the strong wind of Public Opinion to-tion and the current of things. Twice were Billaud, Collot and wards Clemency and Luxury, is rushing fast; all skill of pilot-Company accused in Convention, by a Lecointre, by a Legendre; age is needed, and more than all, in such a velocity.

and the second time, it was not voted calumnious. Billaud from Curious to see, how we veer and whirl, yet must ever whirl the Jacobin tribune says, "The lion is not dead, he is only round again, and scud before the wind. If, on the one hand, we sleeping." They ask him in Convention, What he means by the re-admit the Protesting Seventy-Three, we, on the other hand, awakening of the lion? And bickerings, of an extensive sort, agree to consummate the Apotheosis of Marat; lift his body arose in the Palais-Egalite between Tappe-durs and the Gilt from the Cordeliers Church, and

transport it to the Pantheon Youthhood; cries of "Down with the Jacobins, the Jacoquins,"

of Great Men,—flinging out Mirabeau to make room for him.

coquin meaning scoundrel! The Tribune in mid-air gave battle-To no purpose: so strong blows Public Opinion! A Gilt sound; answered only by silence and uncertain gasps. Talk was, Youthhood, in plaited hair-tresses, tears down his Busts from in Government Committees, of 'suspending' the Jacobin Ses-the Theatre Feydeau; tramples them under foot; scatters them, sions. Hark, there!—it is in Allhallow-time, or on the Hallow-with vociferation into the Cesspool of Montmartre. (Moniteur, eve itself, month ci-devant November, year once named of Grace du 25 Septembre 1794, du 4 Fevrier 1795.) Swept is his Chapel 1794, sad eve for Jacobinism,—volley of stones dashing from the Place du Carrousel; the Cesspool of Montmartre will through our windows, with jingle and execration! The female receive his very dust. Shorter godhood had no divine man.

Jacobins, famed Tricoteuses with knitting-needles, take flight; Some four months in this Pantheon, Temple of All the Immor-are met at the doors by a Gilt Youthhood and 'mob of four tals; then to the Cesspool, grand Cloaca of Paris and the World!

thousand persons;' are hooted, flouted, hustled; fustigated,

'His Busts at one time amounted to four thousand.' Between in a scandalous manner, cotillons retrousses;—and vanish in Temple of All the Immortals and Cloaca of the World, how are mere hysterics. Sally out ye male Jacobins! The male Jacobins poor human creatures whirled!

sally out; but only to battle, disaster and confusion. So that Furthermore the question arises, When will the Constitution armed Authority has to intervene: and again on the morrow to of Ninety-three, of 1793, come into action? Considerate heads intervene; and suspend the Jacobin Sessions forever and a day.

surmise, in all privacy, that the Constitution of Ninety-three (Moniteur, Seances du 10-12 Novembre 1794: Deux Amis, xiii.

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43-49.) Gone are the Jacobins; into invisibility; in a storm of lution, vii. c. 4.) agitating in Baker's Queue for our two ounces laughter and howls. Their place is made a Normal School, the of bread! Will the Jacobin lion, which they say is meeting se-first of the kind seen; it then vanishes into a 'Market of cretly 'at the Acheveche, in bonnet rouge with loaded pistols,'

Thermidor Ninth;' into a Market of Saint-Honore, where is now not awaken? Seemingly not. Our Collot, our Billaud, Barrere, peaceable chaffering for poultry and greens. The solemn Vadier, in these last days of March 1795, are found worthy of temples, the great globe itself; the baseless fabric! Are not we Deportation, of Banishment beyond seas; and shall, for the such stuff, we and this world of ours, as Dreams are made of?

present, be trundled off to the Castle of Ham. The lion is dead;—

Maximum being abrogated, Trade was to take its own free or writhing in death-throes!

course. Alas, Trade, shackled, topsyturvied in the way we saw, Behold, accordingly, on the day they call Twelfth of Germi-and now suddenly let go again, can for the present take no nal (which is also called First of April, not a lucky day), how course at all; but only reel and stagger. There is, so to speak, lively are these streets of Paris once more! Floods of hungry no Trade whatever for the time being. Assignats, long sinking, women, of squalid hungry men; ejaculating: "Bread, Bread and emitted in such quantities, sink now with an alacrity beyond the Constitution of Ninety-three!" Paris has risen, once again, parallel. "Combien?" said one, to a Hackney-coachman, "What like the Ocean-tide; is flowing towards the Tuileries, for Bread fare?" "Six thousand livres," answered he: some three hundred and a Constitution. Tuileries Sentries do their best; but it serves

pounds sterling, in Paper-money. (Mercier, ii. 94. (‘1st Febru-not: the Ocean-tide sweeps them away; inundates the Conven-ary, 1796: at the Bourse of Paris, the gold louis,’ of 20 francs in tion Hall itself; howling, “Bread, and the Constitution!”

silver, ‘costs 5,300 francs in assignats.’ Montgaillard, iv. 419).) Unhappy Senators, unhappy People, there is yet, after all Pressure of Maximum withdrawn, the things it compressed like-toils and broils, no Bread, no Constitution. “Du pain, pas tant wise withdraw. ‘Two ounces of bread per day’ in the modicum de longs discours, Bread, not bursts of Parliamentary elo-allotted: wide-waving, doleful are the Bakers’ Queues; Farmers’

quence!” so wailed the Menads of Maillard, five years ago and houses are become pawnbrokers’ shops.

more; so wail ye to this hour. The Convention, with unalter-One can imagine, in these circumstances, with what humour able countenance, with what thought one knows not, keeps Sansculottism growled in its throat, “La Cabarus;” beheld Ci-its seat in this waste howling chaos; rings its stormbell from devants return dancing, the Thermidor effulgence of the Pavilion of Unity. Section Lepelletier, old Filles Saint-Tho-recivilisation, and Balls in fleshcoloured drawers. Greek tunics mas, who are of the money-changing species; these and Gilt and sandals; hosts of Muscadins parading, with their clubs Youthhood fly to the rescue; sweep chaos forth again, with loaded with lead;—and we here, cast out, abhorred, ‘picking levelled bayonets. Paris is declared ‘in a state of siege.’ Pichegru, offals from the street;’ (Fantin Desodoards, Histoire de la Revo-Conqueror of Holland, who happens to be here, is named Com-535

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mandant, till the disturbance end. He, in one day, so to speak, ***Chapter 3.7.V.***

ends it. He accomplishes the transfer of Billaud, Collot and Company; dissipating all opposition ‘by two cannon-shots,’

Lion sprawling its last.

blank cannon-shots, and the terror of his name; and thereupon announcing, with a Laconicism which should be imitated, Representative Carrier went to the Guillotine, in December last;

"Representatives, your decrees are executed," (Moniteur, Se-protesting that he acted by orders. The Revolutionary Tribu-ance du 13 Germinal (2d April) 1795.) lays down his nal, after all it has devoured, has now only, as Anarchic things Commandantship.

do, to devour itself. In the early days of May, men see a re-This Revolt of Germinal, therefore, has passed, like a vain markable thing: Fouquier-Tinville pleading at the Bar once his cry. The Prisoners rest safe in Ham, waiting for ships; some own. He and his chief Jurymen, Leroi August-Tenth, Juryman nine hundred 'chief Terrorists of Paris' are disarmed.

Vilate, a Batch of Sixteen; pleading hard, protesting that they Sansculottism, swept forth with bayonets, has vanished, with acted by orders: but pleading in vain. Thus men break the axe its misery, to the bottom of Saint-Antoine and Saint-with which they have done hateful things; the axe itself hav-Marceau.—Time was when Usher Maillard with Menads could ing grown hateful. For the rest, Fouquier died hard enough: alter the course of Legislation; but that time is not. Legisla-

"Where are thy Batches?" howled the People.—"Hungry tion seems to have got bayonets; Section Lepelletier takes its canaille," asked Fouquier, "is thy Bread cheaper, wanting them?"

firelock, not for us! We retire to our dark dens; our cry of hun-Remarkable Fouquier; once but as other Attorneys and Law-ger is called a Plot of Pitt; the Saloons glitter, the fleshcoloured beagles, which hunt ravenous on this Earth, a well-known phasis Drawers gyrate as before. It was for "The Cabarus" then, and of human nature; and now thou art and remainest the most her Muscadins and Money-changers, that we fought? It was remarkable Attorney that ever lived and hunted in the Upper for Balls in fleshcoloured drawers that we took Feudalism by Air! For, in this terrestrial

Course of Time, there was to be an the beard, and did, and dared, shedding our blood like water?

Avatar of Attorneyism; the Heavens had said, Let there be an Expressive Silence, muse thou their praise!—

Incarnation, not divine, of the venatory Attorney-spirit which keeps its eye on the bond only;—and lo, this was it; and they have attorneyed it in its turn. Vanish, then, thou rat-eyed Incarnation of Attorneyism; who at bottom wert but as other Attorneys, and too hungry Sons of Adam! Juryman Vilate had striven hard for life, and published, from his Prison, an ingenious Book, not unknown to us; but it would not stead: he 536

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also had to vanish; and this his Book of the Secret Causes of tenth man has bowed his neck to the axe. Which has seen Thermidor, full of lies, with particles of truth in it undiscover-Carmagnoles danced before it, and patriotic strophes sung amid able otherwise, is all that remains of him.

Church-spoils; the wounded of the Tenth of August defile in Revolutionary Tribunal has done; but vengeance has not handbarrows; and, in the Pandemonial Midnight, Egalite's done. Representative Lebon, after long struggling, is handed dames in tricolor drink lemonade, and spectrum of Sieyes over to the ordinary Law Courts, and by them guillotined. Nay, mount, saying, Death sans phrase. A Convention which has at Lyons and elsewhere, resuscitated Moderatism, in its ven-effervesced, and which has congealed; which has been red with geance, will not wait the slow process of Law; but bursts into rage, and also pale with rage: sitting with pistols in its pocket, the Prisons, sets fire to the prisons; burns some three score drawing sword (in a moment of effervescence): now storming imprisoned Jacobins to dire death, or chokes them 'with the to the four winds, through a Danton-voice, Awake, O France, smoke of straw.' There go vengeful truculent 'Companies of and smite the tyrants; now frozen mute under its Robespierre, Jesus,' 'Companies of the Sun;' slaying Jacobinism wherever and answering his dirge-voice by a dubious gasp. Assassinated, they meet

with it; flinging it into the Rhone-stream; which, decimated; stabbed at, shot at, in baths, on streets and stair-once more, bears seaward a horrid cargo. (Moniteur, du 27 Juin, cases; which has been the nucleus of Chaos. Has it not heard du 31 Aout, 1795; Deux Amis, xiii. 121-9.) Whereupon, at the chimes at midnight? It has deliberated, beset by a Hun-Toulon, Jacobinism rises in revolt; and is like to hang the Na-dred thousand armed men with artillery-furnaces and provi-tional Representatives.—With such action and reaction, is not sion-carts. It has been betocsined, bestormed; over-flooded a poor National Convention hard bested? It is like the settle- by black deluges of Sansculottism; and has heard the shrill ment of winds and waters, of seas long tornado-beaten; and cry, Bread and Soap. For, as we say, its the nucleus of Chaos; it goes on with jumble and with jangle. Now flung aloft, now sat as the centre of Sansculottism; and had spread its pavilion sunk in trough of the sea, your Vessel of the Republic has on the waste Deep, where is neither path nor landmark, nei-need of all pilotage and more.

ther bottom nor shore. In intrinsic valour, ingenuity, fidelity, What Parliament that ever sat under the Moon had such a and general force and manhood, it has perhaps not far sur-series of destinies, as this National Convention of France? It passed the average of Parliaments: but in frankness of pur-came together to make the Constitution; and instead of that, pose, in singularity of position, it seeks its fellow. One other it has had to make nothing but destruction and confusion: to Sansculottic submersion, or at most two, and this wearied vessel burn up Catholicisms, Aristocratisms, to worship Reason and of a Convention reaches land.

dig Saltpetre, to fight Titanically with itself and with the whole Revolt of Germinal Twelfth ended as a vain cry; moribund world. A Convention decimated by the Guillotine; above the Sansculottism was swept back into invisibility. There it has 537

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lain moaning, these six weeks: moaning, and also scheming.

les, woodwork booms and jingles; door starts up;—bursts-in Jacobins disarmed, flung forth from their Tribune in mid air, Saint-Antoine with frenzy and vociferation, Rag-standards, must needs try to help themselves, in secret conclave under printed Proclamation, drum-music: astonishment to eye and ground. Lo, therefore, on the First day of the Month Prairial, ear. Gendarmes, loyal Sectioners charge through the other door; 20th of May 1795, sound of the generale once more; beating they are recharged; musketry exploding: Saint-Antoine can-sharp, ran-tan, To arms, To arms!

not be expelled. Obtesting Deputies obtest vainly; Respect Sansculottism has risen, yet again, from its death-lair; waste the President; approach not the President! Deputy Feraud, wild-flowing, as the unfruitful Sea. Saint-Antoine is a-foot: stretching out his hands, baring his bosom scarred in the Span-

"Bread and the Constitution of Ninety-three," so sounds it; so ish wars, obtests vainly: threatens and resists vainly. Rebel-stands it written with chalk on the hats of men. They have lious Deputy of the Sovereign, if thou have fought, have not their pikes, their firelocks; Paper of Grievances; standards; we too? We have no bread, no Constitution! They wrench poor printed Proclamation, drawn up in quite official manner,—con-Feraud; they tumble him, trample him, wrath waxing to see sidering this, and also considering that, they, a much-endur-itself work: they drag him into the corridor, dead or near it; ing Sovereign People, are in Insurrection; will have Bread and sever his head, and fix it on a pike. Ah, did an unexampled the Constitution of Ninety-three. And so the Barriers are seized, Convention want this variety of destiny too, then? Feraud's and the generale beats, and tocsins discourse discord. Black bloody head goes on a pike. Such a game has begun; Paris and deluges overflow the Tuileries; spite of sentries, the Sanctuary the Earth may wait how it will end.

itself is invaded: enter, to our Order of the Day, a torrent of And so it billows free though all Corridors; within, and with-dishevelled women, wailing, "Bread! Bread!" President may well out, far as the eye reaches, nothing but Bedlam, and the great cover himself; and have his own tocsin rung in 'the Pavilion of Deep broken loose! President Boissy d'Anglas sits

like a rock: Unity;' the ship of the State again labours and leaks; the rest of the Convention is floated 'to the upper benches;'

overwashed, near to swamping, with unfruitful brine.

Sectioners and Gendarmes still ranking there to form a kind of What a day, once more! Women are driven out: men storm wall for them. And Insurrection rages; rolls its drums; will read irresistibly in; choke all corridors, thunder at all gates. Depu-its Paper of Grievances, will have this decreed, will have that.

ties, putting forth head, obtest, conjure; Saint-Antoine rages, Covered sits President Boissy, unyielding; like a rock in the

"Bread and Constitution." Report has risen that the 'Conven-beating of seas. They menace him, level muskets at him, he tion is assassinating the women:' crushing and rushing, clangor yields not; they hold up Feraud's bloody head to him, with and furor! The oak doors have become as oak tambourines, grave stern air he bows to it, and yields not.

sounding under the axe of Saint-Antoine; plaster-work crack-And the Paper of Grievances cannot get itself read for up-538

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roar; and the drums roll, and the throats bawl; and Insurrec-see, Section Lepelletier or other Muscadin Section enters, and tion, like sphere-music, is inaudible for very noise: Decree us Gilt Youth, with levelled bayonets, countenances screwed to this, Decree us that. One man we discern bawling 'for the space the sticking-place! Tramp, tramp, with bayonets gleaming in of an hour at all intervals,' "Je demande l'arrestation des coquins the lamplight: what can one do, worn down with long riot, et des laches." Really one of the most comprehensive Petitions grown heartless, dark, hungry, but roll back, but rush back, ever put up: which indeed, to this hour, includes all that you and escape who can? The very windows need to be thrown up, can reasonably ask Constitution of the Year One, Rotten-Bor- that Sansculottism may escape fast enough. Money-changer ough, Ballot-

Box, or other miraculous Political Ark of the Cov-Sections and Gilt Youth sweep them forth, with steel besom, enant to do for you to the end of the world! I also demand far into the depths of Saint-Antoine. Triumph once more! The arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards, and nothing more Decrees of that Sixty are not so much as rescinded; they are whatever. National Representation, deluged with black declared null and non-extant. Romme, Ruhl, Goujon and the Sansculottism glides out; for help elsewhere, for safety else-ringleaders, some thirteen in all, are decreed Accused. Perma-where: here is no help.

nent-session ends at three in the morning. (Deux Amis, xiii.

About four in the afternoon, there remain hardly more than 129-46.) Sansculottism, once more flung resupine, lies sprawl-some Sixty Members: mere friends, or even secret-leaders; a ing; sprawling its last.

remnant of the Mountain-crest, held in silence by Thermidorian Such was the First of Prairial, 20th May, 1795. Second and thraldom. Now is the time for them; now or never let them Third of Prairial, during which Sansculottism still sprawled, descend, and speak! They descend, these Sixty, invited by and unexpectedly rang its tocsin, and assembled in arms, Sansculottism: Romme of the New Calendar, Ruhl of the Sacred availed Sansculottism nothing. What though with our Rommes Phial, Goujon, Duquesnoy, Soubrany, and the rest. Glad and Ruhls, accused but not yet arrested, we make a new 'True Sansculottism forms a ring for them; Romme takes the National Convention' of our own, over in the East; and put the President's chair; they begin resolving and decreeing. Fast others Out of Law? What though we rank in arms and march?

enough now comes Decree after Decree, in alternate brief Armed Force and Muscadin Sections, some thirty thousand men, strains, or strophe and antistrophe,—what will cheapen bread, environ that old False Convention: we can but bully one an-what will awaken the dormant lion. And at every new Decree, other: bandying nicknames, "Muscadins," against Sansculottism shouts, Decreed, Decreed; and rolls its drums.

"Blooddrinkers, Buveurs de Sang." Feraud's Assassin, taken with Fast enough; the work of months in hours,—when see, a the red hand, and sentenced, and now near to Guillotine and Figure enters, whom in the lamplight we recognise to be Place de Greve, is retaken; is carried back into Saint-Antoine: Legendre; and utters words: fit to be hissed out! And then to no purpose. Convention Sectionaries and Gilt Youth come, 539

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according to Decree, to seek him; nay to disarm Saint-Antoine!

Chapter 3.7.VI.

And they do disarm it: by rolling of cannon, by springing upon enemy's cannon; by military audacity, and terror of the Law.

Grilled Herrings.

Saint-Antoine surrenders its arms; Santerre even advising it, anxious for life and brewhouse. Feraud's Assassin flings him-So dies Sansculottism, the body of Sansculottism, or is changed.

self from a high roof: and all is lost. (Toulongeon, v. 297; Its ragged Pythian Carmagnole-dance has transformed itself Moniteur, Nos. 244, 5, 6.)

into a Pyrrhic, into a dance of Cabarus Balls. Sansculottism is Discerning which things, old Ruhl shot a pistol through his dead; extinguished by new isms of that kind, which were its old white head; dashed his life in pieces, as he had done the own natural progeny; and is buried, we may say, with such Sacred Phial of Rheims. Romme, Goujon and the others stand deafening jubilation and disharmony of funeral-knell on their ranked before a swiftly-appointed, swift part, that only after some half century or so does one begin Military Tribunal. Hearing the sentence, Goujon drew a knife, to learn clearly why it ever was alive.

struck it into his breast, passed it to his neighbour Romme; And yet a meaning lay in it: Sansculottism verily was alive, a and fell dead. Romme did the like; and another all but did it; New-Birth of TIME; nay it still lives, and is not dead, but Roman-death rushing on there, as in electric-chain, before your changed. The soul of it still lives; still works far and wide, Bailiffs could intervene! The Guillotine had the rest.

through one bodily shape into another less amorphous, as is They were the Ultimi Romanorum. Billaud, Collot and Com-the way of cunning Time with his New-Births:—till, in some pany are now ordered to be tried for life; but are found to be perfected shape, it embrace the whole circuit of the world! For already off, shipped for Sinamarri, and the hot mud of Surinam.

the wise man may now everywhere discern that he must found There let Billaud surround himself with flocks of tame parrots; on his manhood, not on the garnitures of his manhood. He Collot take the yellow fever, and drinking a whole bottle of who, in these Epochs of our Europe, founds on garnitures, for-brandy, burn up his entrails. (Dictionnaire des Hommes mulas, culottisms of what sort soever, is founding on old cloth Marquans, paras Billaud, Collot.) Sansculottism spraws no more.

and sheep-skin, and cannot endure. But as for the body of The dormant lion has become a dead one; and now, as we see, Sansculottism, that is dead and buried,—and, one hopes, need any hoof may smite him.

not reappear, in primary amorphous shape, for another thousand years!

It was the frightfullest thing ever borne of Time? One of the frightfullest. This Convention, now grown Anti-Jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish Lists of what 540

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the Reign of Terror had perpetrated: Lists of Persons Guillo-him to be a beggar, a liar and a knave. Nay, if that dreary tined. The Lists, cries splenetic Abbe Montgaillard, were not Greenland-wind of benighted Want, perennial from sire to son, complete. They contain the names of, How many

persons thinks had frozen him into a kind of torpor and numb callosity, so that the reader?—Two Thousand all but a few. There were above he saw not, felt not, was this, for a creature with a soul in it, Four Thousand, cries Montgaillard: so many were guillotined, some assuagement; or the cruellest wretchedness of all?

fusilladed, noyaded, done to dire death; of whom Nine Hun-Such things were, such things are; and they go on in silence dred were women. (Montgaillard, iv. 241.) It is a horrible sum peaceably: and Sansculottisms follow them. History, looking of human lives, M. l'Abbe:—some ten times as many shot rightly back over this France through long times, back to Turgot's on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious-Victime for instance, when dumb Drudgery staggered up to its tory with Te-Deum. It is not far from the two-hundredth part King's Palace, and in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor and of what perished in the entire Seven Years War. By which Seven winged raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its Petition of Years War, did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Grievances; and for answer got hanged on a 'new gallows forty Theresa; and a Pompadour, stung by epigrams, satisfy herself feet high,'—confesses mournfully that there is no period to that she could not be an Agnes Sorel? The head of man is a be met with, in which the general Twenty-five Millions of France strange vacant sounding-shell, M. l'Abbe; and studies Cocker suffered less than in this period which they name Reign of to small purpose.

Terror! But it was not the Dumb Millions that suffered here; it But what if History, somewhere on this Planet, were to hear was the Speaking Thousands, and Hundreds, and Units; who of a Nation, the third soul of whom had not for thirty weeks shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, each year as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him?

as they could and should: that is the grand peculiarity. The (Report of the Irish Poor-Law Commission, 1836.) History, in frightfullest Births of Time are never the loud-speaking ones, that case, feels bound to consider that starvation is starva-for these soon die; they are the silent ones, which can live from tion; that starvation from age to age presupposes much: His-

century to century! Anarchy, hateful as Death, is abhorrent to tory ventures to assert that the French Sansculotte of Ninety-the whole nature of man; and must itself soon die.

three, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once Wherefore let all men know what of depth and of height is to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and still revealed in man; and, with fear and wonder, with just sym-Faith of Deliverance for him and his, was but the second- pathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, con-miserablest of men! The Irish Sans-potato, had he not senses template it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable infer-then, nay a soul? In his frozen darkness, it was bitter for him to ences from it. This inference, for example, among the first: die famishing; bitter to see his children famish. It was bitter for

'That if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering 541

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thrones, indolent as Epicurus' gods, with the living Chaos of years of insurrection and tribulation, thou hast profited noth-Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared for at their feet, and ing by it, then? Thou consumest thy herring and water, in the smooth Parasites preaching, Peace, peace, when there is no peace,'

blessed gold-red evening. O why was the Earth so beautiful, then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise; has risen, and O

becrimsoned with dawn and twilight, if man's dealings with Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself?

man were to make it a vale of scarcity, of tears, not even soft That there be no second Sansculottism in our Earth for a thou-tears? Destroying of Bastilles, discomfiting of Brunswicks, sand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let fronting of Principalities and Powers, of Earth and Tophet, all Rich and Poor of us go and do otherwise.—But to our tale.

that thou hast dared and endured,—it was for a Republic of The Muscadin Sections greatly rejoice; Cabarus Balls gyrate: the Cabarus Saloons? Patience; thou must have patience: the the wellnigh insoluble problem Republic without Anarchy, have end is not yet.

we not solved it?—Law of Fraternity or Death is gone: chi-merical Obtain-who-need has become practical Hold-who-have.

Chapter 3.7.VII.

To anarchic Republic of the Poverties there has succeeded orderly Republic of the Luxuries; which will continue as long as ***The Whiff of Grapeshot.***

it can.

On the Pont au Change, on the Place de Greve, in long sheds, In fact, what can be more natural, one may say inevitable, as a Mercier, in these summer evenings, saw working men at their Post-Sansculottic transitionary state, than even this? Confused repast. One's allotment of daily bread has sunk to an ounce wreck of a Republic of the Poverties, which ended in Reign of and a half. 'Plates containing each three grilled herrings, Terror, is arranging itself into such composure as it can. Evan-sprinkled with shorn onions, wetted with a little vinegar; to gel of Jean-Jacques, and most other Evangels, becoming inthis add some morsel of boiled prunes, and lentils swimming credible, what is there for it but return to the old Evangel of in a clear sauce: at these frugal tables, the cook's gridiron Mammon? Contrat-Social is true or untrue, Brotherhood is hissing near by, and the pot simmering on a fire between two Brotherhood or Death; but money always will buy money's stones, I have seen them ranged by the hundred; consuming, worth: in the wreck of human dubitations, this remains indu-without bread, their scant messes, far too moderate for the bitable, that Pleasure is pleasant. Aristocracy of Feudal Parch-keenness of their appetite, and the extent of their stomach.'

ment has passed away with a mighty rushing; and now, by a (Nouveau Paris, iv. 118.) Seine water, rushing plenteous by, natural course, we arrive at Aristocracy of the Moneybag. It is will supply the deficiency.

the course through which all European Societies are at this O man of Toil, thy struggling and thy daring, these six long hour travelling. Apparently a still baser sort of Aristocracy?

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An infinitely baser; the basest yet known!

but an Unwisdom can be made. Arrange it, Constitution-build In which however there is this advantage, that, like Anarchy it, sift it through Ballot-Boxes as thou wilt, it is and remains itself, it cannot continue. Hast thou considered how Thought an Unwisdom,—the new prey of new quacks and unclean things, is stronger than Artillery-parks, and (were it fifty years after the latter end of it slightly better than the beginning. Who death and martyrdom, or were it two thousand years) writes can bring a wise thing out of men unwise? Not one. And so and unwrites Acts of Parliament, removes mountains; models Vacancy and general Abolition having come for this France, the World like soft clay? Also how the beginning of all Thought, what can Anarchy do more? Let there be Order, were it under worth the name, is Love; and the wise head never yet was, the Soldier's Sword; let there be Peace, that the bounty of the without first the generous heart? The Heavens cease not their Heavens be not spilt; that what of Wisdom they do send us bounty: they send us generous hearts into every generation.

bring fruit in its season!—It remains to be seen how the quellers And now what generous heart can pretend to itself, or be hood-of Sansculottism were themselves quelled, and sacred right of winked into believing, that Loyalty to the Moneybag is a noble Insurrection was blown away by gunpowder: wherewith this Loyalty? Mammon, cries the generous heart out of all ages singular eventful History called French Revolution ends.

and countries, is the basest of known Gods, even of known The Convention, driven such a course by wild wind, wild tide, Devils. In him what glory is there, that ye should worship him?

and steerage and non-steerage, these three years, has become No glory discernable; not even terror: at best, detestability, weary of its own existence, sees all men weary of it; and wishes ill-matched with despicability!—Generous hearts, discerning, heartily to finish. To the last, it has to strive with contradic-on this hand, widespread Wretchedness, dark without and tions: it is now getting fast ready with a Constitution, yet within, moistening its ounce-and-half of bread with tears; and knows no peace. Sieyes, we say, is making the Constitution on that hand, mere Balls in fleshcoloured drawers, and inane once more; has as good as made it. Warned by experience, the or foul glitter of such sort,—cannot but ejaculate, cannot but great Architect alters much, admits much. Distinction of Ac-announce: Too much, O divine Mammon; somewhat too much!—

tive and Passive Citizen, that is, Money-qualification for Elec-The voice of these, once announcing itself, carries fiat and pereat tors: nay Two Chambers, 'Council of Ancients,' as well as 'Coun-in it, for all things here below.

cil of Five Hundred;' to that conclusion have we come! In a like Meanwhile, we will hate Anarchy as Death, which it is; and spirit, eschewing that fatal self-denying ordinance of your Old the things worse than Anarchy shall be hated more! Surely Constituents, we enact not only that actual Convention Mem-Peace alone is fruitful. Anarchy is destruction: a burning up, bers are re-eligible, but that Two-thirds of them must be re-say, of Shams and Insupportabilities; but which leaves Vacancy elected. The Active Citizen Electors shall for this time have free behind. Know this also, that out of a world of Unwise nothing choice of only One-third of their National Assembly. Such en-543

actment, of Two-thirds to be reelected, we append to our Con-Unruly of France, who see their trade thereby near ending.

stitution; we submit our Constitution to the Townships of Section Lepelletier, after Addresses enough, finds that such France, and say, Accept

both, or reject both. Unsavoury as this clause is a manifest infraction; that it, Lepelletier, for one, will appendix may be, the Townships, by overwhelming majority, simply not conform thereto; and invites all other free Sections accept and ratify. With Directory of Five; with Two good Cham-to join it, 'in central Committee,' in resistance to oppression.

bers, double-majority of them nominated by ourselves, one (Deux Amis, xiii. 375-406.) The Sections join it, nearly all; hopes this Constitution may prove final. March it will; for the strong with their Forty Thousand fighting men. The Conven-legs of it, the reelected Two-thirds, are already there, able to tion therefore may look to itself! Lepelletier, on this 12th day march. Sieyes looks at his Paper Fabric with just pride.

of Vendemiaire, 4th of October 1795, is sitting in open contra-But now see how the contumacious Sections, Lepelletier fore-vention, in its Convent of Filles Saint-Thomas, Rue Vivienne, most, kick against the pricks! Is it not manifest infraction of with guns primed. The Convention has some Five Thousand one's Elective Franchise, Rights of Man, and Sovereignty of the regular troops at hand; Generals in abundance; and a Fifteen People, this appendix of reelecting your Two-thirds? Greedy Hundred of miscellaneous persecuted Ultra-Jacobins, whom in tyrants who would perpetuate yourselves!—For the truth is, this crisis it has hastily got together and armed, under the victory over Saint-Antoine, and long right of Insurrection, has title Patriots of Eighty-nine. Strong in Law, it sends its General spoiled these men. Nay spoiled all men. Consider too how each Menou to disarm Lepelletier.

man was free to hope what he liked; and now there is to be no General Menou marches accordingly, with due summons and hope, there is to be fruition, fruition of this.

demonstration; with no result. General Menou, about eight in In men spoiled by long right of Insurrection, what confused the evening, finds that he is standing ranked in the Rue ferments will rise, tongues once begun wagging! Journalists Vivienne, emitting vain summonses; with primed guns pointed declaim, your Lacretelles, Laharpes; Orators spout. There is Roy-

out of every window at him; and that he cannot disarm alism traceable in it, and Jacobinism. On the West Frontier, in Lepelletier. He has to return, with whole skin, but without deep secrecy, Pichegru, durst he trust his Army, is treating with success; and be thrown into arrest as 'a traitor.' Whereupon the Conde: in these Sections, there spout wolves in sheep's cloth-whole Forty Thousand join this Lepelletier which cannot be ing, masked Emigrants and Royalists! (Napoleon, Las Cases (Choix vanquished: to what hand shall a quaking Convention now des Rapports, xvii. 398-411).) All men, as we say, had hoped, turn? Our poor Convention, after such voyaging, just entering each that the Election would do something for his own side: harbour, so to speak, has struck on the bar;—and labours there and now there is no Election, or only the third of one. Black is frightfully, with breakers roaring round it, Forty thousand of united with white against this clause of the Two-thirds; all the them, like to wash it, and its Sieyes Cargo and the whole fu-544

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ture of France, into the deep! Yet one last time, it struggles, whole world to gaze at. Frightfully she labours, that poor ship, ready to perish.

within cable-length of port; huge peril for her. However, she Some call for Barras to be made Commandant; he conquered has a man at the helm. Insurgent messages, received, and not in Thermidor. Some, what is more to the purpose, bethink them received; messenger admitted blindfolded; counsel and counter-of the Citizen Buonaparte, unemployed Artillery Officer, who counsel: the poor ship labours!—Vendemiaire 13th, year 4: took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action: Barras is named curious enough, of all days, it is the Fifth day of October, an-Commandant's-Cloak; this young Artillery Officer is named niversary of that Menad-march, six years ago; by sacred right Commandant. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard of Insurrection we are got thus far.

it; he withdrew, some half hour, to consider with himself: after Lepelletier has seized the Church of Saint-Roch; has seized a half hour of grim

compressed considering, to be or not to be, the Pont Neuf, our piquet there retreating without fire. Stray he answers Yea.

shots fall from Lepelletier; rattle down on the very Tuileries And now, a man of head being at the centre of it, the whole staircase. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, matter gets vital. Swift, to Camp of Sablons; to secure the shrieking, Peace; Lepelletier behind them waving its hat in Artillery, there are not twenty men guarding it! A swift Adju-sign that we shall fraternise. Steady! The Artillery Officer is tant, Murat is the name of him, gallops; gets thither some steady as bronze; can be quick as lightning. He sends eight minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that hundred muskets with ball-cartridges to the Convention it-way: the Cannon are ours. And now beset this post, and beset self; honourable Members shall act with these in case of ex-that; rapid and firm: at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul de Sac tremity: whereat they look grave enough. Four of the after-Dauphin, in Rue Saint-Honore, from Pont Neuf all along the noon is struck. (Moniteur, Seance du 5 Octobre 1795.) north Quays, southward to Pont ci-devant Royal,—rank round Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by fraternity or the Sanctuary of the Tuileries, a ring of steel discipline; let hat-waving, bursts out, along the Southern Quai Voltaire, along every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to streets, and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught!

their arms!

Whereupon, thou bronze Artillery Officer—? "Fire!" say the Thus there is Permanent-session through night; and thus at bronze lips. Roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes sunrise of the morrow, there is seen sacred Insurrection once his great gun, in the Cul de Sac Dauphin against the Church of again: vessel of State labouring on the bar; and tumultuous Saint-Roch; go his great guns on the Pont Royal; go all his sea all round her, beating generale, arming and sounding,—

great guns;—blow to air some two hundred men, mainly about not ringing tocsin, for we have left no tocsin but our own in the Church of Saint-Roch! Lepelletier cannot stand such horse-the Pavilion of Unity. It is an

imminence of shipwreck, for the play; no Sectioner can stand it; the Forty-thousand yield on 545

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all sides, scour towards covert. 'Some hundred or so of them year, will die in the birth; stifled by the Soldiery. A Senate, if gathered both Theatre de la Republique; but,' says he, 'a few tinged with Royalism, can be purged by the Soldiery; and an shells dislodged them. It was all finished at six.'

Eighteenth of Fructidor transacted by the mere shew of bayo-The Ship is over the bar, then; free she bounds shoreward,—

nets. (Moniteur, du 5 Septembre 1797.) Nay Soldiers' bayo-amid shouting and vivats! Citoyen Buonaparte is 'named Gen-nets can be used a posteriori on a Senate, and make it leap out eral of the Interior, by acclamation;' quelled Sections have to of window,—still bloodless; and produce an Eighteenth of disarm in such humour as they may; sacred right of Insurrection Brumaire. (9th November 1799 (Choix des Rapports, xvii. 1- is gone for ever! The Sieyes Constitution can disembark itself, 96).) Such changes must happen: but they are managed by and begin marching. The miraculous Convention Ship has got to intriguings, caballings, and then by orderly word of command; land;—and is there, shall we figuratively say, changed, as Epic almost like mere changes of Ministry. Not in general by sacred Ships are wont, into a kind of Sea Nymph, never to sail more; to right of Insurrection, but by milder methods growing ever roam the waste Azure, a Miracle in History!

milder, shall the Events of French history be henceforth brought

'It is false,' says Napoleon, 'that we fired first with blank charge; to pass.

it had been a waste of life to do that.' Most false: the firing was It is admitted that this Directorate, which owned, at its start-with sharp and sharpest shot: to all men it was plain that here ing, these three things, an 'old table, a sheet of paper, and an was no sport; the rabbets and plinths of Saint-Roch Church show ink-bottle,' and no visible money or arrangement

whatever, splintered by it, to this hour.—Singular: in old Broglie's time, (Bailleul, Examen critique des Considerations de Madame de six years ago, this Whiff of Grapeshot was promised; but it could Stael, ii. 275.) did wonders: that France, since the Reign of not be given then, could not have profited then. Now, however, Terror hushed itself, has been a new France, awakened like a the time is come for it, and the man; and behold, you have it; giant out of torpor; and has gone on, in the Internal Life of it, and the thing we specifically call French Revolution is blown with continual progress. As for the External form and forms of into space by it, and become a thing that was!—

Life,—what can we say except that out of the Eater there Homer's Epos, it is remarked, is like a Bas-relief sculpture: it comes Strength; out of the Unwise there comes not Wisdom!

does not conclude, but merely ceases. Such, indeed, is the Epos Shams are burnt up; nay, what as yet is the peculiarity of of Universal History itself. Directorates, Consulates, France, the very Cant of them is burnt up. The new Realities Emperorships, Restorations, Citizen-Kingships succeed this are not yet come: ah no, only Phantasms, Paper models, ten-Business in due series, in due genesis one out of the other.

tative Prefigurements of such! In France there are now Four Nevertheless the First-parent of all these may be said to have Million Landed Properties; that black portent of an Agrarian gone to air in the way we see. A Baboeuf Insurrection, next Law is as it were realised! What is still stranger, we understand 546

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all Frenchmen have 'the right of duel;' the Hackney-coachman Avatar. Imposture, how it burns, through generations: how it with the Peer, if insult be given: such is the law of Public Opinis burnt up; for a time. The World is black ashes; which, ah, ion. Equality at least in death! The Form of Government is by when will they grow green? The Images all run into amorphous Citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot.

Corinthian brass; all Dwellings of men destroyed; the very On the whole, therefore, has it not been fulfilled what was mountains peeled and riven, the valleys black and dead: it is prophesied, ex-postfacto indeed, by the Archquack Cagliostro, an empty World! Wo to them that shall be born then! —A King, or another? He, as he looked in rapt vision and amazement a Queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, into these things, thus spake: (Diamond Necklace, p. 35.) 'Ha!

crackling, like paper-scroll. Iscariot Egalite was hurled in; thou What is this? Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and the other Five; Pen-grim De Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds and tagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyed Original Sin; peoples; five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo, which men name Hell!

End of the Dominion of Imposture (which is Darkness and Does the Empire of Imposture waver? Burst there, in starry opaque Firedamp); and the burning up, with unquenchable sheen updarting, Light-rays from out its dark foundations; as fire, of all the Gigs that are in the Earth.' This Prophecy, we say, it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes, but in death-throes?

has it not been fulfilled, is it not fulfilling?

Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, And so here, O Reader, has the time come for us two to part.

they kindle it; their starry clearness becomes as red Hellfire!

Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence;

' Imposture is burnt up: one Red-sea of Fire, wild-billowing but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disem-enwraps the World; with its fire-tongue, licks at the very Stars.

bodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois mitres, and Prebendal but as a Voice. Yet was our

relation a kind of sacred one; doubt Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the Gigs of not that! Whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jar-Creation; all, all! Wo is me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in gons, yet while the Voice of Man speaks with Man, hast thou the Red-sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like not there the living fountain out of which all sacrednesses this in the Sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is de-wander in the wind. Higher, higher yet flames the Fire-Sea; finable as 'an incarnated Word.' Ill stands it with me if I have crackling with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell.

prunella. The metal Images are molten; the marble Images become mortar-lime; the stone Mountains sulkily explode. Respectability, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral ***THE END.***

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***JACOBINS**, Society, beginning of, Hall, described, and members, Journal &c., of, daughters of, at Nanci, suppressed, Club **KELLERMANN**, at Valmy.*

*increases, and Mirabeau, prospers, 'Lords of the Articles,' extinguishes Feuillans, Hall enlarged, described, and Marseillese, **KLOPSTOCK**, naturalised.*

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***LAPORTE**, Intendant, guillotined.*

***LAFLOTTE**, poison-plot, informer.*

***LARIVIERE**, Justice, imprisoned.*

***LAIS**, Sieur, Jacobin, with Louis Philippe.*

***LA ROCHEJACQUELIN**, in La Vendee, death of.*

***LALLY**, death of.*

***LASOURCE**, accuses Danton, president, and Marat, arrested, condemned.*

***LAMARCHE**, guillotined.*

***LATOUR-MAUBOURG**, notice of.*

***LAMARCK'S**, illness of Mirabeau at.*

***LAUNAY**, Marquis de, Governor of Bastille, besieged, unassisted,*
***LAMBALLE**, Princess de, to England, intrigues for Royalists, at to blow up Bastille, massacred.*

La Force, massacred.

***LAVERGNE**, surrenders Longwi.*

***LAVOISIER**, Chemist, guillotined.*

***LEVASSEUR**, in National Convention, Convention Representative.*

***LAW**, Martial, in Paris, Book of the.*

***LIANCOURT**, Duke de, Liberal, not a revolt, but a revolution.*

***LAWYERS**, their influence on the Revolution, number of, in Tiers Etat, in Parliament First.*

***LIES**, Philosophism on, to be extinguished, how.*

***LAZARE**, Maison de St., plundered.*

***LIGNE**, Prince de, death of.*

***LEBAS** at Strasburg, arrested,*

***LILLE**, Colonel Rouget de, Marseillese Hymn.*

***LEBON**, Priest, in National Convention, at Arras, guillotined.*

***LILLE**, besieged.*

***LECHAPELIER**, Deputy, and Insurrection of Women.*

***LINGUET**, his 'Bastille Unveiled,' returns.*

***LECOINTRE**, National Major, will not fight, active, in First Par-*
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***LONGWI**, surrender of, fugitives at Paris.*

***LEFEVRE**, Abbe, distributes powder.*

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***LEGENDRE**, in danger, at Tuileries riot, in National Convention, against Girondins, for Danton, locks out Jacobins, in First **LORRAINE** Federes and the Queen, state of, in 1790.*

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***LOUIS XIV**., l'etat c'est moi, booted in Parlement, pursues **LENFANT**, Abbe, on Protestant claims, massacred.*

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***LEPELLETIER**, Section for Convention, revolt of, in Vendemiaire.*

***LOUIS XV**., origin of his surname, last illness of, dismisses Dame Dubarry, Choiseul, wounded, has small-pox, his mode of con-LETTRES-DE-CACHET, and Parlement of Paris.*

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***MASSACRE**, Avignon, September, number slain in, compared to Bartholomew.*

***MALSEIGNE**, Army Inspector, at Nanci, imprisoned, liberated.*

***MATON**, Advocate, his 'Resurrection.'*

***MANDAT**, Commander of Guards, August, 1792.*

***MAUPEOU**, under Louis XV., and Dame Dubarry.*

***MANUEL**, Jacobin, slow-sure, in August Tenth, in Governing Committee, haranguing at La Force, in National Convention, **MAUREPAS**, Prime Minister, character of, government of, death motions in, vote at King's trial, in prison, guillotined.*

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***MARAT**, Jean Paul, horseleech to D'Artois, notice of, against **MAURY**, Abbe, character of, in Constituent Assembly, seized violence, at siege of Bastille, summoned by Constituent, not emigrating, dogmatic, efforts fruitless, made Cardinal.*

*to be gagged, astir, how to regenerate France, police and, on abolition of titles, would gibbet Mirabeau, bust in Jacobins, **MEMMAY, M.** , of Quincey, explosion of rustics.*

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***MENTZ**, occupied by French, siege of, surrender of.*

***MARECHAL**, Atheist, Calendar by.*

***MERCIER**, on Paris revolting, Editor, the September Massacre, in National Convention, King's trial.*

***MARECHALE**, the Lady, on nobility.*

***MERLIN** of Thionville in Mountain, irascible, at Mentz.*

***MARSEILLES**, Brigands at, on Decheance, the bar of iron, for Girondism.*

***MERLIN** of Douai, Law of Suspect.*

***MARSEILLESE**, March and Hymn of, at Charenton, at Paris, **METZ**, Bouille at, troops mutinous at.*

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***MIRABEAU**, Marquis, on the state of France in 1775, and his **MOMORO**, Bookseller, agrarian, arrested, guillotined, his Wife, son, his death.*

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***MIRABEAU**, Count, his pamphlets, the Notables, Lettres-de-MONGE, Mathematician, in office, assists in new Calendar.*

*Cachet against, expelled by the Provence Noblesse, cloth-shop, is Deputy for Aix, king of Frenchmen, family of, wanderings **MONSABERT**, G. de,*

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of, his future course, groaned at, in Assembly, his newspaper suppressed, silences Usher de Breze, at Bastille ruins, on ***MONTELIMART****, covenant sworn at.*

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MOORE*, Doctor, at attack of Tuileries, at La Force.*

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Assembly, breaks his sword.

MORELLET*, Philosophe.*

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***MOUDON**, Abbe, confessor to Louis XV.*

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***MOUNTAIN**, members of the, reelected in National Convention, Gironde and, favourers of the, vulnerable points of, pre-NECKLACE, Diamond.*

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***NERWINDEN**, battle of.*

***MULLER**, General, expedition to Spain.*

***NIEVRE-CHOL**, Mayor of Lyons.*

***MURAT**, in Vendemiaire revolt.*

***NOBLES**, state of the, under Louis XV., new, join Third Estate.*

***NANCI**, revolt at, description of town, deputation imprisoned, deputation of mutineers, state of mutineers in, Bouille's fight, **NOTABLES**, Calonne's convocation of, assembled 22nd Febru-Paris thereupon, military executions at, Assembly Commission-ary 1787, members of, effects of dismissal of, reconvoked, 6th ers.*

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***NANTES**, after King's flight, massacres at.*

***NOYADES**, Nantes.*

***NAPOLEON** Bonaparte (Buonaparte) studying mathematics, **OCTOBER** Fifth, 1789*

*pamphlet by, democratic, in Corsica, August Tenth, under General Cartaux, at Toulon, Josephine and, at La Cabarus's, **OGE**, condemned.*

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***ORLEANS**, High Court at, prisoners massacred at Versailles.*

***NARBONNE**, Louis de, assists flight of King's Aunts, to be War-Minister, demands by, secreted, escapes.*

***ORLEANS**, a Duke d', in Louis XV.'s sick-room.*

***NAVY**, Louis XV. on French.*

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be abolished.

***ORMESSON**, d', Controller of Finance.*

***PARIS**, Guardsman, assassinates Lepelletier.*

***PACHE**, Swiss, account of, Minister of War, Mayor, dismissed, **PARIS**, friend of Danton.*

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***PARLEMENT**, patriotic, against Taxation, remonstrates, at **PAN**, Mallet du, solicits for Louis.*

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popular, summons Dr. Guillotin, abolished.

***PANTHEON**, first occupant of.*

***PARLEMENTS**, Provincial, adhere to Paris, rebellious, exiled, grand deputations of, reinstated, abolished.*

***PARENS**, Curate, renounces religion.*

***PELTIER**, Royalist Pamphleteer, 'Pere Duchene,' Editor of.*

***PARIS**, origin of city, police in 1750, ship Villede-Paris, riot at Palais-de-Justice, beautified, in 1788, election, 1789, troops **PEREYRA** (Peyreyra), Walloon, account of, imprisoned.*

*called to, military preparations in, July Fourteenth, cry for arms, search for arms, Bailly, mayor of, trade-strikes in, **PETION**, account of, Dutch-built, and D'Espremenil, to be Lafayette patrols, October Fifth, propositions to Louis, Louis mayor, Varennes, meets King, and Royalty, at close of Assem-*

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PETION*, National-Pique, christening of.*

POPE PIUS VI*., excommunicates Talleyrand, his effigy burned.*

PETITION *of famishing French, at Fatherland's altar, of the Eight Thousand.*

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PRECY*, siege of, Lyons.*

PHELIPPEAUX*, purged out of the Jacobins.*

PRIESTHOOD*, disrobing of, costumes in Carmagnole.*

PHILOSOPHISM*, influence of, on Revolution, what it has done*
PRIESTLEY*, Dr., riot against, naturalised, elected to National with Church, with Religion.*

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PICHEGRU*, General, account of, in Germinal.*

***PRIESTS**, dissident, marry in France, Antinational, hanged, many killed near the Abbaye, number slain in September Mas-PILNITZ, Convention at.*

sacre, to rescue Louis, drowned at Nantes.

***PIN**, Latour du, War-Minister, dismissed.*

***PRISONS**, Paris, in Bastille time, full, August 1792, number of, in France, state of, in Terror, thinned after Terror.*

***PITT**, against France, and Girondins, inflexible.*

***PRISON**, Abbaye, refractory Members sent to, Temple, Louis **PLOTS**, of King's flight, various, of Aristocrats, October Fifth, sent to, Abbaye, Priests killed near, massacres at La Force, Royalist, of Favras and others, cartels, Twelve bullies from Swit-Chatelet, and Conciergerie.*

*zerland, D'Inisdal, will-o'-wisp, Mirabeau and Queen, poniards, Mallet du Pan, Narbonne's, traces of, in Armoire-de-Fer, against **PROCESSION**, of States-General Deputies, of Necker and Girondins, Desmoulins on, prison.*

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***REMY**, Cornet, at Clermont.*

***PROVENCE** Noblesse, expel Mirabeau.*

***RENAULT**, Cecile, to assassinate Robespierre, guillotined.*

***PRUDHOMME**, Editor, on assassins, on Cavaignac.*

***RENE**, King, bequeathed Avignon to Pope.*

***PRUSSIA**, Fritz of, against France, army of, ravages France, **RENNES**, riot in.*

King of, and French Princes.

***RENWICK**, last of Cameronians.*

***PUISAYE**, Girondin General, at Quiberon.*

***REPAIRE**, Tardivet du, Bodyguard, Fifth October, rewarded.*

***QUERET-DEMERY**, in Bastille.*

***REPRESENTATIVES**, Paris, Town.*

***QUIBERON**, debarkation at.*

***REPUBLIC**, French, first mention of, first year of, established, **RABAUT**, St. Etienne, French Reformer, in National Convention, universal, Clootz's, Girondin, one and indivisible, its triumphs.*

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***RESSON**, Sieur, reports Lafayette to Jacobins.*

***RAYNAL**, Abbe, Philosophe, his letter to Constituent Assem-REVEILLON, house destroyed.*

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***REVOLT**, Paris, in, of Gardes Francaises, becomes Revolution,*
***REBECQUI**, of Marseilles, in National Convention, against military, what, of Lepelletier section.*

Robespierre, retires, drowns himself.

***REVOLUTION**, French, causes of the, Lord Chesterfield on the, **REDING**, Swiss, massacred.*

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RIOT*, Paris, in May 1750, Cornlaw (in 1775), at Palais de Jus-*
ROBESPIERRE, Augustin, decreed accused, guillotined.

tice (1787), triumph, of Rue St. Antoine, of July Fourteenth (1789), and Bastille, at Strasburg, Paris, on the veto, Versailles ***ROCHAMBEAU****, one of Four Generals, retires.*

Chateau, October Fifth (1789), uses of, to National Assembly, Paris, on Nanci affair, at De Castries' Hotel, on flight of King's ***ROCHE-AYMON****, Grand Almoner of Louis XV.*

Aunts, at Vincennes, on King's proposed journey to St. Cloud, in Champ-de-Mars, with sharp shot, Paris, Twentieth June, 1792, ***ROCHEFOUCAULT****, Duke de la, Liberal, President of Directory, August Tenth, 1792, Grain, Paris, at Theatre de la Nation, sell-killed.*

ing sugar, of Thermidor, 1794, of Germinal, 1795, of Prairial, final, of Vendemiaire.

ROEDERER*, Syndic, Feuillant, 'Chronicle of Fifty Days,' on Federes Ammunition, dilemma at Tuileries, August 10th.*

RIOUFFE*, Girondin, to Bourdeaux, in prison, on death of Girondins, on Mme. Roland.*

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***ROMME**, in National Convention, in Caen prison, his new Cal-ST. CLOUD, Louis prohibited from.*

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***ST. DENIS**, Mayor of, hanged.*

***ROMOEUF**, pursues King.*

***ST. FARGEAU**, Lepelletier, in National Convention, at King's **RONSIN**, General of Revolutionary Army, arrested and guillo-trial, assassinated, burial of.*

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***ST. HURUGE**, Marquis, bull-voice, imprisoned, at Versailles, and **ROSIERE**, Thuriot de la, summons Bastille, in First Parliament, Pope's effigy, at Jacobins, on King's trial.*

in National Convention, President at Robespierre's fall.

***ST. JUST** in National Convention, on King's trial, in Salut Com- ROSSIGNOL, in September Massacre, in La Vendee.*

mittee, at Strasburg, repels Prussians, on Revolution, in Committee-room, Thermidor, his report, arrested.

***ROUSSEAU**, Jean-Jacques, Contrat Social of, Gospel according to, burial-place of, statue decreed to.*

***ST. LOUIS** Church, States-General procession from.*

***ROUX, M**., 'Histoire Parlementaire.'*

***ST. MEARD**, Jourgniac de, in prison, his 'Agony' at La Force.*

***ROYALTY**, signs of demolished, abolition of.*

***ST. MERY**, Moreau de, prostrated.*

***RUAMPS**, Deputy, against Couthon.*

***SALLES**, Deputy, guillotined.*

***RUHL**, notice of, in riot of Prairial, suicide.*

***SANSCULOTTISM**, apparition of, effects of, growth of, at work, origin of term, and Royalty, above theft, a fact, French Nation **SABATIER** de Cabre, at Royal Session, arrested, liberated.*

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***SIDE**, Right and Left, of Constituent Assembly, Right and Left, tip of Left, popular, Right after King's flight, Right quits As-SAPPER, Fraternal.*

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***SAUSSE, M.** , Procureur of Varennes, scene at his house, flies **SIEYES**, Abbe, account of, Constitution-builder, in Champ-de-from Prussians.*

Mars, in National Convention, of Constitution Committee, 1790, vote at King's trial, making fresh Constitution.

***SAVONNIERES, M**., de, Bodyguard, October Fifth, loses temper.*

***SILLERY**, Marquis.*

***SAVOY**, occupied by French.*

***SIMON**, Cordwainer, Dauphin committed to, guillotined.*

***SECHELLES**, Herault de, in National Convention, leads Con-*
SIMONEAU, Mayor of Etampes, death of, festival for.

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***SOMBREUIL**, Governor of Hotel des Invalides, examined, seized,*
***SECTIONS**, of Paris, denounce Girondins, Committee of.*

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***SEIGNEURS**, French, compelled to fly.*

***SPAIN**, at war with France, invaded by France.*

***SERGENT**, Agate, Engraver, in Committee, nicknamed 'Agate,'*

***STAAL**, Dame de, on liberty.*

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***STAEL**, Mme. de, at States-General procession, intrigue for **SERVAN**,*
War-Minister, proposals of.

Narbonne, secretes Narbonne.

***SEVRES**, Potteries, Lamotte's 'Memoires' burnt at.*

***STANHOPE** and Price, their club and Paris.*

***STATES-GENERAL**, first suggested, meeting announced, how **TARGET**, Advocate, declines King's defence.*

*constituted, orders in, Representatives to, Parlements against, Deputies to, in Paris, number of Deputies, place of Assembly, **TASSIN**, M., and black cockade.*

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***TENNIS-COURT**, National Assembly in, Club of, and proces-*
STRASBURG, riot at, in 1789.

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***SUFFREN**, Admiral, notice of.*

***TERROR**, consummation of, reign of, designated, number guillotined in.*

***SULLEAU**, Royalist, editor, massacred.*

***THEATINS** Church, granted to Dissidents.*

***SUSPECT**, Law of the, Chaumette jeered on.*

***THEOT**, Prophetess, on Robespierre.*

***SWEDEN**, King of, to assist Marie Antoinette, shot by Ankarstrom.*

***THERMIDOR**, Ninth and Tenth, July 27 and 28, 1794.*

***SWISS** Guards at Brest, prisoners at La Force.*

***THEROIGNE**, Mlle., notice of, in Insurrection of Women, at Versailles (October Fifth), in Austrian prison, in Jacobin tri-TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, Bishop, notice of, at fatherland's bune, armed for insurrection (August Tenth), keeps her car-altar, his blessing, excommunicated, in London, to America.*

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***TALLIEN**, notice of, editor of 'Ami des Citoyens,' in Committee*
***THIONVILLE** besieged, siege raised.*

*of Townhall, August 1792, in National Convention, at Bourdeaux, and Madame Cabarus, recalled, suspect, accuses **THOURET**, Law-reformer, dissolves Assembly, guillotined.*

Robespierre, Thermidorian.

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